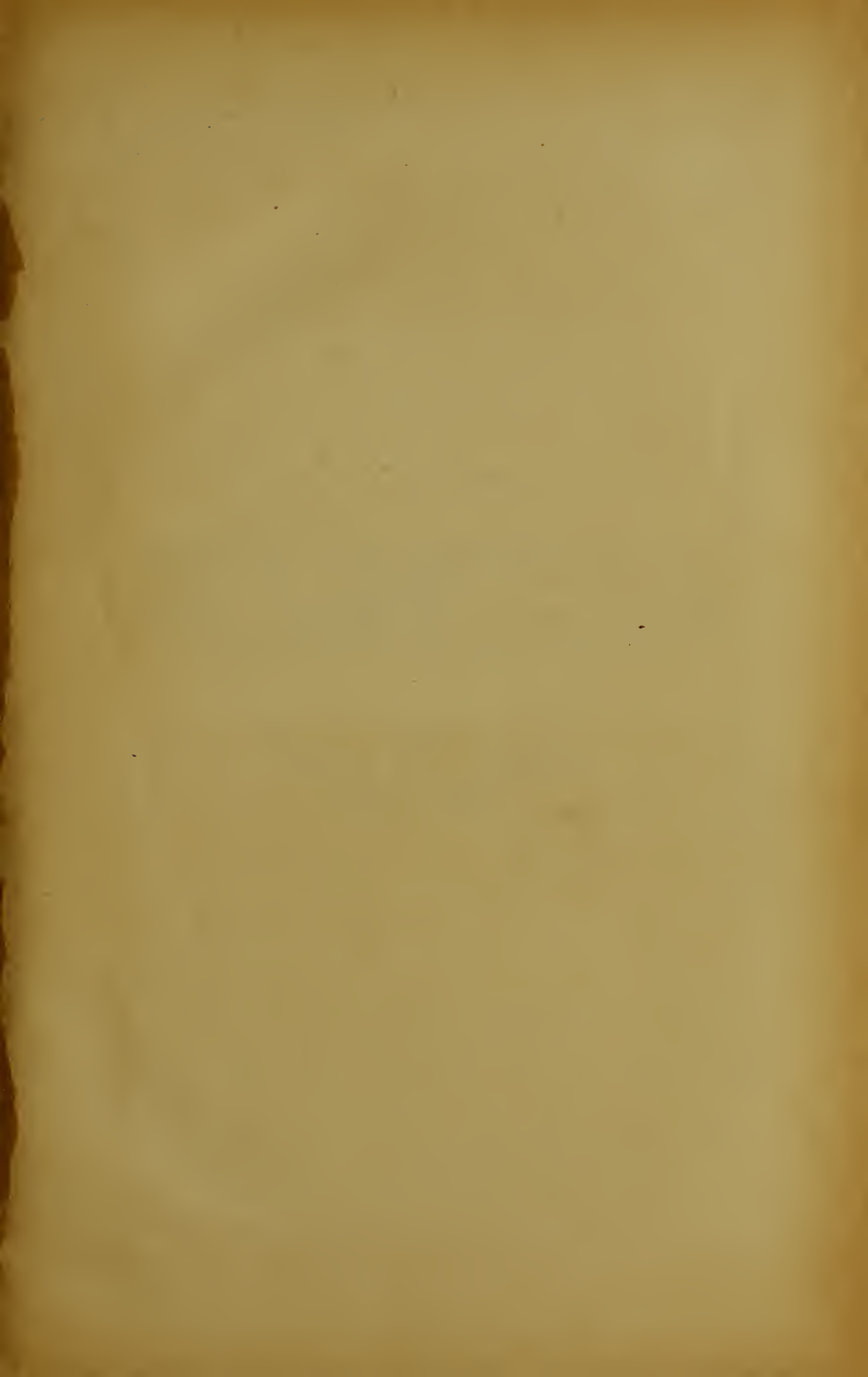


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SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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SPLINTERS.

Vol. 4,

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No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

For the fourth year in the history of Rogers Hall, SPLINTERS appears as a medium to greet the many friends and patrons of the school. The editors and staff wish all sorts of good luck and happiness to the new girls, and can assure them that they will be perfectly contented in their new home; for the beautiful surroundings and pleasant atmosphere of Rogers Hall dispel anything disagreeable. The girls who went away from Lowell last June with the expectation of coming back after their four months' vacation, found everything almost as they had left it, with the exception of such improvements as the fine running track, and the new clay tennis court. With all our opportunities for outdoor exercise, and the many pleasures promised us during the year, there is no doubt that we can look forward to the year as one of the happiest of our lives.

Ever since the Revolutionary days, when our grandmothers were sent away to learn such ladylike accomplishments as embroidery, playing on the spinet, and perhaps a modern language, at some "select school for young ladies" or a Moravian seminary, boarding schools have been popular for girls of all ages.

As it is always better to go about and see how people live and act in different communities, it is needless to say that a girl who has spent a year or more away from home has a decided advantage over the one who has preferred to finish her school-

life in the place where she was born and bred. One point in favor of a modern boarding school over a strictly day school is, that it brings together girls from all parts of the country, and every girl may profit by her association with every other girl. She may wish to imitate the dignity of her Northern friend, while the hale and hearty Western girl and the demonstrative Southern friend will probably be a great help in forming a noble and strong character for her. She will become broader and more cosmopolitan, for she can imitate certain characteristics that may appeal to her in the different girls, and shun others that may be equally obnoxious.

Of boarding schools there are various kinds. There are a great number of large city schools, the so-called "finishing schools," which will always be popular with a certain class of people. The sort of boarding school which bids fair to become more popular every year is the one which combines with the attributes of the finishing school the opportunity for college preparation and the advantages of outdoor sports. Besides making a girl healthier and stronger physically, athletic training develops several very important traits in her character—determination, fearlessness, and fairness to an adversary.

To us who are students here, Rogers Hall seems the best possible example of the latter kind of school. When a girl is allowed to follow the same studies with her brother, and her education is considered incomplete if the development of the physical side be neglected, schools of our type are likely to grow and grow, while the attendance at city schools will correspondingly diminish with the growth of their rivals.

It is with a due sense of pride that we announce the good fortune of two of our latest alumnæ. Cyrena Case, who was the sole representative of her class to Smith, received more than ninety votes for the class presidency; and Ruth Wilder's powers in the field of athletics were fully appreciated when she was chosen captain of the freshmen basket ball team at Vassar. We feel sure that equally good accounts of the other graduates will come to us before the year is out.

The girls look forward to their Sunday evenings with a great deal of pleasure, for directly after supper the Hall and the House girls separate, and Miss Poole reads aloud in the drawing room of the Hall, while the House girls meet Miss Annable in the parlor. The reading is a delightful wind-up to a busy week, and already we have heard several of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's beautiful tales, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale's charming stories have made us very anxious indeed for his promised visit to us sometime during the winter.

MARY E. BARD.

There are a number of new courses for the girls this year at Rogers Hall. Most of them, however, are for the general girls, as their course of study admits of wider variations than the college preparatory course. The "History of Music and Musicians" is a large and enthusiastic class of Miss Kalliwoda's. The text book used is "Masters of Music," by Anna Alice Chapin, in which the lives and works of all the great composers are touched upon in a very interesting manner. Miss Chapin also devotes part of the book to a talk upon the origin of music, and an explanation of how the musical instruments used in the symphony concerts are made. Miss Kalliwoda supplements the text book with little historical talks upon music in general.

Besides the regular college preparatory course in Physics, a new course in Elementary Physics is offered. It consists of the study of matter, its properties and the laws governing it, also mechanics, light, heat, and electricity. Several hours a week are spent in the laboratory experimenting with the facts brought out in the recitation. Miss Annable also has the classes in Physiology and Biology, which are resumed this year.

"English Literature of the Nineteenth Century" is a very popular course with the older girls. The reading corresponds to "English 8" at Harvard, and every two weeks the class writes themes on general subjects given by Miss Coburn. The aim is to make the girls thoroughly familiar with the best English authors and to cultivate a real love for good literature.

Daily theme writing has been introduced into Second English this year. Miss Poole follows the Harvard outline arranged by Copeland and Rideout for theme work.

Psychology—Miss Poole—is given for the first time this year. Sensation and the special sense organs are now being studied, and parts of the work are illustrated by experiments. Later, in connection with imagination and memory, the girls are to make a special study of dreams and keep a record of the kind of images prominent in dreams.

Miss von Sarauw's class in Spanish is much enlarged this year and the girls are already very enthusiastic about the language.

These new courses, besides the regular courses in Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History, offer such a wide choice that each girl should find her particular bent amply provided for in the curriculum of Rogers Hall.

MILDRED W. WILSON.

THE TWO BRUNEDAS.

Bruneda Smoke always stopped at the Fairfax mansion as she and her swarthy-faced Indian drove to town to sell the baskets they had woven the last month.

Mrs. Fairfax, young and attractive, had loved the Indian race, and when this old squaw had trudged through the cold, snowy streets and had come to her house late in the afternoon, she gladly descended to the kitchen and looked over the gaily colored baskets of all shapes and sizes.

"It is pretty cold for an old lady to be out selling baskets, isn't it?" she remarked. A grunt was the audible reply, but a grin spread over the face of Bruneda Smoke. She realized she had found a friend who, no doubt, would buy a basket or two and give her a warm meal.

Bruneda continued to smile, and Mrs. Fairfax, anxious to please the tired old squaw, selected three pretty baskets, richly woven with sweet grass. Then she gave the looked-for invitation and, taking her baskets, left the kitchen.

Bruneda remembered the house and the kind face of the young woman, and each trip she made to town found her stopping at the Fairfax house for tea. She no longer expected them to buy her baskets, although they usually did buy one; but she deemed it a pleasure to come to this house, for it meant a change in the tiresome routine of her life.

A year went by and with it the snow of another long winter. Bruneda and her "ole man" were making their first spring trip to the little town. After selling the baskets she turned her steps toward the home of her white friend, and walked quite briskly until she turned in at the gate. Once inside the door, she eagerly asked for her young friend. "Mrs. Fairfax was up stairs. Would Bruneda like to go up?" This seemed incredible—that she should ascend to the apartments of this kind woman who seemed so dainty and far above her; but she grunted and smiled as she followed the trim little maid. When they reached the door, Bruneda was left to pass in alone.

"Good morning, Bruneda! I have thought of you and hoped you would come to-day. See what I have to show you!" And laying back the soft coverings, Mrs. Fairfax revealed a tiny pink bundle of babyhood.

Bruneda's brown eyes grew bright, she uttered little phrases all her own, and patted the tiny hand. Then she turned to look at the sweet face of Mrs. Fairfax. "Bruneda," she said, taking the clumsy brown hand, "I am going to name my little girl for you—Bruneda Fairfax. It will be a pretty name—don't you think so?" Slowly the big tears welled up in those kind brown eyes, and by that, Mrs. Fairfax knew the old woman's gratitude for the honor.

Bruneda Fairfax grew to be a lovely child, with dark brown eyes and a complexion which suggested the Indian. She seemed to have been born with some of the wildness, the love of nature, the recklessness and longing for action which make up every Indian.

By the time Bruneda was eighteen, the older Bruneda had ceased to come to town selling her baskets and bead trinkets. Her advancing age kept her at home, but Bruneda and her mother went regularly to see the old squaw. Often Bruneda went alone, and each time she went she had not failed to notice the awe and almost reverence in which the Indians of the Reservation held her.

Bruneda Smoke lived in a common Indian hut, made of logs and roughly built. The floors were usually strewn with colored strips, ready to be woven into baskets. Old Bruneda sat in a large arm chair, and for hours the two would talk and gossip, each in her own way, but with no difficulty at being understood.

If on coming in or going out of the Reservation, Bruneda had ever noticed the tall, broad-shouldered figure, or the fine, strong face, bronzed by the rough weather and by the nature of his race, that watched her continually, she never gave any sign; but she had been known to say that her ideal man would have an Indian's strong face and physique.

Many times she came to the Reservation, and her mother and father wondered at her devotion for the squaw. "John, she will be falling in love with an Indian," remarked Mrs. Fairfax.

The visits were continued, and one afternoon when the snow had been falling rather heavily, Bruneda found the roads blocked so that she was unable to return home.

That night the house of the old squaw seemed a curiosity shop, to which all the other squaws in the Reservation flocked; and not only the squaws, for they could not come alone through the heavy drifts, so with them came the men and boys, and the little house rang with merry laughter.

One Indian did not make merry with the rest. He sat a little apart, evidently from choice, and watched the young girl, as the others taught her the quaint old dances and songs. He sat with folded arms and head slightly lowered, his eyes keeping guard over her every action.

Bruneda became aware of this watcher and felt her eyes drawn to the dark corner where François Williams sat.

He was considered above the average Indian, for he had left the Reservation school while yet a lad and had gone to a far away academy, and afterwards to the famous Indian college.

As he watched, he felt a strange yet not unpleasing sensation creeping over him, but quickly he put down the feeling. She was a white woman, she would never consider his race good enough; and then, too, she must have had so much attention. Yet she had given him a look, a look in which he read surrender for the moment; and he had noticed her cheeks had flushed, and for a short time she had left the merry-making. But how he was presuming if he thought he was the cause of the change!

When morning came the snow had stopped and the roads were a little more passable, so Bruneda started homeward.

She wondered why her heart sank as the roofs of the little log huts grew less distinct, and why she kept looking back for a well-known figure. When she reached home she was glad indeed to enjoy the comforts of civilized life once more, and at once began to busy herself with small things. But why did her thoughts keep straying back to the night at old Bruneda's? Why did she always see a pair of dark, searching eyes? Why that tall figure? Bruneda wondered, thought and thought again, and still each day found her restless and taking little interest in the affairs near her.

One afternoon a man on horseback rode swiftly into town and down the street to the Fairfax home. He stopped, dismounted and ran up the front steps. Quickly he rang the bell and then waited.

Bruneda, seeing the rider enter the yard and recognizing him, went to the door.

It was François Williams with a message for Bruneda that the old squaw was very sick and constantly called for her. A few hurried words were exchanged, and she entered the house. He walked up and down the veranda, waiting, and soon a lithe figure appeared in riding habit and the two started out of the yard, down the street, on a swift trot.

Bruneda's mother was away from home at the time, or perhaps she would have waited until she and her mother could go in the carriage together. Without hesitation she had

responded to old Bruneda's summons and was riding beside a man whom she hardly knew; and even though she was on her way to see a dying woman, she was happy.

Late in the afternoon they rode into the Reservation and went at once to Bruneda Smoke's house.

How or when he had first come to the house, she hardly remembered. She only knew that through all those days and nights when she nursed the sick woman, his presence was never far away, and his eyes looked down into hers with unutterable words. "He too must be very fond of poor old Bruneda," she mused, and still her heart told her it was not the old squaw.

Sometimes they talked with each other awhile and after these times Bruneda found herself absent-minded and dreamy.

Then with the last day came the explanation of all.

Notwithstanding the attention and nursing, old Bruneda died, and after they had followed the tired old body to the Indian burying-ground, the young Bruneda walked back toward the log hut, alone. She turned up the lane and walked slowly up the hill, when suddenly she heard a voice behind her. "Miss Fairfax," it called, "Bruneda! do not go back alone! Come to my mother's home and wait for your carriage."

She drew a quick breath and with burning cheeks turned to face François Williams.

The tone, the look, the expression, all, told her what she had been afraid to see!

She could find no words to tell him she would go or stay. She looked down at the brown earth, and at last, drawn by his gaze, she raised her eyes and looked straight into his. "I will not go alone, François—you will come with me." And together they walked up the hill to the place where they had first met—the hut of Bruneda Smoke

LOUISE HYDE.

QUEBEC.

How different, to the casual observer and tourist, are the atmosphere and surroundings of Quebec, from those of any other city in America! Built on the side of a huge rock, and partly within the walls of a citadel, it overlooks the clear waters of the St. Lawrence river, while in the distance rise in majestic splendor, the blue hills of the Laurentian Mountains, which give to the scene a fanciful picturesqueness. The city, though now one of the British possessions, has fervently clung to the primitive manners and customs of its early founders, the French.

The quaint old houses of Breton architecture, the long, narrow, winding streets, the unique two-wheeled vehicle, the *caleche*, and the imposing structure of the Chateau Frontenac, all help to give the delightful foreign aspect that the dear old town possesses. Still, withal, there are some fine public buildings—the Post Office, with its renowned “Chien d’Or” over the portal, the House of Parliament, and the new Library.

But the most impressive feature is the profusion of churches, monasteries, and convents, adding to its quaint beauty an air of peace and solemnity. One of the most beautiful structures of Gothic architecture is the church of the Basilica. The interior of this is elaborately decorated with the most choice and exquisite pieces of carving, and on the walls hang many noted paintings, among which is that great masterpiece of Raphael’s, “The Crucifixion.”

But to me the chapel of the Franciscan nuns is the most beautiful. The effect in coloring is carried out most artistically. The massive walls are tinted with the palest of Nile green, and were it not for the bright colored glass windows, it would indeed have an almost too sombre aspect. The dome is one mass of gold and white, carrying out the magnificent design. Therein are fifty thousand electric lights—in short a perfect filigree of dazzling brightness. In its brilliancy it might well realize my idea of Fairyland, save for a devout sister kneeling humbly on the floor and peacefully saying her treasured rosary.

In contrast to this lovely brilliancy is the sweet, subdued sombreness of the cloister. Outside all we can see are the cold gray walls of stone. How many years they have faithfully guarded the simple yet peaceful sisters, and who can tell for how many more? Within these walls is the great nuns' garden, so immortalized by romance—with its long arbors covered with grape vines, and the whole outlined by a border of stately poplar trees. The pretty, old fashioned flowers, the rustic little bridge that spans the sparkling waters of the brook, all seem to blend in one voice of sweet harmony, and a becoming reverence hangs over all.

The people themselves form a contented, peaceful community. Devoted to their religion, and ever in earnest, they seem a living expression of that old-world character which so marks their environment.

PRISCILLA J. HOWES.

THE ERIE COUNTY FAIR.

Four of us started for the County Fair, which is held at Hamburg each September. Hamburg is seven miles from our home.

I was the only girl among the party, which made it most pleasant. The drive over certainly was an exciting one, for the dust was so thick that half the time we couldn't see three feet ahead of us; but that only added to our pleasure.

We reached the Fair grounds at three o'clock. After our horse was hitched, we made a rush for the "Midway." We would gaze at the exhibits later, we thought.

We were soon welcomed to the "Midway" by the familiar voices of men and women calling "Hot dogs, two for five!" "Coney Island candy, a nickel a bag!" "This way to Madame Victor's Gypsy Camp, buy your tickets here!" etc.

After indulging in a glass of pink lemonade, a hot dog, some

popcorn, peanuts, and Coney Island candy, we decided to have our fortunes told. In the meantime the merry-go-round attracted our attention, so on we piled, and oh! how seasick I felt. 'Around we flew, but our pleasure was ruined as we noticed the black sky! Was it going to rain? The doubt was not for long. The big black clouds were racing around; and by the terrific report of thunder, it seemed as if they all must have collided together, and a second after came a zigzag flash of lightning. By this time everybody was screaming and running around like wildcats. Was the merry-go-round ever going to stop? At last! Off we piled and joined the frightened throng, screaming and looking for shelter. Such a sight, as the rain came pelting down! The few buildings were crowded with people; all there was left for us to do was to face the storm. The farmers were so funny and excited. "Willie! Where is Willie? Annie, stop your crying! Pa, keep still, you're worst of all!" cried one woman, it seemed, all in one breath.

I think I got a true idea of Venetian color: the elaborate pinks, greens, reds, etc., that adorned the necks and waists of the village belles, ran deliciously into once white waists and skirts, making the appearances of strawberry shortcake and other dainty dishes. The hats! I only wished that I was a Hamburg milliner. I know that I should have made money after that fatal day. The contrast was grand! To see the heavens so black, and then to let your eyes drop and look upon the gorgeous study in color. A marvelous sight it was!

As soon as the rain ceased, we pushed through the now relieved throng to our carriage, a very dilapidated looking crowd. One consolation! We were not hungry.

ALICE M. RAMSDELL.

THE CROSS-SADDLE VERSUS THE SIDE-SADDLE.

Horseback riding is the "latest thing" at Rogers Hall, and the question of the hour is the relative merits of the cross-saddle

and the side-saddle, or, with apologies to Shakespeare, "Astride or not astride, that is the question." The tide of popular favor certainly tends to flow in the direction of the cross-saddle, but the side-saddle has its devoted adherents, and they make up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers.

There are a great many things to be said for and against each method, and really, to any one who has tried both ways it is almost an open question. The main objection to be urged against the cross-saddle, and the one that will probably occur first to every girl, is the rather conspicuous position in which it places her; for there is no doubt that a girl riding astride is conspicuous. Compared to the riding habit, the divided skirt is a recent innovation, and though the time will probably come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the riding habit and side-saddle will be things of the past, yet just at present a girl riding astride is considered the natural prey of small boys, and "Tomboy, tomboy! O fudge!" are among the milder epithets shouted at her. Yet the apostles of every new movement have had to suffer persecution, and if one considers one's self the forerunner of an advanced age, the gaze of those who apparently have never even seen a divided skirt before is easily borne.

Then, too, it is often said that one is able to sit more securely on a side-saddle, and in support of that theory a certain horse trainer is quoted as saying that when he had to break a particularly fractious horse he always rode with a side-saddle, as he didn't wish to risk his neck by riding astride! Of course, being a man, custom didn't oblige him to ride on a side-saddle, and his choosing it shows that he really considered it more secure; but on the other hand, our Western bronchoes are proverbially the worst horses to ride, and yet who ever saw a cowboy on a side-saddle?

Therefore, the only two points in which the side-saddle is claimed to be superior are: the advantage of looks, which is not really much of an advantage, for looks are guided by custom and custom is already changing; and greater security, but I fancy that if the side-saddle were really much more secure we would see quite a number of men using it.

There are any number of arguments in favor of riding astride.

One that should appeal especially to a beginner, is the comparative ease and quickness with which one learns. The beauty of riding astride is that when you hold yourself erect and straight, you look so; while to appear well on the side-saddle you must in reality keep yourself in a strained and unnatural position. Then, too, the danger of accidents from a broken or loosened girth is not half so great, and if one should be thrown from the horse there would be no pommels to catch and drag one.

But after all, whatever may be said in favor of either side, every one must choose for herself; and Rogers Hall has given an almost unanimous verdict in favor of the cross-saddle.

MILDRED W. WILSON.

MY TRIP TO GERMANY.

There was great confusion on one of the large ocean steamers which cross the Atlantic. It was very interesting to me, as I sat at ease in one of the steamer chairs, to watch the sailors hurrying around the ship to fill out the orders which the captain was shouting to them. Finally the ropes were loosened from the pier, the anchor was lifted, and we found ourselves out on the ocean that lay between our native land and the land that we were going to visit. New York was fast fading in the distance, and towards evening we could see nothing but sky and water.

Everything was new, and the first few days went by very fast, but toward the last we were very glad to see land again. We stopped at a port in France and one in England, and finally came to our destination, which was Bremen. After a few days' visit in that quaint old city we rode by train all along the beautiful Rhine until we came to Wiesbaden. The trains in Germany are so different from our comfortable ones. The cars have about ten doors on each side, every door leading into a little room with seats facing each other.

After we arrived in Wiesbaden, I was at once taken to the school which I was to make my home. A very kind-looking

lady greeted me at the door, and although I was only eight years old, I felt at home at once. She took me upstairs and showed me a very nicely furnished, well lighted room which was to be mine. Soon afterwards two girls who were to be my room-mates came up to greet me. One did not seem interesting to me, but the other was a very pleasant and jolly-looking girl.

I was having such a good time with one of my room-mates that the time just flew, and I was very much surprised to hear a bell ring which I was told was the bell for supper. We went down together, and as, either on the staircase or in the hall, I was introduced to almost all the pupils of the school, by the time we were seated, I felt very much at home instead of very strange, as I expected.

Everything was so new, and I had met so many people, that I was too much excited to go right to sleep that evening. But sleep came at last and in the morning I felt very much refreshed. I had found a friend at once in my room-mate, who told me everything that I had to do. This was the program she gave me: she said that we had to get up at half after six and have breakfast at seven. Then school started at eight and lasted until twelve. At twelve, she said, it was the custom to go out walking with the whole school until one. Then at one we would have dinner. School would commence at two and last until four, when we had afternoon coffee. At half after four we were allowed to do as we pleased until dinner. After dinner we would study from half after seven until half after eight, and then go to bed. At nine the lights were to be out and we were expected to be asleep half an hour after. She said we would have school Saturday morning from nine until eleven, and no school on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. All this I thought was very strict, but my room-mate assured me that they had lots of fun, too.

The next day I found that everything was just as my room-mate had said. The same program was carried out day after day, except that on Wednesday afternoon we took our walk from two until four instead of from twelve to one, and every Saturday afternoon I could go home and stay until Sunday evening. Aside from this, the school seemed very strict.

The making of Christmas presents and the work we had to do made time fly. It was Christmas before we knew it, and finally the afternoon came when the goodbyes were said, and everyone started home with their parents. I believe that I enjoyed Christmas in Germany more than in any other place, because they make so much of Christmas in Europe. On Christmas day I was so happy with the beautiful Christmas tree with all the good things to eat on it, and my numerous presents, that I forgot all the strict school life and had an awfully good time.

Soon the days came to go back to school, and although I was crazy to see my room-mates, yet I dreaded to leave home. I took back with me a large box of candy which my room-mate said I must not let the principal see, as she would take it away from me and give me only a few pieces at recess; so we thought the best place to put it was under the dresser. The principal came in to help me unpack and put my things into the drawers of my dresser. One drawer stuck and she thought she could get it open by pulling it with the key, but the key was nowhere to be found. She looked everywhere for it, and in her search looked under the dresser. There was my poor box of candy. When she asked me what that was, I had to tell her. She said we were not allowed to have candy to eat between meals but she would take it and give me a few pieces every recess. This taught me a lesson and I never again brought candy.

We had a good deal of fun mixed in with the work, too. We had different entertainments and went to concerts and parties. A thing that seemed hard was that we had school all through the hot summer months until August twelfth, and then had to be back again on the twelfth of September. But we had other weeks of vacation that they do not have here, so that it made up for it.

I spent almost another whole year at this school and began to love it; yet, although I made very many friends whom I hated to leave, I was awfully glad to hear my father say that we were going home on the first of May. We left Wiesbaden a few days before our ship sailed, and had a delightful time visiting a few German cities. At last we were on the huge steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which was to carry us home. Our trip

lasted six days. The last day, just as we were going to enter the harbor of New York, a terrible storm arose, and although we expected to land at half past five, we did not go ashore until nearly four hours later, when you may believe I was glad to get off the ship, but I did not know of the long wait at the Custom House. We were there for two hours getting our trunks examined, and when we finally reached the hotel I was completely tired out. The next morning we left New York for Chicago. Although I had a delightful trip I was very glad to get home again and see my American friends. MARGUERITE ROESING.

A REVERY.

An old man sits in a large, comfortable office chair before his walnut desk. He seems worn out with care and trouble, but even the wrinkles in his face and the sad, tired look in his eyes do not take away the handsome, well-bred appearance of his features. His white hair looks as if the long fingers had been nervously run through it, and as we watch he leans back in his chair and his eyes travel around his well-furnished library. After a moment he rises and goes across the room to one of his many book cases. Pausing, he runs his finger over a number of volumes and then takes down a clumsy, old-fashioned book. As he carries it back to his desk a small yellow envelope falls out onto the floor. He picks it up, sits down in his chair, opens it and reads:—

“My Dear Dickey:—I am to have a birthday party and will be obliged if you will attend it. Devotedly yours, Margaret.”

As he reads, past memories crowd into his brain. He half closes his eyes and as he gazes at the yellow slip a smile comes over his face, and his careworn expression passes away. For in the fire he seems to see a large park, its great trees spreading over the green grass, and on a seat under the trees sits a nurse maid, holding by the hand a small girl whose light hair

falls from under her large hat and whose small hands are softly patting a baby doll.

Across the park another maid is holding a handsome, sturdy little boy by the hand. The small boy seems to object, for has he not trousers on? And he proudly looks down on two blousey things which appear below his jacket. Just then the maids see each other and advance, each dragging a child behind her. While they stand and gossip, the small girl peeps from behind her maid and, behold! the small boy is peeping too. The small girl smiles the sweetest of smiles and whispers "Dickey!" Dickey hears, advances a step, holds out a red, rosy apple and replies in another whisper, "Margaret!"

The park with its tall trees fades away and in its place comes a long grassy meadow, covered with daisies and sprinkled with buttercups. A stream runs through the meadow and on the edge of it some cows graze calmly. Two figures finish the picture: one a tall, fair girl, her hair falling in curly waves over her face, and her arms filled with daisies; the other a large, broad-shouldered youth. White flannels set off his fine figure and black hair crowns his handsome face. The figure in flannels is near the girl—oh, very near. "Margaret!" "Dick!" The daisies are left to the mercy of the winds and—plunk! A log falls and the dream is broken.

But a door opens and a dear old lady enters the room. Her white hair is parted in the middle, drawn neatly back, and a smile lights up her sweet face. She advances, sits down beside the old man, who looks up and smiles. Their hands close over each other. Two low whispers, "Richard!" "Margaret!" Then both gaze into the fast deepening twilight and together go over past days.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

HOW TO FILL A WASTE-BASKET.

Filling a waste-basket is such a common and necessary occurrence that people do not need to take lessons or practice as

they do in learning music or any other accomplishment. As for the assortment of these useful articles, one sees large, roomy ones made of straw or wicker, suitable for an office; dainty sweet grass ones adorned with a perky bow for my lady's dressing room; collapsible ones of cloth-covered cardboard that may be carried in a trunk and put together in a second. The contents of one of these baskets of course, depends upon where it is placed. For instance, a wicker waste-basket under a busy editor's desk in the city becomes rapidly filled with old letters, crumpled paper, newspapers, and oftentimes cigar ends. A basket in a bedroom receives scraps of ribbon, hair, letters torn in shreds, flowers, candy boxes, and old gloves.

The character of a person might sometimes be determined by inspecting the contents of his waste-basket. A careless person would throw burnt matches and whole letters into his, and perhaps knock a photograph or handkerchief in unintentionally. A college man's waste-basket would no doubt reveal a very interesting collection of discarded things, such as old books, cigarette boxes, old neckties, letters, pencil stubs, boxes, peanut shells, and old bills, of which there are generally a goodly number. Again, the dressmaker's basket, full of scraps of cloth, lining, buttons, broken needles, fashion plates, patterns and braid. An interesting assortment might be found in a college or boarding school girl's waste-basket after a spread. Empty bottles, once full of olives, jam, pickles or peanut butter, sardine boxes, peanut shells, candy and cracker boxes, olive stones, orange and lemon peel, scraps of cake, crackers, sandwiches and caramel papers. Oftentimes, if the waste-basket happens to be wicker or open at all at the bottom, from such a collection the floor underneath is in a sad state: oil from sardine boxes and vinegar from pickle and olive bottles soaking through, and cracker crumbs and jam, often find their way onto the floor beneath. Usually in such a girl's room there are several waste-baskets which are always full. The chambermaid often finds good gloves, handkerchiefs, money and soap in such baskets, and sometimes rescues themes, copy books or rulers that careless girls find have disappeared mysteriously. A maid might easily set up a small establishment of her own with the things discarded

by extravagant and careless girls, for oftentimes valuable pieces of jewelry, laces and such things get into a waste-basket and cause the careless owner much trouble. One thing is very certain about these useful articles: they will never go out of style, for what would then become of the large amount of useless and discarded things that find their way to waste-baskets, and thus into ash-barrels and ash-carts?

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

EXTRACTS FROM FORTNIGHTLY THEMES.

WHO I AM AND WHY I CAME TO ROGERS HALL.

Perhaps you would like a little description of me at the time I liked to roll a hoop, and spin tops? The first thing in the morning, Rose would brush and pull at my hair until she had finally succeeded in getting every single hair in place; then she would braid it straight back and so tightly that the tears would come to my eyes. After this she would put on a clean apron, all ruffles, that I hated, and the last thing she would say was: "Now do see how long you can keep clean!" I was the thinnest, homeliest shadow one could imagine. Time has changed me little, but it has at least put more flesh on my bones.

I had nearly neglected to tell you why I came to Rogers Hall. Of course I had to go somewhere, and Rogers Hall, so noted for physical and intellectual development, seemed just the place for me.

I am a short, stubby piece of humanity with dark brown hair and eyes and a freckled complexion, a hooked nose which resembles that of a Jewess, and teeth which are arranged very crookedly in my mouth, but which, fortunately, I never show.

I am the third member of a family of three, comprising,

besides myself, my father and mother. I have always been extremely happy, and although there have been times when people would say to me, "Oh! don't you wish you had a sister or brother?" I have always said distinctly, "No!"

At the age of thirteen, as my parents had no settled home at that time, I was sent to Rogers Hall. I liked it very much, although it was, as I had expected, a little hard for me to be away. The next year I tried a day school again; but I can only say that I preferred Rogers Hall with its great advantages, happy friends whom I had already had the pleasure of knowing, and charming surroundings.

I loved it so much, that in the following September I found myself once more a member of its hospitable household, where I still am, striving and struggling in the hopes one day to be able and proud to call Rogers Hall my Alma Mater.

I have a very dear mother and father, two brothers, one older and one younger than I, and I have also an older sister. My sister is brilliant, my younger brother is a genius, my older brother is clever, and my mother and father have all three qualities. I am stupid, the black sheep! I have given up long ago the idea of trying to be anything but the possessor of a little humor. But since we have brilliancy, cleverness and genius in the family, my brains are not needed. So what I strive to do is to get my father's mind off business, my mother's off household duties; and my brothers? I try to cheer the genius and get ahead of cleverness; and my sister? to give her a little spirit mixed in with "jolly."

I suppose people pity me when they see how little I know about books, and that I go in all for fun and entertaining. But they shouldn't, because the little brain that I have has its duties, and carries them out, if possible.

The last two winters I have spent here at Rogers Hall, a splendid place. The reason I came here was because my sister was here before me and loved the school and accomplished much. I don't think I can truthfully say that I came here with the one

idea to "accomplish"—I rather thought more of the midnight feasts and other such things that you hear about in stories. I love Rogers Hall! and think that I have gained knowledge that I never would have gained in any other place. Although I am at the foot of my classes, I manage to learn something each day; and I feel very much obliged, and want to congratulate all my teachers, as they have been most patient with me.

We have great fun here! I have not written about this new school year, as it has just started. But I am at Rogers Hall, and love it better each day.

Last winter Helen and I came to Rogers Hall. It was all decided in a few days. The doctor had just been to see father, and ordered him South, and we had all decided to go together, when the Rogers Hall girls returned home for their Christmas vacation. From morning until night we heard of nothing but Rogers, and in this way we thought of going to boarding school, instead of wasting the whole winter by staying out of school. I had always expected and hoped to go away, and now was my chance.

Rogers Hall seemed to be an ideal school in every way. The part I liked best was the out-of-door life the girls had, and the athletics. Though I am not much good at any special game I am fond of them all; and then the girls had such good times together that to hear anyone tell about it you might imagine it was a continual house-party.

My grandmother, who lives about three miles from our home, has a large old fashioned house and a nice old-fashioned garden, with little narrow walks in it which are bordered by flowers of all descriptions. Then there is the fruit orchard with lots and lots of pear, apple, cherry and peach trees. The cherry trees used to be especially attractive to me, for it was such fun to sit up in the trees and eat as many cherries as I wanted. My grandfather was always thinking up things that would give us the most pleasure, and what a good time we did have! I remember especially the Fourth of July. We always went there for this exciting day, and my two cousins, my sister and I used

to get up about four o'clock and begin setting off fire-crackers and banging torpedoes until you would have thought that grandma and grandpa would be crazy, but they never seemed to mind it. Our happiest days seemed to have been spent there, where we could do and have just about anything that we wanted. As we grew older we naturally became fonder of this place of reminiscences, but in a different way from what we were before. When we went there, it was not to have them do for us, but to try to do something for them.

A few years ago I had an idea that I wanted to go to boarding school. A friend of mine, whom I always used to go with in my grammar school days, came up here to Rogers Hall. At that time I had not got as far as thinking where I would like to go, but hearing her talk about it made me think that I would like to come here. I immediately asked father if I could, but as he was rather opposed to my leaving home, he said to wait and see. Finally the time came, as all times will come, when he said that I might come, and when I told my friend that I thought of coming up here, she invited me up for Field Day, some time in May. I came up and had such a good time that I was simply crazy about the place, so I immediately decided to come, and here I am, alive and well.

Mother received a letter one day that changed everything for me. It was about another Louise who had been sent to boarding school and who loved it, and wanted me to join her. We had always been friends, seeing each other once in about two or three years, and I felt as if I knew her well, so after much discussion between my mother, father, and grandparents, I was sent to Rogers Hall.

An only child and grandchild, spoiled no doubt, and a big baby, I was sent away from all my family and for the first time knew what it was to decide for myself.

That boarding school has done wonders for me is an undisputed fact; and I am sure that next year will find me wishing to be back at dear old Rogers! my second home!

DAILY THEMES

The last few leaves fell from the groups of trees on the hillside and were blown ruthlessly to the ravine below. The sun was hidden behind heavy gray clouds which seemed to hang very near to the earth. Through the muggy air was wafted the strong scent of burning leaves.

A dog ran through the woods, stopping and sniffing the air and occasionally giving a sharp bark; not far behind him came a man clad in a dark russet shooting jacket. He stopped, listened; the dog tore madly up the hill, the man was still immobile. Suddenly from a distance came the peculiar cry of a partridge and the man hastened up the hill. One or two twigs cracked under his weight, a leaf stirred, and all was still; then far up the hill the sharp report of a gun was heard, and it echoed down the ravine. The wind blew coldly through the bare boughs.

LOUISE HYDE.

Creatore is taller than the average Italian and well proportioned. The most noticeable thing about him is his long, silky black hair and large, drooping moustache. His every movement reveals an intense nervous sensitiveness to the slightest sound, and in leading his band he apparently quite forgets himself. When soft, sad strains are played, he is the picture of melancholy, but loud, crashing music he directs just as a triumphant general would command his army, while the sweet gayety of Hiawatha thrills him with contented joy.

RENA J. THOMAS.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Slowly, inch by inch, the tide dropped, leaving the wet sand and seaweed to dry under the sun's burning rays. Now and then I saw a lazy crab crawl towards the sea so as to keep him-

self under the cool water. Some tiny minnows swam about in the little pools between the small rocks. I turned to mark the fall of the tide by a dory a fisherman had left early in the morning. Even in the time my eyes were turned away, the little waves, lapping one over the other, had started to climb the beach.

HELEN DOWNER.

Going to school on a rainy day is a great undertaking, for me at least. I get down to breakfast at about eight and after eating a few mouthfuls I rush to find my things. It seems as if they hid themselves on rainy days, but on pleasant days you stumble over rubbers, take down your rain, coat and see an umbrella in almost every corner.

Going to the closet to get my things, I find some other member of the family on hands and knees wildly rummaging for rubbers. When I join in the hunt we exclaim in turn: "There, I've found one of mine!" "Here, that's mine you've got!" "No, there is yours over there." While we are arguing, I hear the school bell, and, throwing down my one rubber, I fly to find the rest of my things. Just as I am ready to start, I remember something upstairs that I want. I go up two steps at a time and nearly fall the whole length in my endeavors to hurry. At last I am off, and, rain coat half on and flying in the wind, hat over one ear, one hand clutching my books while the other vainly tries to hold an umbrella, I make a wild dash to school.

HARRIET F. NESMITH.

"Gutes Madchen," as we sometimes call her, has large blue eyes and a fair complexion which is hidden at present by a very decided coat of tan. She has attended kindergarten two weeks, and thinks now that she is really a big girl.

All this summer she has been "almost a big girl," and as she has quite a little spunk and common sense, we have taken

her into our good times, showing and explaining, so that now she can row, bowl, be trusted to lie quietly in the canoe—in fact, she has rarely been considered a nuisance.

Her friends and acquaintances are apparently without number, for whether near home or down town shopping, as soon as her dear curly red head is seen, some one calls: "Hello, Mat!"

ELLA THOMAS.

"KATY DID."

Jack Hamilton swung himself up a narrow flight of stairs, and into a cozy-looking room. The door shut with a bang. "At last I am where I can think," he muttered. "Now, I am not going to be foolish about this affair, at all." Apparently Jack realized how he had rattled up the old, rickety stairs, and how he had disturbed the old walls of the building by the bang of the door, for he now sat peacefully before the small fire which gave the only light in the room, gazing fixedly at the hot coals with a rather ashamed look on his face. "If I could only see Kate! She is pretty, as I remember, but Peggy is beautiful!" A spark flew out of the grate and landed at Jack's feet; it fairly seemed to say: "She is not." A foot soon trampled out the little spark, and Jack continued his revery. "Then, too, Peggy has lots of money!" "Yes, I think Peggy sounds mighty attractive. Good looks! money! why, what more could a fellow want?"

"I shall be off and have this proposal over!" Something made the young lad stop as he reached the door. It was the fire light which struck across the innocent face of a child. A lump rose in his throat. The picture recalled other days—those before he had entered college. Something made him look to the book-shelf where stood the picture of "Miss Peggy." All was in darkness. "I wonder if Kate ever cared for me. What! Who spoke? Again I hear it!" Jack followed the voice to the window. It was that of a small "Katy Did." Jack sank into the nearest chair, waiting for the words "Katy didn't." He did not hear them.

Does it not seem strange that anything so small as a "Katy Did" could save a young, inexperienced freshman at college?

ALICE M. RAMSDALL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PHILOSOPHY FOUR.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four" would have won its popularity without the author's name to help it along. From mouth to mouth generous criticisms have been passed, and I am sure everybody admits it helps to spend an hour pleasantly. All college men, or anyone interested in the college life, can appreciate it as a bit of true cleverness. The writer seems to understand boys and their life at Harvard in a way that nobody but a graduate can. In Oscar the tutor, working his way through college, and his two wealthy pupils, the author has given us good character studies. In simple description he makes one feel the vast difference in their lives and natures. Oscar, with his dogged perseverance, has memorized the lectures in philosophy even in the very words of the professor. Bertie and Billy, with their casual remembrances on the subject, are forced to resort to their fertile brains for original ideas. The contrast between these two types of men is well brought out at the end of the book, where it gives a sketch of their after lives.

HELEN DOWNER.

LOVEY MARY.

"Lovey Mary" was written by Alice Hegan Rice. The scene is laid in Virginia. Although "Lovey Mary" is not so interesting as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—the book that made the author well known—it is very well written and holds your attention throughout. There are a great many points in it that are very much better—for instance, the absence of a love scene. In a child's story like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" I think a love story seems forced and unnecessary. Some of the characters in "Lovey Mary" are a little exaggerated, but most of them are very easy to imagine.

The story is of Lovey Mary, a young girl who, in the first part of the book, lives in a home for orphans, of which Miss Bell is the matron. Although Miss Bell is not unkindly, she does not understand Lovey Mary, who has the same ambitions most girls have: to be admired, wear pretty clothes, and, most of all, to be loved and appreciated. One thing Miss Bell could not understand, and that was why Mary should wish to have curls. As soon as Mary would do her hair up in curl-papers, Miss Bell would take them off, wet her hair and braid it so tight that Mary's eye-brows were elevated. Poor Mary had a very bad temper which she did not in the least try to control. When anything went wrong she lay on the floor and kicked.

But life took a new aspect when Tommy, who had been left by his mother, was put in her care. For two or three years she lived a comparatively uneventful life. Her sole interest was Tommy, and she worked, thought and lived for him. There was nothing Tommy wanted that she did not do her best to get.

One day, hearing that Tommy was to be taken from her, Mary resolved to run away with him; so early the next morning they set off. After wandering around all day, they came to the Cabbage Patch. Every one who has read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" knows what that is. Here Mrs. Wiggs took the wanderers into her care.

The last part of the story shows very plainly what a great influence Mrs. Wiggs had over Mary. What did Mary the most good was, that Mrs. Wiggs, by petting and encouraging her, awakened Mary's good qualities and led her to do everything in her power to live up to her reputation. This entirely brought her out, made her think of others before herself, and strive to be of some use in the world.

HARRIET F. NESMITH.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME.

A serial story has been running through Scribner's that bids fair to become one of the most popular of this season. The name of the story is so unusual that it tempts you to read it.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is a tale of the

Civil War, by John Fox, Jr. It is one of those books that you cannot lay aside until you have read it from cover to cover.

The little shepherd is a child of the Cumberland hills who is known by no other name but Chad. The first pages introduce Chad with his inseparable companion, Jack. The boy and the dog are thrown together by mutual sympathy; and when the pestilence destroys the kind people who have kept the two waifs, Chad leaves his early home and comes to the valley at the foot of Kingdom Come, with Jack close at his heels. His frank and open nature wins friends for him everywhere, and because he proves his ability as a tender of flocks to those whom he meets on his first wanderings, he is always called the "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." The Turners, who have been kind to Chad, decide to keep him with them and give him the advantages of a son. He is sent to school with Melissa, and in those early days the boy and girl form a deep friendship, which changes into secret adoration on Melissa's part.

Like every novel, it has a charming love story running through its pages; and the lover has his moments when he is down in the depths, on account of the scornful Margaret Dean with whom he is deeply in love. She is so wavering in her affections that we wonder why the Little Shepherd does not go back to his first worshiper at the foot of Kingdom Come.

Chad meets Margaret Dean for the first time soon after he makes his first visit to the Kentucky capital—God's country, as the schoolmaster taught him to call it. He lives with the Major, who takes a friendly interest in him, and until the breaking out of the war, he is moderately happy.

The country has been stirred up for a long time, but every one tries to believe that the gulf between the North and the South can be still be bridged over without bloodshed. In that Kentucky region, brother went against brother, and the consciences of many men were sorely tried. Family relations were strained, and when at last the war broke out, the region which was most devastated was the beautiful blue-grass region; and many tragedies were enacted and hundreds of families were broken up within the small boundaries of this one state.

Chad tries hard to bring his conscience on a parallel with the

Major's, but he tries in vain. His love of country is greater than his love of state, and he dons the blue regimentals of the hated Unionists. He advances steadily in the service and has many disagreeable tasks given to him; but he carries himself throughout like a man and a soldier. At last all his trials and hardships are over, and love, triumphant always, unites the two lovers—Margaret and Chad.

I have not attempted to give a detailed account of the story, for there are too many intricacies in the plot to attempt even an outline. It is enough to say that everything works out beautifully in the end. Chad finds out that he is not an outcast, as everyone supposed, but that he is a peer to the best of the land. Melissa lives out her life in the home of her father, and, until her death continues to worship and adore her early companion.

The book is full of pathetic touches and beautiful descriptions, and the story is so real and sympathetic that when you have finished the last page, almost unknowingly you sympathize with the South, and wonder how so cruel a war could be so prolonged.

MARY BARD.

THE MANEUVERS BETWEEN THE ARMY AND NAVY ON THE MAINE COAST.

We were awakened one night, or morning, at about three o'clock by a great rumbling. We rushed to the window, and off by Cape Elizabeth we could see fire and smoke. We then knew that it was the army and navy attacking each other in a sham battle.

The next day a good many people went up to Portland to see the White Squadron in the harbor. But I think the people that stayed at the hotel had almost as good a view of them, perhaps better; for at about four o'clock in the afternoon, first one boat and then another of the White Squadron came steaming out of Portland harbor, and anchored in front of our beach about two miles out. Counting tugs, training ships, and coal barges, together with the White Squadron, there were about thirty boats.

At night it was a beautiful sight to see them lighted, and they would signal with red lights.

The next morning when we came down, all the ships looked black. We saw that the tugs and training ships and coal barges were black in the afternoon before, but not the White Squadron. It was the sun shining on them from the other side that made them look black. In the afternoon, when the sun changed its position, we could see the white again.

The second morning after the ships came, a party of us drove to Granby Hill, a place which was the centre of the military telegraph. There were some sailors and soldiers over there. One of the sailors told us that that morning twelve hundred men in twelve ships had landed.

On the drive over to Granby Hill, we had to go over several bridges. There were signs on them saying: "This bridge is blown up." This meant that if the navy wished to cross it they would either have to swim over or build another bridge over the real one. For in real war they would actually blow the bridge up, but of course in this mock war they could not.

The ships were still there when I went home, and I was very glad that I had been at that beach, for it was a very interesting sight—one that I shall never forget. NATALIE CONANT

SCHOOL NEWS.

Miss Puffer, who taught mathematics here for three years, and gave invaluable help in the preparation of *SPLINTERS*, is teaching this year in Mrs. Delafield and Mrs. Colvin's School in Boston. Miss Annable, a graduate of Radcliffe, has come to take the classes in mathematics and science.

On the first Saturday of the school year the old girls welcomed the new girls by a German, given in the gymnasium. In

order that each new girl might have as good a time as possible, she was given in charge of one of the old girls.

At half past seven the girls gathered in the gymnasium, which had been transformed into a very pretty dance hall. On all sides the walls were covered with gorgeous autumn leaves, and Japanese lanterns were hung across the ceiling, which looked very pretty with the soft light shining through them. The music was furnished by a hurdy-gurdy, which made the dance very jolly; and everyone was delighted with the pretty Japanese favors given in the different German figures, which added much to the girls' pleasure.

When the dance was over, every one felt that it had been a great success and the new girls realized how glad we are to have them with us.

OUR TRIP TO CONCORD.

Saturday, October the seventeenth, although the weather was rather dubious, we started out for Concord with Miss Annable to chaperone us.

The electric car took us as far as Billerica where we made our first transfer; and it seemed to us as though we had not been on the car more than five minutes before we had to transfer again. Another thing that kept us busy was paying our car fare. Every few minutes the conductor would appear, saying "Fares, please." However, it was these little troubles that added to our pleasure and gave us something to laugh about.

We did not expect to go to Lexington, but we were so near that Miss Annable thought it would pay us to stop there a short time. About one o'clock we arrived in Lexington, with the clouds thickening above us. The elements were very considerate, however, for it did not rain a drop until we had seen the Harrington house, the common, the old belfry, and the statue of one of the minute-men. This was last but not least, for one of the girls completely lost her heart to him, and we found it rather difficult to make her continue her journey.

When our car came, it did not take long for us to pile on, and by the time we reached Monument Square at Concord the rain had stopped. The Thoreau House, and Colonial Hotel, that was once the Provincial Store, are here. We did not stop, but went right over to the Old Hill Cemetery, to see the graves of Rev. William Emerson, Major John Buttrick, and John Jack, a slave.

As our time was limited we decided to engage two carryalls to take us to the places of interest, and it was lucky we did, for we had no more than started when it began to rain again. The rain made no difference to those in the back seats, but alas, for those in front! I happened to be one of the unfortunate ones. I tried to console myself by thinking that rain makes one grow. I am sure my face was washed, anyway.

We drove up Lexington Street first. Here are the homes of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Samuel Prescott, and Louisa Alcott. Here also are the Orchard House, where "Little Women" was written, Hawthorne's Wayside House, and Margaret Fuller's Grape Cottage.

From there we went to Monument Street and saw the Old Manse, the battle ground, battle monument, the North Bridge, and the minute-man statue where "the embattled farmers stood." None of us lost our hearts, though.

We had lost the girls in the other carryall, but as we were returning from Monument Street we met them coming from Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the place for which we were starting. In this beautiful cemetery, with its old trees and sloping grounds, are the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts, William Ellery Channing, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Samuel Hoar and Sherman Hoar. We regretted very much that we could not get out and walk to the graves, but the rain, now coming down in sheets, prevented any such thought.

From the cemetery we went back to Monument Square, and finding that the others had not returned, we drove up Main Street. We saw here many interesting old places, such as the Thoreau-Alcott house and Margaret Fuller's house.

When we returned the driver stopped in front of a bakery. By this time miniature lakes lay in my neck ribbon, and my

hair was rather damp, but I was not nearly so unfortunate as one of the other girls. Her chiffon veil had lost its effectiveness from a constant wetting for more than an hour, her umbrella was cut by the wheel, and her pocketbook lost. There were many more incidents, but I cannot begin to tell them.

When we had made ourselves presentable we proceeded to buy out the store, and it was with mingled regret and thankfulness that we at last found ourselves on our way home.

It was now dark, and we were unaware that when we jumped off the car for the next change we would jump into about two inches of mud—splash! splash! We could not stand in it, so we ran bravely through it to the sidewalk. We rushed out several times to meet cars, thinking ours had come, but we were told "This car goes to Boston" or to any place but Lowell. At last it came and we flocked on, with the happy thought that we need transfer but once more.

When we were asked if we had had a good time the unanimous reply was—"We could not have had a better time even if the sun had shone. In fact, the rain and mud added immensely to our fun."

There were no bad effects from our trip, and I think it was due to the fact that we were sent to bed at eight o'clock with a hot lemonade.

ALICE POTTER.

A number of former Rogers Hall girls have visited the school this year. Carol Quincy and Belle Reade found everything about the place just as it was last year, and Alice Faulkner and Lucy Walther surprised the old girls and teachers with a short visit on their way home from the Harvard-Yale game.

On Saturday morning, November fourteenth, Miss Dorothy Underhill chaperoned twelve of the girls to the Andover-Lawrenceville game. We started from the school at twelve o'clock, went by trolley through Lawrence, and arrived at Andover a little before two. The game was held on Brother's Field, and there was quite a large attendance. Some came carrying the red and black, but more the blue and white, and all looking happy and excited. Soon after we were seated, we heard cheering from the Lawrenceville side and the Lawrenceville team appeared

on the field, then in a few moments the long Andover cheer rang out and on came the team that was to defend the blue and white. The game began at two o'clock, Andover kicking off, and from then to the finish we were interested and excited. The final score was 23—0, in favor of Andover, much to the pleasure of wearers of the blue and white. On account of the crowd we had to wait some time for a car, but we finally got one and arrived home about seven o'clock, a tired, hungry, but happy party, and we all agreed that we had spent a pleasant afternoon.

On Friday evening, November twentieth, Dr. Arthur Cooley gave us his second lecture, this time his subject being Sicily. His talks are the more interesting, perhaps, because he takes you, as one of a party, with him on his trips, and by the help of the stereopticon pictures, you can really imagine yourself with him, enjoying personally the old temples, theaters, and bits of scenery he shows. He opened his lecture by showing us a map, on which our route was marked out, and although not as long as the one we took in the first lecture, it proved to be quite as interesting.

Among one of the first places we visited was Syracuse, and here we saw the old Paradise Quarry, the coloring of which is extremely beautiful; the rock being of gray stone shading into pink, and overhung with a green trailing vine which added greatly to the color effect. This cave is now used by the rope-makers, but was formerly built by a king as a dungeon, in which he kept his prisoners. It had great acoustic properties, and it is said the king could stand near its entrance and hear nearly every word spoken within, although the cave is quite large and deep.

We visited many old temples, baths, and amphitheaters, one of which, at Pompeii, is very large, and said to be the best preserved in the world. One of the most interesting places we visited, however, was the old monastery, situated on a high hill at Amalfi. It is now used for a hotel, but the chapel and a few other rooms are kept just as they were in the days when the monks lived there.

In Pompeii we visited many of the ruined houses, destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The gardens of these houses were damaged but little, and the bits of statuary left are very beautiful. We made but a short stay in Naples, as our

time was limited, and we were very sorry to have our party broken up at Rome, for then we realized that the lights had been turned on and our lecture was at an end. LEILA A. WASHBURN.

The girls who were disappointed in not being able to procure seats for the Harvard-Yale football game, on Saturday, November twenty-first, went to see Blanche Bates in the "Darling of the Gods," which is now being played in Boston. Having plenty of time before the play began, Miss Parsons, who chaperoned us, invited us to go up to Huyler's for hot chocolate. The play was very exciting, and we were delighted with the whole afternoon's entertainment. Indeed, we did not have half so much time as we thought we would for wishing ourselves in the new stadium at Cambridge.

On Saturday, November twenty-first, the day of the great Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, I was one of the lucky girls who could go. The game was played in the great new stadium, which seats forty thousand people, and which is built after the style of the old Roman and Greek amphitheatres. The friend with whom I attended the game had secured seats on the Yale side, much to his own disgust, but which proved to be very satisfactory, because they were opposite the Harvard cheering. In this way, we got a much better idea of the cheering as it came across the field, than we would have had we been on the Harvard side, next the enthusiastic Harvard cheerers. The game began at quarter past two, and both sides cheered again and again as their teams came onto the field. Loyal supporters of the crimson did not anticipate a victory over Yale's heavy team, but in the first half the Harvard team put up such a hard and earnest fight that it seemed as if they must at least score. The only score for the first half was five, made by Yale's touchdown, and during that thirty-five minutes' play, Harvard had three chances to score, losing the first time by a fumble on Yale's five-yard line, and being twice unsuccessful in kicking goals from the field. While the playing was going on, cheering for both sides, cries of "Lady with blue veil sit down" and "Man with white sweater, down," were heard, and Yale's mascot, a large bull dog, with an enormous blue bow, was led around. The Harvard men were

very enthusiastic in their cheering, and in the choruses of their songs, the entire Harvard side rose and waved their red flags, making a very pretty and imposing scene. The Yale cheering was no doubt splendid too, but sitting on the Yale side, we could only hear the echo of it. For the second half there were no changes in the line-ups of the two teams. They had hardly got started when Yale made her second touchdown. Then began the Harvard team's greatest work, and they succeeded in getting the ball to their one-yard line, and now this was their last chance to score. They could not advance that one yard, and when Yale made her third touchdown from Harvard's twenty-eight yard line the final score was sixteen to nothing in Yale's favor. It took a great while for the crowds to get out of the field and across the bridge to the cars, and when finally we reached the Union Station, the five thirty-eight train for Lowell had gone, and there was nothing to do but drink hot chocolate and wait for the six-one. Owing to my own stupidity, and having never come out to Rogers Hall by way of Lowell Junction, I did not get off there but was carried by to Andover. There I found, by many inquiries, a telephone which I immediately used to let Mrs. Underhill know of my sad predicament and dinnerless condition. Fortunately, there was another train back to Lowell Junction very soon, which I took and realizing this time that I must change at the Junction, in order to ever reach a dinner and bed at Rogers Hall. So at last, about eight-thirty, I arrived after my strenuous and jolly day. MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

On Friday, October sixteenth, the first Hall meeting was held and the following officers were elected:—President, Louise Hyde; Vice-President, Mildred Wilson; Treasurer, Helen Adams; Secretary, Alice Bailey; Entertainment Committee, Chairman Anthy Gorton ; Priscilla Howes, Alice Potter.

On the same evening, the first House meeting was held and the following officers were chosen:—President, Mary E. Bard; Vice-President, Edna Foster; Secretary, Leila A. Washburn; Treasurer, Sibyl Wright; Entertainment Committee, Chairman Harriet Parsons; Anna Ogden, Helen Downer.

On Thursday, October twenty-second, Miss Eastman, one of the Trustees of Rogers Hall, made us all a delightful little visit.

That evening, two other Trustees, Mrs. Foss and Major Stott, also dined here. Some of us were indeed very fortunate to have the honor of sitting with our guests, and we all gave vent to our laughter when the Major told some of his old-time war experiences and anecdotes.

Friday morning, before leaving, Miss Eastman gave us a charming little talk and concluded by saying that school days were not the happiest days of our life, but that each day was to be better, and so happier, than the preceding one.

For the first time this year the House girls met together at a House supper on Sunday evening, October twenty-fifth. The entertainment committee had everything ready by half past six. The girls all had a jolly time and their appetites were good enough to fully appreciate the feast.

On Monday, October twenty-sixth, some of the girls in the English classes went with Miss Poole to hear Mr. Edward Garrett lecture on Warwickshire, the home and birthplace of Shakespeare.

He began by telling how the town of Stratford had lost its quaintness, giving an entirely different aspect from that of the time of the great dramatist. The streets are now busy and on either side are homely modern buildings, in place of those picturesque structures built in England at that time. Still, the country itself is unchanged—the same river Avon, so immortalized in Shakespeare's verses, with its clear sparkling waters winds in and out through woods and meadows.

Mr. Garrett gave some very fine views of Warwickshire and the surrounding country, with its majestic castles, spacious mansions and delightful villas. The most beautiful castle to me was that of Kenilworth, where poor, unfortunate Amy Robsart waited in vain for her expected lover.

It was all, indeed, very interesting, and while we were there it really seemed as if we were living at the time of that great playwright and among his many characters. PRISCILLA J. HOWES.

HALLOWEEN.

The girls went back to their Mother Goose days on Saturday, October thirty-first, when they celebrated Halloween with a Mother Goose party. The committee worked well and hard beforehand so that each girl might represent some one of those well known characters. Harriet Parsons proved to be a very good chairman, for through her hard work the party was such a success that the night of the thirty-first of October will long be remembered.

On the day before the memorable night, everybody was hard at work, some decorating the old gym, some working on their costumes, and still others cutting jack-o'lanterns out of pumpkins. These girls made up the committee:—Priscilla Howes, Hilda Talmage, Alice Ramsdell, Helen Downer, Marguerite Hastings, Juliette Huntress, and Isabel Nesmith.

At half past seven the fun began. It was hard to recognize even your best friends as the masked Little Bo Peeps, Miss Muffets, Red Riding Hoods, and the like. All the girls formed in a long line, according to their numbers. As her number was called out, the girl corresponding took her place on the small stage as Miss Coburn read the appropriate verse.

After the long list of characters had been gone through with, every one unmasked and all chose partners for the grand march. In each little alcove in the gym there was some Halloween stunt, such as bobbing apples and finding the ring in the flour. The most popular alcove of all was the booth where the fortune-teller entertained the girls by telling them what would happen to them in the future. The girls who did not take part in these stunts danced to the music which Marguerite Hastings, in the character of Mother Goose, very kindly played for them.

After the dancing, the girls went into the art room and enjoyed a regular Halloween feast.

Among the best characters were Mary Pillsbury as "Dr. Foster;" Bertha James and Dorothy Ellingwood as the "Old Woman and the Pig;" Elizabeth James as "Mistress Mary, quite contrary;" Leila Washburn, Edna Foster, and Mary Bard as "Sing a song of sixpence;" Hilda Talmage and Helen Foster

as "Jack and Jill;" Alice Ramsdell, "Hot Cross Buns;" Mildred Wilson and Helen Adams as "Simple Simon and the Pieman." These were not the only good characters, however, for every girl did beautifully in her own particular role.

The characters were represented as follows:—

Three Men in a Tub....Sally Hobson and Madge Hockmeyer
Daffy-down-dilly.....Juliette Huntress
Little Bo Peep

Louise Parker, Sallie Hodgkins, and Harriet Davey
Goosy, Goosy Gander.....Marjorie Hutchinson
Queen of Hearts.....Alice Potter
King was in his Counting-house

Edna Foster, Leila Washburn and Mary Bard
Little Tommy Tucker.....Grace Smith
Patty-cake, Patty-cake.....Marion Kimball
Little Boy Blue.....Anna Ogden
Little Miss Muffet.....Helen Downer
Humpty Dumpty and Soldiers

Helen Pratt, Polly Pew and Priscilla Howes
Hot Cross Buns.....Alice Ramsdell
Old Woman in the Shoe.....Isabel Nesmith
Dr. Foster.....Molly Pillsbury
Old Woman in the Cobwebs.....Alice Robinson
Old Mother Goose.....Marguerite Hastings
Woman with Eggs.....Martie Wild
Mary, Mary, quite contrary.....Betty James
Jack Spratt and his Wife.....Mary Titus, Hazel Chadwick
Sailor.....Miss Annable
Simple Simon met a Pieman.....Helen Adams, Mildred Wilson
Taffy was a Welshman.....Dorothy Wright
Jack and Jill.....Hilda Talmage, Helen Foster
Tom, Tom, the piper's son.....Marguerite Roesing
Rain, Rain, go away.....Gladys Lawrence
Old Mother Hubbard.....Anthy Gorton
Old Woman with Pig.....Bertha James, Dorothy Ellingwood
The Woman that loved the Pig.....Annis Kendall
Babes in the Woods.....Grace and Ruth Heath
Little Red Riding Hood.....Harriet Parsons

MARY H. PEW.

On Thursday evening, November fifth, some of us had the pleasure of attending the piano recital given by Harold Bauer in Colonial Hall. Mr. Bauer ranks among the first pianists of the world and he may well be called a master of piano music. One forgets his somewhat odd appearance, his great mop of curly red hair, when he begins to play, for his wonderful delivery of Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Chopin, and other great composers' works is full of the feeling, pathos, and delicate shading that delights the lover of music. His technique is wonderful, and even in the loudest passages his tones were not harsh but even and full of warmth and expression. All who went enjoyed the wonderful music to the utmost and insisted upon calling Mr. Bauer back to the stage innumerable times; and he was kind enough to play two encores to his enthusiastic listeners.

On Friday evening, November the sixth, Dr. Arthur Cooley of Newton, formerly of Harvard, took dinner with us and gave a very entertaining lecture afterwards in the gymnasium. He lectured on "A Tour through Greece" and made it seem very real to his hearers by the stereopticon views which he showed.

The trip which we were to take was first clearly shown to us on the map and then we started out. Taking the southern trip we first sighted land at Gibraltar. We saw many pretty scenes on the way to Athens. However, we did not stop here but took two trips, one through the North and the other through the South.

In the course of the evening we passed many places of great historical interest, such as the battle fields of Marathon, Thermopylae and Salamis. We saw some old monasteries perched upon the rocks away out of the reach of travelers and some very pretty landscapes. The Vale of Tempe was one of the most attractive.

We then returned to Athens, where we were taken through the ruins of the Acropolis. Dr. Cooley made his talk doubly interesting by relating his own experiences in these places. The ready humor of our guide added much to the pleasure of our trip,

and it was with great reluctance that we left that country so renowned in history, poetry, and art.

Our next journey with Dr. Cooley will be through Italy and Sicily, and we are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

NAN OGDEN.

An old-fashioned dance was given in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, November seventh, to celebrate Priscilla Howes' and Harriett Parsons' birthdays. The first dance was the Virginia Reel, which made a lively beginning. As it was rather warm dancing, everybody enjoyed the lemonade and cakes which were served between the dances. We continued to dance until about half past nine, and all agreed that we had had a mighty good time. We ought to thank Helen Downer for getting up the dance and also for succeeding so well in what she attempted.

Sunday night, the eighth of November, all the old house girls gathered in Mildred Wilson's room. We were called together to enjoy a delicious cake which Cyrena Case, who was vice-president of the Hall last year, had sent us from Smith. We thank her very much for it and only wish that she might have been here to enjoy it with us.

On Sunday, November eighth, all the girls went to the House of Prayer at the invitation of Father Osborne. The service given on All Saints' Day was repeated by request, and we all were very much interested in the church.

On Sunday afternoon, before Thanksgiving, the "House" invited the "Hall" to four o'clock tea in the House parlor. The delightful little affair was made more enjoyable by songs from a few of the girls.

HOUSE TEA.

Miss Parsons, Miss Von Sarauw and Miss Annable were at home informally Sunday afternoon, November eighth, and served tea for the House girls. We all appreciated the delicate little attention of the hostesses in giving us our favorite confection, Peter's chocolate.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE SQUIRRELS' HALLOWEEN.

Old Grandpa Grey Squirrel had planned a Halloween frolic for the squirrels of Squirreldom. The way it happened was this: One day he overheard a conversation between the farmer's two sons as they were picking pumpkins in the garden next to Squirreldom. They were talking about what they were going to do Halloween and what fun they were going to have. Grandpa Grey Squirrel thought it would be very nice if he could get up something like that for the squirrels, so that is how it was that on the last day of October the squirrels gathered at Grandpa Grey Squirrel's tree for their frolic.

The first thing they did was to hunt for nuts that were hidden away in the tree. Little Miss Chipmunk found the most and got a prize of two dozen large, juicy acorns for her winter store. After the nuts had all been found, Grandpa Grey Squirrel announced that "Over in the corner branch you can have your fortunes told for nothing." The fortune-teller was Grandma Grey Squirrel. She told them all sorts of funny things that kept them laughing all the time. Her corner was very popular. While some were having their fortunes told others were ducking for nuts and acorns in a hole filled with leaves. This was great fun, for sometimes they would fall down into the hole and then there would be a grand scramble to get out. On one of the branches were three acorn-cups. In the first one there was the meat of a nut, which meant plenty of nuts all through the winter. The second was half full of acorn meat, which meant enough acorns, but none to spare, and no nuts at all. The third and last one was empty, and the one who put his hand into that one would have neither nuts nor acorns. The young squirrels were most interested in this. Little Miss Red Squirrel put her paw into the empty cup. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I shall have to starve this winter." Then young Mr. Chipmunk spoke up and said, "Oh no, you will share mine," which made everyone laugh, for they all

knew what he meant. After all the tricks had been tried Grandpa Grey Squirrel took Grandma Grey Squirrel's arm and they all went up to supper, which was served in a crotch in the top of the tree. They had chestnuts and nut-cider served in little acorn cups. After supper they danced a little while. The crickets had kindly consented to furnish the music, although it was late in the season and quite cold for them. At half past ten they all went home, after thanking Grandpa Grey Squirrel for the delightful Halloween frolic.

MARION KIMBALL.

HIS FIRST TROUSERS.

Oh, what fun! Three dirty little ragamuffins were playing that most fascinating of all children's games, mud pies; or better still reveling in the hot dusty sand which covered the road, and which had been scraped into several large mounds.

Almost as brown as an autumn oak leaf, he stole quietly up behind one of his playmates, and opening two chubby brown hands, let the contents fall in a little stream of sand upon his head. A pretty picture, indeed, he made as he stood there on his tip-toes: dark brown eyes, whose depths were brim full of mischief, looked out from under delicately arched eyebrows above plump, rosy brown cheeks, ending in a firmly made jaw. His red lips were ready to break into a boisterous roar of laughter when his mischievous prank should be discovered. With a little impatient gesture he ran his hand up his forehead, pushing the unruly brown locks out of his eyes.

Seeing that he need have no fear of pursuit, he turned and sat down on a mound of sand, stretched his legs out, and glanced down at a pair of blue overalls, the legs of which were about six inches long, quite hiding the little feet of which five little brown toes only escaped. Was not this self-satisfaction expressed at its first stage? Who could blame him?—they were his first trousers.

HILDA TALMAGE.

CAMP MADAWASKA.

The camp which I am describing is situated in Canada, about one hundred and sixty miles north of Ottawa.

There are a great number of lakes there, and the camp is on the shore of one of the largest of these. It is indeed a beautiful spot. Several high hills or mountains loom up in the distance. There is hardly any noise, not even the firing of a gun, to break the majestic solitude of the forest. Tall pines rise up to their lofty height against the clear outline of the sky.

Deer and even bears are seen very frequently, and there is nothing I love to hear as much as the howling of the wolves when I am walking by the side of one of the guides.

BERTHA JAMES.

WAGUMP AND MISTISO.

Wagump, the ever hungry, was slowly eating into a rotten tree stump when Mistiso came rippling by. Wagump was in a boastful mood, and his tongues, of which he has many hundred, all went very fast. After a time the gentle Mistiso in anger, and in self-defence as well, spoke in her turn. "O Wagump, the Fire, tell me what you have done to boast of so greatly. If in anything you could compete with me, you might have some cause for boasting."

Wagump was very angry with the little water spirit for her temerity in addressing him, and he said many things that should not be written. At length they agreed to have a contest to decide which was the more powerful.

Now if Wagump had been wise he would have checked the little stream before it could get by him, but he had a very thick head, even if he was one of the fire spirits; so he went off into the woods and waited there a while, that he might get up a better appetite for the feast that was before him.

Meanwhile the quick-witted little Mistiso was hurrying onward that she might gain strength for the contest that was

before her. She grew and grew into a mighty river while the lazy Wagump was sleeping in the woods. But his sleep could not last forever, and lazy as he was he had to wake himself up at last and set to work. He worked lazily until he reached a lofty mountain and looked down upon the country.

Then he saw a mighty river which called to him derisively as it passed before him on its way, and he recognized the voice of Mistiso. Still it was quite a while before he really got it through his head what had happened, but then his anger was terrible to behold. He ripped through forests and destroyed towns and villages. He dried up small rivers and killed numberless people.

Mistiso in her turn grew into a mighty flood and swept down bridges, undermined lofty trees and destroyed large cities. At length they met, Mistiso and Wagump, and there was fought a mighty battle on a slope running down toward the sea.

Wagump—of course—had chosen the worst side for himself and the flood came rushing down upon him. Even as it came it would be dried up, while the crackling flames would be swallowed by the waves.

There they fought until they both perished, neither wishing to give in to the other. Two mighty spirits, not speaking of numberless human beings and rich lands, were destroyed because of the false pride of these two. MARY PILLSBURY.

ATHLETICS.

I am sure that all the old girls were very much pleased when they discovered the improvements which had been made during the vacation on the grounds for out-of-door sports. Tennis has gained a greater popularity than ever before because of the two fine clay courts, and the girls are very enthusiastic about it. The basket ball field has been moved to the site of the old grass court. Out-of-door basket ball has been tried once this year and the girls like it even better than in the gymnasium. The best thing of all, though, is the new running track, and the enthusiasm that the hare and hound races cause has been greatly increased by having a track on which to practice.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

The riding lessons conducted by Lieutenant Schlunbaum have introduced a new and welcome element into the out-door life of the Rogers Hall girls. Every afternoon at the close of luncheon we hear the clatter of hoofs on the asphalt, some one murmurs "Here they are!" and we are all anxious to get out of doors to watch the start.

The lessons began the sixth of October. At first only two girls rode each hour from two until four, but now that they are more sure and can go alone, three go at a time.

More than half the girls, as well as four of the teachers, are riding, and find it very exhilarating.

One pleasant feature is the nearness of Fort Hill Park, which is a fine place for riding lessons. On the top of the hill is a large circle where the girls took their first lessons. It was like riding in an indoor school except that they had the advantage of the fresh air and brilliant scenery. Now that all can ride we go into the country, occasionally riding across fields for practice under careful guidance.

The cross-saddle seems to be the more popular, as all but two ride that way. We learn to mount thus: gather the reins in the left hand, face the horse's tail, place the foot in the stirrup, grip the saddle with right hand, and swing to the saddle; then see that the stirrups are of the right length and we are ready to start.

The lessons for this fall are nearly over, but we all look forward to riding again in the spring. GRACE HEATH.

HOCKEY.

We are practicing diligently for the hockey game which is to come on November twenty-third. The two houses have met and chosen captains, Hilda Talmage for the House and Margaret Burns for the Hall, and they with Miss Mac Farlane are slowly picking players for the teams.

The girls are much improved by the last two or three practice games, and many of the new girls are working up finely to fill positions left vacant by last year's graduates.

CENTRE BALL.

On October fourteenth it was so rainy and disagreeable that the girls could not play their usual game of hockey and were forced to stay in the gym. Miss Mac Farlane suggested centre ball, which all the girls readily agreed to, as it helped to give that variety which is characteristic of the athletics of Rogers Hall.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

The first hare and hound chase of the year came off on Thursday, October twenty-second. The course which had been well laid out the day before by the hares, Dorothy Wright, Polly Pew, Hilda Talmage and Harriet Davey, proved a very hard one to follow. The hounds led by Marjorie Hutchinson and Harriet Parsons, succeeded in reaching home just one minute and a

half after the hares. The record time was twenty-six and a half minutes. Dorothy Wright, Polly Pew, and Hilda Talmage of the hares came in first and Margaret Burns and Harriet Parsons of the hounds.

We had planned to have the second hare and hound chase on Thursday, November twelfth, and were all very much disappointed on getting up to find that the day was cloudy and disagreeable. The sun came out later in the morning, so that by three o'clock the hares, Dorothy Wright, Ruth Heath, and Harriet Parsons could start off on the run. The course was unusually hard, through barbed wire fences, swamps, thick underbrush, and all sorts of excitements. Especially exciting was it to hurry through a barbed wire fence and succeed in catching your skirt and bloomers in the pricklers. The hounds led by Dorothy Ellingwood and Margaret Burns lost the trail because so much of the paper had blown away, so that it can hardly be called a fair chase.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

The Rogers Hall alumnae have twelve new members to welcome, and all who know these girls feel sure that they will add much to the reputation of Rogers Hall. The growing interest in college life for girls is shown by the number of college freshmen among the graduates. Helen Lovell and Ruth Wilder have entered Vassar and already are winning honors. Cyrena Case and Mildred Wilson have chosen Smith for their Alma Mater. Cyrena Case is a freshman this year, and Mildred will enter the class of 1908. Laura Kimball and Bertha Swanton are our last representatives at Wellesley, both having entered the Class of 1907.

To each of three other colleges we send one representative—Caroline Wright to Radcliffe; Ernestine Swift to Wells; and Clara Francis to Simmons.

Gladys Baldwin on account of her health has decided not to go to college. Instead, she is studying at Rye Seminary, Rye, N. Y.

The two other girls, Nathalie Newhall and Edna Mills, are at home, taking an active part in the social life of the cities in which they live.

Jessie Ames was graduated from Smith College last June and spent most of the summer visiting her college friends. Last week she left Lowell to spend the winter in Washington where her brother, Congressman Ames, has taken the Corbin house. Those who know Jessie feel sure that she will be a social success.

Frances Anderson has recently returned from Europe where she has been sight-seeing for five months. Most of her time was spent in the Northern countries, especially in Sweden and Holland. On her return she spent two weeks in Lowell and then went to Phoenix, Arizona, to stay until summer.

Mrs. John F. Vaughan (Ellen T. Batchelor, R. H., 1896, Radcliffe, 1900) has a daughter, Elizabeth Fairfield Vaughan, born June twelfth. At present they are staying in Cambridge, waiting for their house in Wellesley Hills to be ready for occupancy.

Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1894, Wellesley, 1899) traveled in Europe this summer with a party of Lowell people. In August she left her companions and joined Frances Anderson at Paris. With her she traveled through England and Scotland, and with her returned to Lowell.

Alice Chalifoux was married on October fourteenth to Mr. John Ellsworth of South Bend, Indiana. The wedding was a very quiet one and only a few intimate friends were asked to be present at the ceremony. Her sister Ada was maid of honor and Bessie was flower girl. Among the guests were May Wilder, Dorothy Underhill, Louise Ellingwood, Sue Simpson, Ruth Burke, and Edith Nourse.

Helen Coburn (R. H., 1897, Smith, 1901) spent August with the Ashleys. In November, Marion Ashley and Mary Dewey visited her in Lowell.

Louise and Margaret Hall (R.H., 1899) were graduated from Vassar last June. They have been fortunate in getting good positions as teachers this fall. Louise is teaching in the Bardwell School, Philadelphia, and Margaret is at the Quincy School, Poughkeepsie.

Bertha Holden was married June twenty-fifth to Mr. Louis Olney of Providence, an instructor at the Lowell Textile School. This fall she has had two receptions at her home on Riverside Street, and among those who assisted her to entertain were Susanna Simpson and May Wilder.

Helen Hill (R. H., 1899) who graduated from Smith College in June, is teaching in Miss Devies' School, Washington, Conn.

Mrs. Albert W. Thompson (Hildreth Nesmith) spent the summer in Lowell and has just returned to Manchester. All the old girls will be glad to hear that she has recovered completely from her serious illness.

Mary S. Nickerson has been fortunate in securing a position in the Lowell City Library.

Edith Nourse is to spend the winter with her aunt in San Francisco.

Eleanor Paul (R. H., 1894, Smith, 1898) has been visiting Frances Anderson and her welcome at Rogers Hall was most cordial.

Nellie G. Pickering was married on November eleventh to Mr. William Taylor Trull of Lowell. She will be "At Home" after December first on Andover Road.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Belle Shedd sails for Cuba in December. In January she will go to Nassau for the rest of the winter.

Nellie D. Steel has announced her engagement to Mr. Stuart Plumley of Buffalo, civil engineer for the Lackawana Steel Co.

Marion Needham (R. H., 1902) is teaching kindergarten in Groton, Massachusetts.

Alice Faulkner (R. H., 1902, Smith, 1906) took part in a play given by the Morris House—"Little Lord Fauntleroy." The play was received most enthusiastically and we feel sure that its success was due in part to our Rogers Hall representative.

Ruth Wilder (R. H., 1903) has been chosen captain of the Freshman basket ball team of Vassar College. This is a position of honor that we feel sure she will fill satisfactorily.

Lucy Walther (R. H., 1902, Smith, 1906) has been one of the girls chosen to take part in the play to be given by the French Club of Smith College. The play chosen is "The Bourgeoise Gentilhomme" and it is to be an important event in the history of the society. Mr. James Hyde of New York and the French professors at Harvard are to be present. Lucy is to take the part of Mme. Jourdain and we feel sure that she will fill the part of this sensible woman very creditably.

May Wilder (R. H., 1900) has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Huguely of Boston.

Jessie Sargent has left Radcliffe College to take the library course at Simmons College.

Marion Stott gave a luncheon for Mary Dewey and Marion Ashley, who have been visiting Helen Coburn.

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EDITORIAL.

SOME PHASES OF CRAMMING.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." is an aphorism that can be applied to school girls and students universally, with regard to their studies as much as to their outside reading. In a preparatory school where certain courses are prescribed, the generally unpopular books, like geometry, physics, Latin, or Greek, must be "chewed and digested" little by little in order to obtain the desired benefit; but it is so easy to skim over the propositions, problems, and declensions, and "taste" them merely long enough to get through the class recitation with a passing mark. But a mere taste of these subjects will not suffice when an examination paper is in view. So, in a great majority of cases, the cramming process is brought forward to meet these dreaded tests. Then it is that the second clause of Bacon's aphorism is applied. Students sit up night after night and "swallow" pages of books whose contents can only be learned bit by bit. Like Stevenson's fellow-student, in his "College Memories," they sacrifice sleep to labor, and "play with the lock of the box of the Merchant of Abudah." Every college in existence could show, in its records, examples of these consistent seekers after knowledge, who think that to pass an examination

with credit and honor is of paramount importance in their college career. They study when they ought to rest, and forget even the needs and rights of the "inner man." They have no more regard for their minds than a gourmand has for his stomach. The brain will give way under repeated strain more easily than perhaps any other part of the body, and many times a student's store of knowledge gained in huge bulk does him no good, for, instead of remembering his faithfully tabulated facts, his faculties may have received such a strain that brain fever, or even insanity, is the ultimate result.

There is another phase of the so-called cramming for examinations which is practiced in every school, from the first grade to the senior year at college. This cramming is not at all harmful, for it really means reviewing, by outline, books that have been carefully studied throughout the year. If lessons have been diligently prepared day after day, this sort of a review is very beneficial to the student, for a mere glance at the topics in the book gives him a clear idea of the subject at hand.

The majority of college graduates advocate this kind of cramming, especially when dealing with the study of facts like history and universal literature, but it is absolutely necessary to study faithfully every day, and shirk as little as possible. But if students would take examinations more calmly, and realize that they are not such stupendous evils after all, they would be happier and every one around them would be better for their happiness.

The time of the mid-year examinations is the one disturbing element on the calm of the school year for most girls in preparatory schools; but there is no reason why they should dread these tests any more than an ordinary monthly "written lesson," for in reality, what are they but a review of the half-year's work? In a boarding school, there is not the amount of cramming done for examinations that takes place in college—by cramming, now, I mean the wrong kind of cramming, when lessons are not prepared for every recitation as they should be; for, fortunately, the girls must take their usual amount of daily exercise, no matter how many examinations may be haunting their dreams. However, the girls worry over the tests, and their minds are in a continued

state of unrest until the first week of February is safely bridged over,—then they realize how groundless their fears have been, and decide hereafter to hearken to the words of the old maxim, “Don’t attempt to cross a bridge until you come to it.”

MARY ELIZABETH BARD.

LOYALTY.

One of the most impressive sights I have ever seen was the ardent manner in which the Canadians responded to their national airs. The time was when one of His Majesty’s bands was touring through this country; the place, a huge arena which was filled with people who had gathered there to hear the inspiring music. The audience was a very enthusiastic one, and it was with more than enthusiasm that they greeted the first notes of one of their national hymns. Not one person remained seated. All rose, and the true loyalty to country came into their faces.

Are Americans loyal?

If anyone other than an American asked that question, every true patriot’s face would show resentment and anger; and yet it is a fact that the American of to-day often finds himself too hurried to show all the respect which this glorious country of ours deserves,—often too tired, perhaps, to rise, as the sweet strains of “America” or “The Star Spangled Banner” come to his ear. Every citizen of America would be insulted if he were told that he was *ashamed* to rise and show his respect for the grandest country in the universe, but why does he continue to be seated and apparently unmoved, when he has a chance to show in a small way what he feels toward his country? The present American is independent, as well he ought to be, but should he not pause a minute longer as he rushes forward in his busy life, and think of how much his country has given him; then, as a small tribute, make more evident his loyalty to her?

Loyalty to country is one of the grandest things on earth, but is there anything so beautiful as loyalty to friends? If we are loyal to our friends, true to them, we are making ourselves stronger and better men and women, we are helping

the world on toward the reform it needs, and we are obtaining for ourselves one of the finest things on earth—the grandeur of real friendship.

It is not hard to be loyal to a friend. It means being true, first to yourself, second to the friend; it means being sincere.

Emerson says that there are two elements which make up friendship, Truth and Tenderness. I believe that if we have a friend with whom we can be honest, with whom we are really sincere, the tenderness is there; although it may not be visible, still it is in our souls.

How easy it is to agree with people, and in the agreeing to censure a friend? It is the right of a true friend to judge a friend, but to that friend alone. No man likes to hear from another what his friend thinks of his faults.

The loyalty to friends brings before the mind the loyalty to school, a place where good, lasting friendships are often made. It is so easy to be indifferent to your school, and unconsciously the indifference leads to disloyalty; and it is quite as easy to say we are loyal to our school and let the loyalty end there. It should not be so. We ought to express in our actions, our manners, and the events of our everyday life, the real loyalty we feel—the spirit which the school strives to inspire. We ought to make ourselves what we declare ourselves to be.

If we stop and look back on our school days after we have left them behind us, we may see how much our school life did for us, how much real strength it gave us. It is here that the formation of our characters begins, and if while here we cultivate loyalty to our school, we shall find it easier to be loyal to our friends, our country, and ourselves.

JULIA LOUISE HYDE.

GOING AND COMING.

Pandemonium let loose! Girls, girls, everywhere—up stairs, downstairs, in the class rooms, flying through the hall; everywhere laughing, talking, giggling girls; the inextricable mixing of suit-cases, golf-bags, umbrellas, and small parcels gener-

ally, not to mention the confusion of their owners over such important matters as trunk keys and tickets. Good-bys are being said and last messages given. Hats and coats are in evidence at last, and, all clothed but scarcely in our right minds, we await the coming of the car which shall take us down to the Lowell station.

An imposing array we make, and one that is well worth a second look. The background is the Hall itself, with its great white pillars, giving an air of dignity to the scene. The foreground, however, is more animated and rather destroys the first impression. It stands around in groups and exclaims: "Who has my suit-case?—How much time have we got?—Where is my umbrella?—Goodness, what have I done with my ticket!—Isn't it exciting to be going home!—Be sure and write, won't you?" Now the car is sighted in the distance, and we gather round and give a last cheer for Mrs. Underhill and Rogers Hall.

The next item on the program is a football rush. Although the motorman evinces every intention of holding the car until we are all safely on, yet every girl seems to feel that if she isn't the first one in, she'll be left, and conducts herself accordingly. During the ride to the station we have time to adjust our hats and veils, which are somewhat disarranged by the conflict.

At the Lowell station some good-bys have to be said, but by far the greater part of us go on to Boston, there to take trains which shall bear us to our several homes.

Back again at last, though some of us rather despaired of ever seeing Rogers again. What experiences we have had, and what tales we have to tell of trains delayed for hours, missed connections, long waits in lonely stations, and every kind of delay conceivable, all due to the storm. Those of us who have never had exciting experiences surely had our fill. Usually nearly all of us come on the five o'clock train, but this time we arrived according to the will of the storm-king, and it was several days before our large family was complete.

Late, late, late, we were nearly all of us late, some two hours, some five, some ten, and the record time was made by a Western girl, whose train came puffing into Boston just twenty-three hours overdue. Slippery rails, drifted snow, broken pipes,

and all sorts of unusual things kept us from making our scheduled time, and the girl who reached Rogers Hall at last felt that she had earned her refuge.

A pathetic side of the affair was the mealless condition in which many of the girls were obliged to remain. The "Federal" from Philadelphia, due in Boston at seven A. M., did not arrive till five in the afternoon, and Peter's chocolate was all that saved the lives of two hungry girls.

Even after we got into Lowell our difficulties were by no means ended, for one of the hackmen, when told to drive to Rogers Hall, said, "Good Lord, we'll never get there!" But he did, and each newly arrived wanderer was welcomed right royally, and the cheerful fire in the drawing-room made us forget the biting cold outside.

MILDRED W. WILSON.

TWO MONTHS AT VALMORA RANCH.

The eight weeks spent on a ranch in New Mexico I think I enjoyed more than any other time in my life.

This ranch is four miles from the town of Watrous, which is inhabited mainly by Mexicans, and which consists of the post office, one store, a few saloons, the adobe houses, and two or three wooden ones.

The ranch is in a very pretty situation, although on arriving in Watrous it seems as if nothing near that forlorn place could be at all pleasant. The ranch house was a large square, brick one, and most attractive inside. Besides my mother, father, sister and me, there were about eight fellows and one other girl.

There are some very high mountains which, although about forty miles away, can be seen very plainly on account of the clearness of the atmosphere at this altitude of about six thousand two hundred feet above sea level. The river Mora and a smaller one, neither of which would hardly be called a river here, flow through the ranch.

Of course most of our time was spent on horseback, and certainly riding can never be enjoyed to such an extent in any other place. Riding on a good horse over the prairies, down through the rivers, then perhaps up a steep hill and on again, was something we never tired of. Every morning we were awakened at about six o'clock by a cracked old horn, and then soon after breakfast we would start out on horseback, sometimes going to town, sometimes simply galloping over the prairies, and at other times making visits to some of the neighbors who lived between four and five miles away.

Our going into town for the mail was one of the things we got the most fun out of. The trains were nearly always late, so we used to sit on the platform of the post office, which faced the railroad station, and watch the Mexicans, who were the worst looking set of people I ever saw. The women wore all the gaudy colors that could be bought at the general store, and the men! well, the less said about them the better. When the mail trains arrived there was great excitement, and the letters were read before starting for home.

Another thing we always looked forward to was having luncheon with some of the other ranchers. Of course all of us could not go, but as we were the only girls, we came in for all the invitations.

Riding was not our only out-of-door sport, as there were golf links and a tennis court, but the court was so near the river that we could not play very long at a time on account of our small supply of balls. As soon as they went in the river we fished them out and put them in the sun to dry, until every ball was soaked, and we had to stop playing until they dried.

There were very few days that there was not a pretty high wind, and sometimes during the day the temperature changed very quickly. For example, I noticed that it was at 110° Fahrenheit in the sun one afternoon, and within an hour in the same place, though the sun was under a cloud, it was only 40° Fahrenheit. One day we had a sand storm. The wind was something terrific, and you could hardly see three feet in front of you on account of the sand. Only two or three very daring persons ventured out in this storm.

The horses out there are not kept as well as they are here, but were very good, fast, and sure-footed, which is necessary on account of the dangerous places you ride through. Before I left I became very much attached to my horse, "Billy the Kid," named after the famous robber who used to be well known in that part of country.

One cold morning, when the horn blew to get us up at about half past five, I got ready quickly and we started out on horseback to round up cattle and drive them a few miles from one pasture to another. The rivers had a thin crust of ice on them, and it was hard to make the horses cross, for the ice did not break when they first stepped on it, and they slid around a good deal. When we came to the pasture where the cattle were, we formed a circle around them and whistled to them until they went up together, then we drove them on to a place where some one was waiting with some more to join us. Sometimes a few cattle ran out and we would have to gallop after and bring them back; or worse, the whole herd would turn and begin to go in the wrong direction, and then the real work would begin. We finally got them to the right place, and by that time I was well warmed up and ready to go back to the house for a good luncheon.

There were some very interesting characters there, and Kay, the Japanese cook, was one of the funniest. He had learned English, he thought, but we could hardly understand two words he said; and he was studying Spanish! It certainly was funny to see him go across the river for the eggs on horseback. After he had got them, he would put them in his apron, then come galloping back, the reins flying in all directions and he hanging on to the eggs as if his life depended on them.

Another character was Uncle Mat. He had fought in three wars and had many thrilling experiences with Indians and highway robbers. He lived in a little adobe house of two rooms about five miles away from us, but he often used to go away from there and stay for a few days. At these times no one knew where he went. The roof of his house was covered with whiskey bottles, and the chimney seemed to be made out of an old dish pan. We went into his room, where the furniture consisted of a bed, a table, and a chair. Under the mattress of his bed he kept a great long knife, which showed signs of having done a good

deal of work. The last time I heard of Uncle Mat he had gone away for what everyone thought would be one of his short stays, but from which he had never returned.

We saw many other interesting characters, and had some very exciting and jolly times. Hardly a day passed without some new experience; and one of my greatest desires now is to visit New Mexico and Valmora Ranch once more.

EDNA AND HELEN FOSTER.

A HOUSE PARTY.

The air was warm and still, and the moon looked like a great ball of fire as it rose above the straight horizon which separated the tranquil waters of the Atlantic from the soft midsummer sky on a certain evening in August. On the porch of the quaint little summer cottage known as "Gray Shingles," which overlooks the sweeping harbor of Annisquam, sat a group of girls gaily chatting. The moon brought into relief the soft fluffiness of their white gowns, and merry peals of laughter echoed forth in five different keys.

Yes, it was to be a "House Party," and these anxious girls were patiently awaiting the arrival of the other, and, perhaps, not less important members—the "Boys." I trust they wouldn't mind my terming them such, for even though some of them were "College Men," after all they were only boys to these girls.

Soon the laughing and talking hushed and gave place to the deeper voices of some boys who were heard trudging along the road. Rapidly they came nearer and almost as in an instant five dress-suit cases were thumped on the piazza floor. The girls needed no more to assure them that the "Boys" had really come.

A more attractive or congenial crowd of young people could be found nowhere on the shores of Cape Ann than were these guests of Betty Bangs. Of Betty herself, it suffices to say that she was short and stubby, and could not boast of a beautiful face, a graceful figure, or even of unusual hair. However, I think

I may truthfully say that she tried to cover these defects as best she could, in her attempt to make the affair a success.

Betty's chum and room-mate at school, Peggy Reynolds, was a small girl of about Betty's age and size, and like her in many ways, but of an entirely different temperament. She could sing and dance, and her emotional disposition and melodramatic ability kept the rest either in gales of laughter or in vain wonderment of what she would do next. Wherever Peggy was there was sure to be fun, and plenty of it. Without her the party would have been very incomplete. But, unfortunately for the rest, no one seemed to know this better than Bob Cousins, the handsome young athlete, then a Sophomore at college. This appreciation was so reciprocated, much to the astonishment of the others, on account of Bob's quiet and easy-going nature, that the times when Peg would entertain the rest were becoming a rare pleasure.

In Nataline Henshaw was furnished to the party, by her stout and stalwart figure, the true athletic girl; but this is not all, for she was also skilled in the art of "jollyng," an accomplishment which many girls would like to have, but few really possess. Because of Nataline's love for athletics, they had all pictured her with Bob playing base ball, rowing or swimming with him, and of course, to some extent, they were not misled in their expectations; but Bob had already been too much attracted by little Peggy's winsome ways, and as everything takes its own course, so in this case the shady lanes and sheltering rocks were many times the scenes of the more serious and sentimental Dick Colburg busily teaching to Nataline his knowledge of the stars.

Although it is said that Madge Lewis really has a serious side, still it was never shown, and her good natured, jolly, and fun-loving disposition, together with that of Stephen Phinley and his never ceasing jokes, kept everybody continually in shrieks of merriment.

Of Winifred Rufus much may be said in praise of her great conversational powers, and when Winnie was around there was no cause for a lull. With her good looks, charming manners, and fascinating drawl, she soon captured the interest of Jack Siddons, of which, perhaps, the other girls were a little envious, owing to Jack's being the only stranger in the party.

And last, but by no means least, came Bert French, a tall young man with dark brown hair and eyes, in whose favor many things may be said, but who always gives one the impression of gallantry personified.

Now to turn back to the evening described. It was late when the boys arrived, so there was little to do after heartily greeting one another except to talk or play on the piano and sing, until the clock hands turned toward the time for retiring, and with an all-around good-night everyone went to their rooms.

Morning came around and brought with it a glorious sunshiny day, in which there was much to be accomplished. After breakfast, which was anything but formal, the merry party embarked on the "Madonna" for a morning sail. The afternoon was taken up in driving or boating, and bathing, after which the girls adjourned to their looking-glasses and indulged in a little extra amount of "fixing up" and prinking for the evening hop. After dinner the carriages came and the jolly ten rolled off to the Wayside Inn, where they danced the evening away.

Everyone was awake early the next morning and soon ready to take the launches, which were to carry them up the river. There was great difficulty in finding the proper place for a clam-bake, but after a little they settled themselves and began work. Getting wood and seaweed for the bake, and water to drink did not prove, however, an unpleasant toil, for with it were connected little pleasures which otherwise might not have occurred—at least, so thought Bob and Peg, who, to judge from the time they were gone, evidently found a scarcity of seaweed.

By this time the appetites were equal to the piles of clams and lobsters which sent up their fragrant steam from the hot rocks. After devouring these to the last morsel, they set out on their way home. But, alas! they had gone only a few feet when the ebbing tide left the launches securely caught in the muddy flats.

There they were, and it certainly was a most amusing sight to see those two boats sticking in the mud. One boy was vainly pushing on one side with an oar, another at the bow was desolately struggling with the engine, and the girls, during all this excitement, were trying their best to bear worried expressions, but

succeeded only in smothering their giggles. Suddenly a splash was heard and in a second Bob was in the water, and with only one push of his strong, muscular arms, they were off. A sigh of relief sprang from the boys, and the girls improved the opportunity by letting out in a hearty laugh their long-suppressed giggles.

Soon they reached home, tired, hot, hungry, and sunburnt, but after bathing in the cool and invigorating salt water and enjoying a supper cooked and served by the boys they were refreshed and ready for the evening.

Fortunately, this last evening was not a strenuous one, for the party was left to do as it pleased. Some strolled along the beach, others were seen roaming around in the winding paths, and still a lingering couple would be heard talking to each other on the veranda.

Later on in the evening, the happy yet disconsolate crowd gathered on the veranda, with the exception of Nataline and Dick, who were still to come, and "reminisced" over the long-looked-forward-to reunion which was so nearly at an end. Bang! went the screen door, which had closed on so many couples during the past few days, and Nataline and Dick joined the merry throng.

For the last time the favorite song, "To-morrow We'll Get Sober," sounded its clear and familiar notes far out across the black water into the depths of the night, and the boys bade their final farewells to "Gray Shingles."

"BETTY BANGS."

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN OLD DEERFIELD.

"From Merton Abbey to Old Deerfield" is the title of an article in one of the recent magazines. The article compares the start which William Morris gave to Arts and Crafts work in Surrey, years ago, to the work now done in Deerfield.

This quaint old town, in the western part of Massachusetts, is known in history by the horror of its Indian massacres.

Slabs here and there show where a certain house stood, or where a well-known man fell. In the museum is the heavy wooden door in which, made by the blows of a tomahawk, is the hole through which an Indian fired and killed a man rising from his bed. Among the captives of the massacre was Eunice Williams, who, on the march from the town, was scalped. Her daughter Eunice lived with the Indians for many years, and when finally her father gained her release she did not care for it, but married one of the tribe. In the story of Lazarre, it was in Deerfield that Louis XVII, the king about whom there is so much mystery, is supposed to have spent part of his life.

But to turn from the past to the Deerfield of to-day: the grand old elms still line the broad street, and the tavern where Benedict Arnold spent a night is similar to its original style. Some industries are the same, with the addition of many new ones. One noted thing is the Deerfield blue and white embroidery. The people make their own designs, following old patterns, and they dye the linen with which the pieces are worked. Lately they have tried different colors, an odd shade of pink and shades of green. This embroidery can always be told by the letter D within a wheel, which appears on every piece. Miss Whiting is the leader of the embroiderers, and it is at her house that most of the pieces are seen.

At another house, baskets of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions are found. Raffia, reeds, and different grasses are used in the weaving, and many useful articles besides baskets are made.

A few things which must not be forgotten are the old-fashioned table-covers, bed-spreads, and portieres, and the woven rugs. There are a few who have undertaken wood-carving and have been very successful.

There is a little cottage in Deerfield, almost hidden by the vines which grow about it. This is the studio of Mrs. Madalyn Yale Wynne. Mrs. Wynne works in wood-carving, painting, gold and silver, and the lesser jewels. She is also known to some by her writings, and in Chicago, where her home is, she and her brother are great workers among the Arts and Crafts.

Last, but not least, are the photographs by Frances and Mary Allen, who are classed among the leading artistic photographers in this country. Their specialty is pictures of children,

but some of their views are very beautiful, and there are many pictures of people in old-fashioned costumes, which give one a very good idea of the appearance and customs of our great-great-grandparents. Deerfield is so full of old things that it is an ideal place in which to study the fashions of olden times. The Allens are also very skilful in making portrait pictures. Their photographs have appeared as illustrations in books, as accompanying pictures for stories in magazines, and there were at least two of them as full page illustrations in one of the last numbers of *Country Life in America*. There is a brother, Mr. Allen, who devotes part of his time to making furniture. His children are the ones who figure in so many of his sisters' photographs.

Nearly every summer an Arts and Crafts Exhibition is held in Deerfield, and here at this time you meet many interesting people, and see a great variety of beautiful hand-made articles. Several well-known artists spend their summers in this quiet spot, and it was here that the late J. Welles Champney found subjects for some of his work. One of his models appears in several of the Allens' photographs.

Arts and Crafts Societies are now established in many different cities, but surely none can surpass in interest the society formed in this quiet old town. The only way to appreciate its work is to go there and see it, and this is easily done now; for the electric cars run from Greenfield, which is but three miles distant, right through to Northampton.

SIBYL WRIGHT.

MANUFACTURED ICE.

The making of ice by artificial means, for commercial purposes, has become a very large industry. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when we who live in the Southern climes were forced to rely upon nature for our summer supply of ice. Nature was fickle and often our lakes and rivers failed to yield the required amount. With the masses, ice, until recent years, has been a great luxury. Particularly was this so when

local ponds and rivers failed to freeze during the winter season. Then we would be compelled to buy of those in cooler climates, the ice being shipped by boat or rail from as far north as the Kennebec River in Maine. You can readily see how very expensive this must have been. A Southern dealer who bought a boat-load of a thousand tons lost in shrinkage nearly two-thirds of it before it was out of his hands and into the hands of his customers. Naturally this made the cost prohibitive to a great many families. Now, however, that every community has its own ice-making machine, we are not compelled to rely upon nature, and our supply has become certain.

For a great many years ice has been made in laboratories, but it has been only since 1877 that it has been made in such quantities as to give it commercial value.

There are three systems in general use to-day, namely: the can, plate, and block systems. In the can system, the ice is made in separate cans, about two hundred and fifty pound block of ice in each can. There are two reasons why the can system is not equal to the other two. In the first place, the water that has been frozen has been confined within a can and the brine which has been used to congeal the water surrounds the can on the bottom and four sides, which causes the water within the can to freeze from the five sides, and creates in the ice what is known as the core. In the core are confined all of the impurities contained in the volume of water, and these often impart to the drinking water a taste that is most unpleasant. Then, too, the quality of can ice is such that it cannot be packed in storehouses, which is considered by those engaged in the business a very serious fault in the system.

The plate and block systems are newer than the can system, and the quality is far superior. It has been my privilege to visit a plant in which the ice was made by the block system. It is wonderful what beautifully clear ice can be made by artificial means in the very heart of summer. One can read a newspaper through a block of ice twelve inches in thickness. Truly we are becoming as wonderful as the satyr who could blow hot or cold at will.

ANNA R. OGDEN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF GLOVES.

I am one of a pair of Mark Cross's driving gloves, hand sewed, heavy dogskin, and furnished with a bright brass button marked "Cross, London." I came to Cross's store on Summer Street, Boston, packed in with many other gloves like myself, and we were all squeezed in so tightly that we could scarcely breathe and were glad when we were unpacked and placed in a large roomy drawer under the glove counter of the store. One day a very nice looking and well dressed young lady came to the counter and asked for a pair of driving gloves, ribbed, and size six and a quarter. The saleswoman took out the bunch of gloves that I and my mate were in, and after searching for the right size pulled us forth. I am the right glove of the pair and the young lady had me tried on, and finding I fitted, charged us "to papa, L. B. Van Bibber," then walked out of the store putting on my mate. From that time I saw very little of my mate, and if he has gone through as constant and hard usage as I have he must be fairly worn out. For, really, every day I was put on by my young mistress, who rode and drove a great deal, and I went with her on many a long ride, generally ending by stopping at a club house, where I was often taken off and jammed into her riding habit pocket while she drank lemonade or ate ices with several young men. It was cold weather and my mistress had a large black muff, and inside of this I sometimes had a chance to say a word or two to my mate. "Isn't this strenuous life a great improvement on being in that drawer at the store?" he said, and then suddenly he was jerked away and to my surprise another dogskin glove, much larger than I, covering a decidedly masculine hand, was clasped tightly around my mistress's hand and me, and I heard a man's voice saying "Isn't this a bully night for a sleigh-ride? And they were so afraid there wouldn't be any snow for Valentine's night!" This strange glove I found out was a Mark Cross glove like myself, and from that time I saw and was in close contact with him a great deal; but I never again saw my mate, for on that very night of the jolly Valentine sleighride, my mistress gave him away to that man who owned my new friend,

and I heard part of their conversation at the time—"You surely will let me keep this little glove, because you have worn it to-night and have made me the happiest of beings." My mate went with the man after that and has a story of his own to tell, but that will come later. Now I was an odd glove, and was left in a drawer with a collection of discarded caps, gloves, and mittens. A maid clearing out the drawer one day exclaimed, "Here is an odd glove. Nobody wants it, I guess, so I'll take that little brass button off and sew it onto my red flannel waist." Accordingly she cut off my only ornament, my pride and prized possession, and I was cast into the rubbish box with one of my mistress's dirty white gloves and we went together in an ash cart to a dump. I was, of course, very downhearted and sad, and the white glove, who was not a Mark Cross, and only size six, told me of the parties he had attended with our mistress. While he was trying to cheer me up, a very ragged little girl came to the dump, and seeing me cried, "There's just the glove I want for 'cots' for my sore finger," and she took me home and cut off all my beautiful fingers, leaving only my thumb; and now, bereft of my fingers, brass button, and good looks, I am ready to die.

Story of the Left Glove.—Up to the time of the Valentine sleighride, I was used constantly with my mate, the right glove. I led such a varied and interesting life with my gay young mistress, and I knew I was so good looking, too, that I was very happy indeed. I did not realize for some time, however, that my mate was much more fortunate than I, for I did not know for a long time that he was getting acquainted with another Mark Cross glove until it suddenly dawned on me why I was taken out of the nice warm muff and thrust inside my mistress's coat. It was to make room for that strange large hand and glove. My mate did not tell me a word about this new friendship and I intended to ask him all about it, but after the sleighride I did not have a chance. To my disgust I found myself jammed into the man's inside coat pocket, and when he got home that night he took me from his pocket, smoothed me out carefully and very tenderly and pinned me up by the side of his mirror, alongside of a very pretty and sweet-smelling lace handkerchief that I'll wager once belonged to my mistress. And here I expect to hang

for some time, useless and unhappy, being stared out of countenance by the man every day, and being often touched reverently by him as if I were his most precious possession. I have one consolation—I can boast of being a real valentine from the girl, my mistress, to my present owner, and I know my mate, the right glove, would be jealous if he knew it.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

A DAY IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE.

Do you want to follow with me an old country doctor on one of his daily rounds?

Old Dr. Souther has little of the romantic in his appearance, as he sits in his old-fashioned "shay," with his gray beard and shaggy eyebrows and careworn face. His face, though careworn, is not unhappy, as he graciously greets his friends; and in this out-of-the-way place every one he meets is a friend.

Very likely, the evening before he went to bed late, and perhaps was called out in the night, but he starts forth in a cheerful mood, hoping to find his sickest patient "doing better."

A long drive brings him to a cottage where, with some misgivings, he enters and to his joy finds that his old friend, Mr. Whitman, whom he left the day before acutely ill with pneumonia, has passed the crisis; and he can make a hurried visit and drive away with positive assurance of his recovery.

He may not come this way again in months, and he cannot pass the house of the twin sisters without looking in. Little Miss Agnes and Aunt Betty, as they are generally called, live all alone, as they have lived all their lives, and the doctor is one of their few intimate friends. It would seem like a cut to pass them by. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, he ought not to have been sorry for his call. No witness on the stand was ever asked more questions in half an hour, and the old man, though not at all a gossip, is able and glad to answer every question put to him.

Now comes the hardest call of all, he says, as, taking up the reins, he urges on old Dobbin. And why the hardest? Not

because it is the most serious, but because the patient, young Mrs. Upton, is suffering with an obscure nervous complaint, one of those cases that tax the conscience of an upright physician. He finds her fretful and complaining, although not really sick, and after listening patiently to her long list of petty complaints, and giving her the best advice he has to offer, he says good-by to the only patient he has really been glad to leave, feeling that his visit has been of little good. It is the only real discouragement he has met to-day ; but his modesty is at fault—it may be that here he has done his best work of all.

Soon his face brightens, however, for the next halt is to be his oasis for the day. He has already driven many miles, and he knows that he will have to use the whip to reach his friend Oliver Fay, the parson's house in time for dinner, and he never slights the parson when he is near at this time of day. Was he welcomed? Was Damon welcomed by Pythias? The two old cronies pass a happy hour—literally an hour, no more—the doctor catches sight of the afternoon sun and knows that his time is short to round up all his visits. And now we will leave him, as he drives away, looking forward to the completion of his duties and afterwards his usual quiet, restful evening at home with his dear old wife.

JULIETTE HUNTRESS.

UNCLE TOM'S LAST LECTURE.

Dickey lay on his stomach before the fireplace, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, his arms encircling a beautiful white kitten. Beside him on the hearth rug sat Wee Marjorie, playing contentedly with her dolls. The last member of the little group was Uncle Tom, who had been reading a little lecture to them and was now watching for the effect on their small minds. It had been about "seeds increasing ten fold," and he had tried to make a comparison between that and human lives. "Every kind deed that you do will sprout and bear good fruit," he had concluded.

Though Uncle Tom was the jolliest human being imaginable he had spells of being "preachy," as the children called it, when he would give short lectures to them in the hope of enlarging their youthful minds. He had done this almost since they could talk, and they were quite used to it, though I am sorry to say that it did not seem to do them much good.

The effect of this one was taking a long time. "They are older now and more appreciative," he thought, as he saw their grave faces.

Dickey got up, and coming slowly over to his uncle perched on the arm of his chair and gazed at him solemnly with round eyes. At this Wee Marjorie also rose and, dragging poor, much-enduring pussy Snowball, climbed to her uncle's knee.

Uncle Tom looked gravely at the two pairs of blue eyes fixed so earnestly on him, and then, noticing the questioning gaze of one, he said laughingly: "Well, Dickey, out with it."

"Well, Uncle Tom," said Dickey slowly, as if weighing each word, "if we should plant Snowball, would she sprout?"

"Oh, Dickey, Dickey!" cried his uncle, in laughing despair. "So this is the result of all that hard thinking?"

"But, really, Uncle, would she?" persisted the little questioner.

What his uncle would have answered is not known, for just then nurse came to carry the children off to bed.

It was about noon of the next day when you might have witnessed a very interesting spectacle in a garden in the suburbs of Boston.

A small boy of about five years was shoveling dirt into a hole in the ground and a little girl was standing by, helping him with suggestions and occasional pats with a chubby hand.

Just as the last shovelful was thrown on and patted down firmly, a voice called from the house: "Dinner is ready, children Hurry!" and they hastened into the house with rosy cheeks and sharp appetites.

"Well, chicks," cried Uncle Tom, when they had arrived at the table, "how did things go this morning?"

"Oh, fine! Do you know what we've been doin', Uncly?" cried Wee Marjorie, excitedly. "We've been——" here she saw the paternal frown with which her brother was regarding her and

she stopped quickly with scared eyes. "Oh, I forgot! its a secret. We're going to s'prise you when they spro——" She stopped again suddenly. "Oh, dear!"

"You musn't mind her, Uncle Tom. She doesn't know any better," Dickey remarked with a superior air, and he conversed learnedly on other subjects until dessert had been brought in. Then after he had conscientiously scraped his saucer, he ventured this queer remark, looking anxiously at his uncle: "When do you suppose she'll sprout, Uncle Tom?"

Wee Marjorie stopped with extended spoon and her rosy lips formed the letter "O." Uncle Tom leaned back in his chair and regarded his small nephew with a puzzled air.

"What did you remark, my dear?"

Dickey repeated his question, then became aware of his sister's accusing eyes and suddenly realized that he had spoiled the secret.

"What! Where! Who!" exploded Uncle Tom.

"Why, Snowball, you know. We——"

"Why, yes, where is Snowball? I haven't seen her at all this noon," said Uncle Tom, looking around for the pet of the household.

"No! That's the s'prise," chirped Wee Marjorie, determined to throw in a word now that the secret was out. "Bye bye, you'll see lots of little Snowballs."

Uncle Tom looked at his nephew and niece as if he were afraid that they had gone crazy. "Please tell me what you are talking about," he said.

"Why, Snowball!" Dickey explained. "We were going to s'prise you but I s'pose I'll have to tell now. You see, we wanted a lot of little kittens like her, and when you told us about it last night we thought this would be the easiest way to get them, so ——"

The silence was intense, as the speaker paused to let his words gather weight and also to get his breath.

"And so what?" asked his horrified uncle, the truth slowly dawning on him.

"And so we planted her," Dickey answered gravely.

They had to get a new cat.

HAZEL CHADWICK.

DAILY THEMES.

Slowly and silently the snowflakes fell from the gray sky and the ground was already covered by a thick white mantle. A cold wind blew from the north, whisking the snowflakes this way and that way, and rustling the few dead leaves left on the bushes. This silence was broken now and then by sleighbells or by a snow shovel scraping along the concrete walk. A lonely pedestrian, endeavoring to hurry, trudged up the hill, stopping now and then to regain strength and to wish that he were at home.

MARJORIE HUTCHINSON.

It had been snowing all night and the ground was covered with snow. The boughs of the trees were bent low with its weight, and looked like Christmas trees covered with soft, fleecy cotton.

In the back yard, the snow-man, built by the children the afternoon before, was still keeping watch with his gun, a broom-stick held erect in his massive fists. His hat, increased several inches in height by the fall of snow, looked now more like an opera hat and quite inappropriate for a soldier. His shoulders, too, were higher, but his eyes of coal, protected by the brim of his hat, had remained unchanged and still looked straight ahead with the same fixed stare.

LEILA A. WASHBURN.

The walls are hung with heavy, dark red tapestries, the artistic chandelier hangs from the centre of the high ceiling, the globes are of a dull red and the faint light pervades the whole room.

In several corners are placed small mahogany tables, with dainty china cups covered with small rose-buds and a large Oriental tea urn on the centre of each table; and on the mantel above the grate where a fire is burning is a huge bowl filled with magnificent American Beauties.

JULIA LOUISE HYDE.

A certain little lady whom I know had just enjoyed her fourth birthday. After all the gaiety of the celebration she went to her room thoroughly satisfied with the presents and attention she had received. While her nursery maid was undressing her for bed, her mother listened interestedly in the adjoining room to hear what was going on. This is what she heard: "I hate you, Fraulein, I just hate you!" accompanied by a decisive stamp. Horrified, she rushed to her little daughter and tried by her sweet and urgent words to make the little girl realize how really naughty she was. At last, feeling that they quite understood each other, she said: "Now, Elizabeth, you will never say that again, will you?" and she looked hopefully into the smiling blue eyes, only to receive this answer: "No, mother, not when your door is open."

HELEN DOWNER.

As we lounged before the fire on sofa cushions, in a semi-circle, we resembled a company of tired soldiers seated before a camp fire. The bright mocking flames sizzled and chased one another up the chimney, as though tired of our merriment, and hastened on, casting fantastic shadows on the high, black walls. We listened to the thrilling adventures of Sherlock Holmes and of his adventure with the "Yellow Face." How it haunted him! and peering out from the flames I could see the yellow face with fiendish eyes. The story progressed, and the fire slowly died down. The shadows on the walls became fainter, and less distinctly could I hear the blood-curdling tales of the world-famous detective. Suddenly some one pinched me and asked me how I enjoyed the ending; and I came to realize that I had fallen asleep and had missed the best part of the story.

DOROTHY ELLINGWOOD.

It was very quiet, so quiet that the rumble of a train many miles away could be heard distinctly. The sun had set, leaving a red glow over the mountains, while occasionally from the English farms across the river the bark of a dog could be heard.

One by one the stars came out, then the moon rose over the mountains, while along the beach the waters of the St. Croix rolled gently over the little pebbles.

LOLA STEVENS.

SPLINTERS.

A VALENTINE.

The maiden's heart was beating fast,
 As up the stairs she flew.
 The postman had just left a box—
 T'was a valentine, she knew.

The writing, too, she knew so well.
 She trembled—oh, how stupid!
 The cord was broken, the box undone,
 And out there jumped—Dan Cupid!

ANNA OGDEN.

THE TYPICAL BOSTON GIRL.

A Lowell Girl's Idea.

As a rule, Boston girls are slender with absolutely no figure. They are of the same shape all the way down. On the street they nearly all wear a blue suit, the skirt of which is very scant and the coat a tailor-made one. Their hair is never fluffy, but is brushed very smoothly back into a rather small pompadour. Their hats are small and usually covered with a veil, which is also wrapped tightly over the face. If they ever lift their veils so that you can see the face you will notice that it is not pretty, but that there is a certain charm that attracts you. Their interests are nearly all the same: the theatre, ball games, boys, acquaintances, what other people are doing, and themselves. I have no doubt there are some that talk of other things, but these seem to be the principal topics of most. I think that, in summing up Boston girls, you will find they have no individuality. What one does the rest do.

A Greenfield Girl's Idea.

The typical Boston girl is not, as she is so often caricatured, a tall, thin girl, with high forehead, spectacles, short skirt, and shopping bag; but is, according to my opinion, a refined, cultured

girl, well built, fair in face, always well dressed, yet seldom overdressed, and always in rather plain and moderate taste, so different from her flashing New York sister.

She is generally a good athlete, and thoroughly enjoys all outdoor sports, as is shown by her clear, fresh complexion. She is hard to get acquainted with, yet once a friend, she will always remain true and loyal.

A Western Girl's Idea.

My idea of a Boston girl perhaps differs not a little from some people's, but I always think of her as tall and slender, not always pretty but very intelligent looking and refined appearing. When she walks she always goes with her head in the air, and walks as though she intended to get somewhere. She never seems to wish to grow old so fast as the Western girl, and while you imagine a Boston girl going to a foot ball game you would imagine the Chicago girl at a luncheon. I don't think a Boston girl thinks so much about clothes as a Chicagoan, and although she is always neatly and stylishly dressed she is not apt to be so strikingly attired as her Western sister; but she is much more interesting.

A Boston Girl's Idea.

With a certain air of grace and dignity she walked briskly down Tremont Street. Unmistakably she had some business to transact, her business and nobody's else. She was of medium height, slender but well developed, showing her athletic strength in her very walk. She wore a black hat, neatly tied with a veil, and a tailor-made suit of the same color. Her long fur boa was all the wind could find to pull or blow out of place. All this was at a glance, but I saw in her bright face such refinement, intelligence, and reserve, as made me desire her acquaintance. At that moment some of her friends blew 'round the corner and she stopped to chat. I heard her say, "No, I am not going to the matinée, I am going to the game—Harvard-Carlisle, you know." As I passed I gave a second glance, but it only served to make me feel the hopelessness of entering her clique.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MS. IN THE RED BOX.

The "MS. in the Red Box" was surrounded by such mystery that I was very anxious to read it. The author, who for some reason does not wish to be known, left the book in manuscript form, enclosed in a red box, in the library of Mr. Lane, the publisher. Advertisements were promptly sent out for the author, but he was not to be found, so the book was published under the name "The MS. in the Red Box." The name suggests a detective story, while in fact it is only a simple love story of the time of Charles I of England. It is a romance of an English squire and a pretty Dutch girl. The father of the squire has chosen an English girl for him to marry, but he falls in love with the pretty Dutch girl, who is considered an enemy by his people. She is engaged to a man for whom she has no respect, much less love, and so returns the ardent love of the squire. Many of the situations are very thrilling and some of the escapes of the squire are so close that I wondered if he would be able to make them. One of the most exciting positions is the one in which the squire finds himself on leaving the Dutch settlement. He is left stranded on a mud bank in a leaky boat. To leave it is certain death and to stay in is almost as bad. He gets away with his life, however, and lives to the end of the book, when he marries the heroine and then we hear no more.

The book is written in an entertaining way and the plot is so developed that it holds the interest to the end.

GRACE SMITH.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

Although this is not one of the most recent books, yet so much interest is felt in Helen Keller and the wonders she has accomplished that it seems fitting, even now, to review her own life as she has told it. The forcible, and at the same time pure

and simple English in which the entire story is written gives it also a literary value of its own.

"I have tried to show that afflictions may be looked at in such a way that they become privileges."

How beautiful it is that one who has the greatest of afflictions can write such words as a prelude to her story! She commences by telling of the trials and joys of her childhood and then describes her whole life, including her present life at Radcliffe College.

Very sweetly she describes the short time before she was bereft of her three senses as "one brief spring musical with the song of the mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit, one autumn of gold and crimson." After all this color and splendor came the impenetrable darkness, and yet in this darkness she says: "If we have once seen, the day is ours and what the day has shown." This explains what, throughout her writing, might otherwise cause us wonder: that she expresses herself so strongly in terms pertaining to the senses which she lacks.

One day in March, 1887, when she was seven years old, came the dawning of a new day, a new life for Helen Keller: it was the day that Miss Sullivan came to her, that the curtain of darkness was raised and the ever-ready light of knowledge gradually entered. How Miss Sullivan commenced her task is a question we ask ourselves. First she would put into her pupil's hand some object and then slowly spell the name of the object into her other hand. At first Helen could not understand what all this meant, but finally she grasped the meaning; yet everything had to be learned in this way, showing what patience and perseverance Miss Sullivan must have had.

In 1890, through the help of Miss Fuller, Helen Keller learned to speak, and this fact made her feel less separated from her family and friends. She entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies in 1893 and there prepared for Radcliffe. Another question that arises is how she could take her entrance examinations. As she used a typewriter, and as it might disturb the others, she was allowed a separate room, and Mr. Gilman, principal of the school that she had attended, was allowed to read to her the questions by spelling them into her hand.

Under these conditions she passed her preliminary examinations, receiving honors in both English and German. In June, 1899, she passed her final examinations and then was ready to enter Radcliffe at any time.

Helen Keller is also able to enjoy the theatre almost as much as others do, and especially enjoyed Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." She has met Joseph Jefferson, also Ellen Terry, and says she is proud to count them among her friends. She has had the privilege of meeting and knowing men of note: Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Mark Twain, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. She has a host of friends, and wherever she goes she is sure to find more.

This ends the story of a life that might have been lonely and solitary, but she says: "I live, in my own way, the life that you do and I am as happy as you are."

DOROTHY ELLINGWOOD.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

If you go into the woods some day after a new fall of snow you will see how beautiful they really are. Everything is covered with little tufts of snow. The boughs of the evergreens are drooping to earth with their burdens of feathery white, and the fences, trees, and even the long slender grasses above the snow, too, have their little bit of whiteness. As you get into the deeper woods everything is quiet; a deep silence reigns everywhere. But hark! what was that—a footfall? Your heart leaps to your mouth—you suddenly remember that you are alone in the great forest, and who knows that there may not be a bear lurking behind that rock over there? You hear the same sound again, only this time it is behind you; you wheel around, expecting you know not what, and are just in time to see an evergreen branch swinging back into place, while directly beneath is a mound of loose snow. How foolish you were to be frightened just because a tired little branch dropped its load of snow; for it was that which you heard.

Soon you come to a little brook trickling along under its house of ice. You walk along, listening in a dreamy way to the little brook, when suddenly from your very feet comes a whir-r that makes you start, and you see a little gray object speeding away over the hill. Poor partridge! You probably startled him much more than he did you.

Occasionally a rabbit scuttles across your path into the bushes beyond and a squirrel from his perch in a tree scolds you for daring to intrude on the peacefulness of the woods. But you cannot linger in the woods all day, and your feelings remind you that it must be dinner time, so you reluctantly turn toward home. On the way you come to places on the snow where myriads of little footprints zigzag in and out. Some little creatures of the night have been having a frolic. You cannot resist the temptation to follow one line of bewitching little tracks that leads away—you must find where.

You reach home at last a little tired, it must be confessed, but more than ever in love with the woods in winter.

MARION KIMBALL.

A LOST GAME.

An old tub stands in the corner of a croquet ground, under an apple tree and beside a rock which has been used as anything, from a wild tiger by the boys to a doll's house by the girls. The tub, too, is a little the worse for wear, and the croquet ground——Perhaps a croquet ground is better with a few bumps, and it is certainly improved when the stake and a few wickets are gone from the set.

But the tub, rock, and croquet ground are not the principal objects in our group. Oh, no! For there beside the tree sits a small girl, about six, let us say, whose brown feet are frantically kicking the long-suffering tub and whose chubby, sunburned arms are using all their small strength in plowing up the ground with a croquet mallet. The blue and white checkered apron is crowned with a mop of sandy hair, short and rather in need of a brushing. Under the crop of hair is a tanned round face, begrimed with dirt and extremely wet with the tears which

continually flow from the large brown eyes, eyes that are angry, not sad. The pug nose is turned as high as it will go and there issues from the red mouth, which is open to its fullest extent, a long, dismal howl which occasionally goes up into a sort of high shriek. All at once the small voice seems almost to split, the brown legs kick the tub more frantically, the croquet mallet flies across the humpy field, followed by a round sailor hat, and if the old apple tree were not used to such things it might be shocked to hear the voice, still in its ear-piercing key, scream: "Oh you nasty, mean thing!—O-O-O-Oh! I hate you." Then in the prolonged howl—"When I wanted so to beat!"

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

THE SAND BANK.

It is a large island about thirty miles from the city of Buenos Ayres. It faces a large river called "El Parana de las Palmas," which flows into "El Rio de la Plata," a little way below our island. It is not what you would call a large island, but comparing it with the other islands in the neighborhood it is quite large. We are the only people on it besides the peons.

The house is built in a very strange way, although to us it does not seem so. It is built about five or six feet above the ground so that the water will not get into the house. We very seldom have floods. The house is not very large but will hold about fourteen or fifteen people besides ourselves. One part extends across a small river which flows by there. I suppose it seems very strange to you to think of a house being built across a river, but it really isn't so very strange.

We have several different kinds of fruits on the island, and a great number of poplars. We have a steam launch, so as to be able to get around to the other islands, without having to swim, also for pleasure trips. We do not leave the island very often except once in a while when we go to town, and sometimes we go around in the launch to different places. The only way to get there from any place is by boat; if not, you must swim. It is a very pretty and attractive place, and I advise you all to come down there and visit it.

GLADYS C. LAWRENCE.

EDITH'S VALENTINE DAY.

"Next Saturday is Valentine's day," thought little Edith as she watched the waves splash against the porthole of the cabin. "I wonder what Helen is going to do? We can't do anything on this stupid steamer when I am the only child here. Oh dear, how I miss Ted!"

And as she spoke the tears came into her large blue eyes, for her twin brother Ted had died a year ago to-day.

"I guess I will go and ask mother how soon she thinks we shall get to Naples."

Edith's mother and father were taking her to Italy for the winter. Edith was almost eight years old, and though very much spoiled she was a pretty good child.

"Never mind, dear," was all her mother would say when she complained about Valentine's day. "If it is a good day we will try to have a pleasant time."

But it was not a good day by any means. The wind howled, the sailors looked very important, and everybody was sick—everybody except Edith, but she was very unhappy at the thought of the good times they were having at home.

Toward night a heavy gale began to blow. The women were all very much frightened and very helpless, but still the gale grew worse until at last the sailors began to get the life-boats ready to take down at any minute.

Finally a great crash came. The engine had broken and they were all helpless in the middle of the ocean. To be sure they were safe, but how long would the food last, was the question they all asked.

The food lasted for two days and then they thought they would have to starve. They went through another very long day. But the next day as Edith was scanning the horizon she saw a big ship. It did not take her long to run and tell the captain, and soon they had signalled to the ship and were all clambering into the life-boats to go out to meet her.

That is Edith's Valentine experience, and she never will forget it as long as she lives.

BERTHA JAMES.

Down in the little brook
There's a splashing in the water.
Oh dearie me! Just look!
Where's poor old hen's wee daughter?

ANNIS KENDALL.

DOROTHY AND THE BISHOP.

The next day the Bishop was to come to Dorothy's home. Dorothy was a little girl of about five years, with a sweet little face, sunny temper, and pretty ways. She had known that two bishops were to come for the dedication of the church, the beautiful new one, which it had taken so long to build; but until yesternight, that Bishop Gilbert was to stay at her mother's house had been unknown to either her or her older sister, Elizabeth.

The next morning when she awoke, she thought immediately of the guest, so she arose and dressed in a pretty little pink gingham dress which she always wore on Saturdays, and tied in her dark curls a huge pink bow.

Then assuming a gracious and dignified air she went down stairs and walked into the drawing room, where the bishop and her papa were sitting.

As she was shaking hands with the bishop, her papa asked, "Have you no kisses?"

"What can he mean?" thought Dorothy; but obedience was a thing she was well taught in, so not questioning the propriety of the act she crossed the room and raising her baby face she kissed the old bishop on his cheek. Then running to her father she hid her face on his shoulder.

Needless to say, Dorothy and the bishop became inseparable companions. In his sermon to the parish at the dedication services in the church he told this tale as an illustration of the simplicity and confident obedience of children's natures, and when he left he gave her his picture in exchange for hers. He is now dead, and she—well, she is at boarding-school, but she has his picture still, with "To my little friend, from her warm admirer, Malcolm N. Gilbert," written across its back. And if you ask her, she will show it to you. RUTH H. HEATH.

SCHOOL NEWS.

On Tuesday, November twenty-fourth, an unusual stir prevailed, for the first English play of this year was to be given at quarter of four. Several guests invited to see the play came to luncheon at two o'clock. Among these were Mrs. Downer and Mrs. Hutchinson; Louise Bellamy, who stayed over night with Louise Hyde, and Gertrude Bell, old Rogers Hall girls; and Elizabeth Kimball, guest of Marguerite Hastings, who also remained over night. At half past three the new gymnasium, where the play was given, began to be crowded with a smiling and expectant audience. Promptly at quarter of four the "curtain rose," and all were intensely interested and amused by the play that followed, "A Soul Above Skittles."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Prof. Marcus Mull, F. R. S. (celebrated savant)Annis Kendall
Leslie Lisle, his niece (a guardian angel)Priscilla Howes
Jack Mull, his son (victim of circumstances) . . .Marguerite Roesing
Mrs. Weatherby, his cook (a person of consequence)

Isabel Nesmith
Joseph, a footmanHelen Downer

SCENE.—The library in Professor Mull's house, 26 Portland Place.

Professor Mull, deep in the calculation of some science problem, is aroused by Joseph, the butler, who brings a card and announces a lady. After a good deal of inquiry by the absent-minded professor, the lady is ushered in and proves to be his niece, Leslie Lisle. He does not recognize her, but thinks she is the washwoman, and when she finally succeeds in making herself known, he asks at least three or four times after her father, who he knows is dead. While they are talking, Joseph brings in several express packages, which are discovered by Leslie to contain the necessary outfit for a bridegroom. After much questioning of her uncle and the butler, she finds that the professor is to be married to his cook, Mrs. Weatherby, that after-

noon, and that his son and her lover, Jack, has been turned out of the house, and she is at her wits' ends to know what to do. She soon learns that the professor will be glad if she can prevent his marriage to Mrs. Weatherby; and while they are talking it over, Mrs. Weatherby herself comes in and Leslie argues with her, finally persuading her to wait in the back library for a while. Then she despatches a note of explanation to Jack, and goes to her room. Mr. Mull has been sent away to shave "them outrageous whiskers off," and presenting now a very disorderly appearance seats himself to eat a luncheon served by Joseph. A very funny scene follows, for while his master tries to eat and read at the same time, Joseph captures the food on the fork between the plate and the professor's mouth, and when the meal is over and Mr. Mull says he feels as if he hadn't eaten a thing, Joseph solemnly assures him he has eaten a very generous luncheon, and seemed to have a good appetite. Then after many careful instructions as to where to go, the names to remember, and to be sure and get home at three o'clock, sharp, Joseph gets his master safely off after the marriage license, and then sits down to snooze in a chair. Leslie comes in and, finding no answer to her letter, rings. Jack enters in his disguise, bends over and kisses her. She springs up very much startled, but recognizes her lover, and together they plan to prevent the coming marriage. Leslie knows Mrs. Weatherby to be a thief and an "artful old cat," and thinks it an outrage for her to be allowed to become mistress of the house. They plan that if Jack can get to the police headquarters to obtain proofs that Mrs. Weatherby is a thief and shoplifter before the professor returns with the license, all will be well. After Jack departs, Leslie takes Joseph into her confidence and asks him to keep her uncle out of the way until Jack returns. Accordingly, when the professor comes in, absent-mindedly holding an open umbrella, Joseph makes him think that he is not Professor Marcus Mull and gives him an address to go to until the professor should return at six o'clock. Mrs. Weatherby, angry, impatient, and fussy, then bounces in and demands brandy, and the whereabouts of Mr. Mull. While these two are having a heated discussion, the professor walks in back of Mrs. Weatherby, and is hastily shoved into a closet. Leslie enters and tells Joseph that there will be no

wedding. The furious cook talks and argues excitedly with her, but makes no impression upon her whatever. While hunting for her gloves in the closet, Leslie brings to view the professor, who, seeing Mrs. Weatherby, orders his dinner. At last, realizing that she is beaten, the crestfallen and disappointed cook demands Joseph's arm and is shown to the door. Jack and Leslie go to the professor and Jack says: "Father, you have lost a cook, but I bring you a daughter," whereupon the astonished but pleased old man embraces Joseph instead of Jack and the play ends, with exclamations of admiration and amusement from the audience and loud clapping, showing their appreciation of the clever and extremely well acted play.

The girls were drilled and coached by Miss Coburn, who was heartily congratulated on the success of the play. For individual praise, we all think that Annis Kendall represented the absent-minded professor wonderfully well and very amusingly; that Priscilla Howes in her gray dress, black hat and fluffy white feather boa made a most charming niece; Marguerite Roesing, with her hair parted on the side, and her dress suit, made an earnest and ideal lover; Isabel Nesmith was very funny and took the part of the indignant, excitable cook to perfection; last, but by no means least, Helen Downer, as Joseph, the footman, was a very clever and funny character, and with her pompous manner and bright remarks kept the enthusiastic audience in gales of laughter.

After the play, refreshments were served in the corner of the gymnasium and everyone went away expressing great enthusiasm for the dramatic ability shown by the Rogers Hall girls.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS.

Three days vacation! How much that means to a school girl only those who have had the experience can tell. It does not seem much, to be sure, but it is at least enough to make everybody radiantly happy.

Many of our girls went home or to visit friends this Thanksgiving, leaving only a few at school, but that few surely had a jolly time. When we went down to dinner Wednesday night

how strange it did seem to see only one table in the dining-room! Everything was very homelike and pretty. At each of our plates we found a lovely rose, the gift of Miss Parsons. We were told after dinner that we might do just as we pleased. When told that, we were at a loss to know just what to do, but soon we found our way to the old gym, where we played games. When we grew tired of that, some one proposed that we have ten minutes in which to go to our rooms and dress for a cakewalk. In less time than it takes to write it the room was vacant, but in ten minutes more, weird characters in all sorts of impromptu garbs appeared. After our violent exercise, Mary Bard invited us over to her room for refreshments. Soon we were curled up among her hospitable pillows, eating, drinking, and being merry.

The evening was drawn to a close by telling ghost stories in Polly and Betty's room. When the girls finally reached their own rooms they were feeling sorry for those poor creatures who could not spend their Thanksgiving among the jolly crowd at Rogers Hall.

Mrs. Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, and Mr. Underhill were guests of Mrs. Underhill during the holidays, and we all enjoyed their visit very much.

Thursday, much of the time was spent in the way most Thanksgiving days are—at the table! In the evening we all went to a concert given by the Amherst Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs. The entertainment was one of great interest, and we all enjoyed it immensely. When we arrived at Rogers Hall again the girls all came up to my room and very kindly helped me to empty a box which I had received the day before from home. Helen Adams contributed a turkey, which was surely the success of the evening.

Friday some of the girls went into Boston for the day, and some of us did a little Christmas shopping in Lowell.

That night we considered it a great treat that we were allowed to get our own dinner. Some of the girls set the table, others got the things ready to bring on, while Hilda Talmage and Mary Bard presided over the chafing-dishes. We think that we gave ourselves a pretty royal repast. After dinner, it might have been amusing to an onlooker to have seen us flying around the kitchen, washing dishes and putting them in their places. We

were pretty tired when night came and very willingly went to bed early.

Saturday, the last day of our vacation, came and some girls went into Boston to the theatre, while others visited friends.

Sunday was the day of letter writing, and we surely reduced our piles of unanswered letters. With the evening came all of the girls, and such a glorious time as we had then, greeting each girl as she came in. Everybody was talking at once, and from what I could gather of the conversations I concluded that we had, one and all, spent a most jolly Thanksgiving.

ANNA R. OGDEN.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

One of the most interesting plays I have ever seen is Nat Goodwin's rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The play is wonderful in itself, and with the electrical effects that they can now produce it is truly a dream. The humor is well brought out—so well that in the last act, the critics insist, Mr. Goodwin turns the comedy into a farce. To Shakespearean students, perhaps, it is overdone, and in parts it does seem far from classic; in fact, it can be more easily compared with the horse-play of to-day than with other Shakespearean dramas; but this is only as people judge it. Certainly it is funny. One might imagine the dramatic talent of Bottom the Weaver and his companion laborers would be ridiculous, and it is so brought out in the performance.

Three of Mendelssohn's most familiar works are played. His pieces, "A Song Without Words" and "Consolation," are beautifully sung, and his "Wedding March," so universally used, is of course brought in, as it was especially written for the marriage procession in this comedy. It is interesting to know that the part by which we so solemnly enter the church was originally intended for a dance.

This play has rather an original ending. It would be expected, from the beautiful scenic effects that go before, that fair Titania would gather about her the fairies and gnomes and, midst a blaze of light and color, with the music swelling ever louder and louder, form a grand finale. But instead, the last

scene is laid in Theseus' palace, just at the hour of twilight. All grows darker. Then as the elves come stealing and dancing about the marble pillars of the castle court the great columns gradually become brilliantly lighted until all is bright again. Then slowly, magically, all fades away, sounds cease, everybody and everything is in utter darkness, and the end of a most enjoyable play has come.

HELEN DOWNER.

On Saturday afternoon, December fifth, Miss Poole gave a delightful tea to the editorial staff of *SPLINTERS* and the chairmen of the different departments. The room looked very attractive, and it was hard for the girls to recognize it as their English class room. After the dainty refreshments had been served, our editor-in-chief congratulated us on the success of the first number of the paper and encouraged us all to do our best to make the second issue better in every way.

Miss Mary Logue, of Bradford Academy, visited Nan Ogden, Saturday, December fifth. Sunday evening, Mrs. Underhill delightfully surprised all the girls by having supper informally served in the library.

Saturday, December twelfth, the school had two guests—Miss Mildred Bond, visiting Marguerite Roesing, and Miss Grey, visiting Marguerite Hastings. In the evening we danced in the old gymnasium and had an unusually good time.

About fourteen of the girls, with Miss Annable as chaperone, went into Boston on Saturday, December twelfth, to see Henry Irving in "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Irving's acting in the well-known Shakespearean comedy was indeed wonderful. He portrayed the part of the old Jew with marvelous skill and dramatic genius. From his avarice and greedy desire for wealth to the stubbornness of his determined will, Mr. Irving idealizes the character of Shylock; yet, withal, he shows the feeling, love, and passions to which the Jew is sensitive as well as the Christian, which brought out so vividly the hatred which existed between the two. He had together the sympathy and applause of the entire audience during every moment of the play. He drew, as it were, with a wonderful power of fascination, every one to him.

In the court scene he raised himself still higher, with a fearful power of willful revenge, and when at last he found he

had been defeated, he was overcome and humiliated, and staggered out of the court, grasping the sides of the walls, trembling and wavering at every step. He was alone, defeated and lost, bereft of all his wealth and personal possessions, which was to him much worse than death.

All the actors took their parts extremely well. Portia was not my exact idea of the one Shakespeare intended—not with enough stately grace and dignity. But in the court scene she was at her best, and acted the part of the young, learned doctor with a great deal of ease and seeming dignity. The parts of Bassanio and Antonio were well acted, and the depth of their friendship was strongly brought out.

At the end of this act, the audience burst into enthusiastic encores, and after Mr. Irving had appeared before the curtain several times, he made a direct and simple speech, and concluded by saying he hoped he would remain as he ever had been, our true and loyal servant, Henry Irving. PRISCILLA J. HOWES.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Thursday evening, December seventeenth, Rogers Hall presented a very festive air. The drawing rooms, library, and dining rooms were elaborately decorated with flowers, holly, and mistletoe, with which Mrs. Underhill had thoughtfully anticipated our Christmas eve celebration, that always comes off the night before our departure for the holidays. All this decoration was a great surprise to the girls, as were also the preparations for a "stand-up lunch," which could be seen in the hall. This kind of a meal is always welcomed by the girls, and more particularly on this evening, when it was very unexpected.

At seven o'clock the bell rang for us to form on the stairs, and after the teachers were gathered around the tree in the "old gym," we marched up, singing the processional, "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful." The tree, which had been trimmed by Miss Kalliwoda's experienced hand, with Miss Annable's ready assistance, was a perfect wonder, and we were all delighted when we saw it, blazing with candles and laden with very interesting-looking bundles. Standing around the tree we sang "Tannenbaum" and "Heilige Nacht," the two German songs with which

we were all familiar. While we were singing, we were interrupted by the appearance of Santa Claus with his well-filled pack. We were all very much surprised to see old Santa, as we had not been expecting him to be present, but he immediately put down his pack and made himself at home among us. From the size of this little old man it was plain to be seen that he had shrunk considerably since last year, and from the minuteness of his person we decided it could be no other than Sibyl Wright, who certainly made one of the best Santas we had ever seen.

Then came the most exciting part of the evening—the distribution of the jokes. Such laughing and shouting, when some of these mysterious packages were found to contain a good pun! Sandy was nearly crazy when fourteen rivals were handed to Miss Dorothy, and immediately proceeded to chew them up. One of them he completely demolished, leaving nothing but a pile of sawdust on the floor to show what once had been a very flourishing white poodle.

The last things in Santa's pack were mascots for the House and Hall. The Hall drew a large brown rabbit, and the House a huge elephant. After these had been decked out in their house colors—yellow for the Hall and red for the House—they were kissed by all members of their respective houses and duly initiated.

The girls were as eager for their candy canes and barley sticks as if they had been children five or six years of age. It must have been very amusing to an onlooker, to see these very excited girls, with their jokes under one arm and their hands both filled with goodies, taking alternate bites of candy cane, orange, or barley stick.

After singing "Little Town of Bethlehem," we took one long last look at the tree in all its glory, before the candles were blown out. Thus we passed one of the happiest Christmas celebrations of our lives, and much praise is certainly due Miss Kalliwoda for making it so enjoyable for us. HELEN ADAMS.

All the girls were very sorry to know that Miss Annable was ill with the measles, and consequently unable to be with us, when we came back after vacation; but we were indeed fortunate to have Mrs. Lambert, a former teacher at Rogers Hall, to take Miss Annable's place.

On Friday, January eighth, Miss Henrietta Hastings began her dancing class, which comprises eight girls. All the members seem very enthusiastic, and surely after the term is over we expect they will be the personification of grace and agility.

Mrs. Underhill, Miss Parsons and Miss Coburn chaperoned thirty of the girls into Boston last Friday, January fifteenth, to see "Twelfth Night," presented by the Ben Greet Company at Chickering Hall.

This play was first acted January sixth, 1601, in the Middle Temple Hall, London, and since then the Elizabethan Stage Company has, in recent years, given the same play as nearly like its first production as possible.

The play itself was beautiful in more ways than one, for it showed that the plot alone was the essential thing, and without the magnificent staging and realistic scenery of to-day, one thoroughly enjoyed it, and was in reality brought back to the time of Shakespeare himself, and made to realize how and what the great dramatist's execution and conception of the comedy were.

It was a quarter after eight o'clock when the bugle heralded us back to the Elizabethan period, while two scarlet-coated halberdiers added much to the atmosphere of quaint old England by being posted one on the right of the stage and the other on the left, whose duty it was to remain through the entire performance.

The scenery consisted of nothing but a homely stage, with no movable settings except a few stools. The four entrances were covered by curtains which served for doors, and a little back of the stage proper was an alcove set apart from the rest by green draperies. The costumes were like those worn in that period, having no aspect of "stagyness." One forgot completely the absence of effective and appropriate scenery, for the actors took their several parts with such skill, possessing also the marvelous power of holding, throughout, the attention of the entire audience.

Miss Matthison's Viola was portrayed with a wonderful grace and ingenuity. She skilfully showed her somewhat shy awkwardness, dressed in her doublet and hose, which garb was indeed so

foreign to her; yet never did she for a moment fail to be manly, and her eloquence was what one could candidly call magnificent.

Malvolio, taken by Mr. Greet, was in itself a work of art. Every moment he portrayed the all-absorbing selfishness of Olivia's steward. This self-exaltation and pompous pride were executed without a suggestion of forced playing. The parts of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek were taken to perfection—the former, whether drunk or sober, was his character to life.

The play during the entire evening was a source of pleasure, and showed to every one that the acting was the main and essential point.

We took the midnight train to Lowell. At the station there were six sleighs awaiting us, and, piling in six deep, we drove up to school, tired, yet appreciative of the treat we had enjoyed. Fruit and crackers being placed in our rooms, Mrs. Underhill very kindly granted us that great privilege of sleeping as long as we wanted the next morning, which we joyfully and thankfully accepted. And, queer to relate, between ten and eleven Saturday morning Page's was well patronized by us all.

PRISCILLA J. HOWES.

The girls were pleasantly surprised last week to receive invitations from Mrs. Underhill and Miss Hastings to an informal dance to be given Saturday evening, January twenty-third.

At half-past seven on that evening we all assembled in the old gym, the girls who took the part of men being distinguished by black bows on their left arms. Miss Stevens played all the new and popular airs and the monotony of two steps and waltzes was relieved by a German very successfully conducted by Miss Hastings. The evening was very warm and all the girls appreciated the delicious lemonade. The dancing ended about ten o'clock with the Virginia Reel and we all left feeling that we had spent a very enjoyable evening.

LEILA A. WASHBURN.

On Sunday night, January twenty-fourth, the House enjoyed the third one of its suppers. The entertainment committee did well in satisfying the tastes of all.

ATHLETICS.

This fall the girls entered into the athletics at Rogers Hall with great spirit. Even the first Monday here we had a very interesting game of hockey. This game is so easy to understand that all the new girls could play, and since then they have come to the field very enthusiastically every pleasant Monday and Thursday. But a game with so many intricate plays, and with so much chance for team work, can never be tired of, and each practice has meant less bunching and more scientific playing. A match game had been arranged between the Hall and House teams for Monday, the twenty-third of November. The captains had been elected and the teams picked, but on account of the farce the following afternoon the game was postponed until after Thanksgiving. Since our return it has snowed and we are obliged to resort to basket ball in the gymnasium. Although the hockey game would have been so exciting to many, basket ball has its particular enthusiasts, and they are glad of the early snow.

Other sports which the snow has done away with are tennis and its companion game, tether ball. The courts have been very popular, and the tether poles have been frequently used. A few good tennis players have shown their skill, and, no doubt, when spring comes and the tennis tournament has begun to be thought of, others will come out for practice who will be quite as good as those who have been playing this fall.

A simple game in which more girls can play than in basket ball is centre ball. These two games both require quickness, and are so much alike that one is good practice for the other.

Many of the girls have taken the course in horseback riding, which has been given for the first time this fall. Professor Schlungbaum teaches the German rising method, by which several of his pupils have learned to ride well.

Almost any afternoon right after lunch two crowds of girls may be seen starting off with the double-runners: one group may start for the top of the park, bravely wading through the snow, wearing a path down which they may slide. If this course is taken the sled may have to be steered between trees, across

sidewalks and over lawns and roads. The other "bob" appears later on some hill where the soft snow has been worn down hard, so that the work of climbing and dragging the "bob" will be less.

Other girls may be seen leaving the school in high spirits, headed toward some frequented corner where many pungs pass. If one passes with an amiable driver, who will give the girls permission to ride, they all jump on. When the sleigh gets as far as they dare go for fear of the study-hour bell, off they all climb and wait for another pung to take them back to school. This pung is likely to turn down any street not in the direction of the school. Then probably no time is left for waiting and they have to walk back to school. It is very seldom that the pungers come back to the school without having been obliged to walk at least one way. But they always insist that the sport is fine, and that they are going again on the morrow if the sleighing holds.

The heavy fall of snow which came during our Christmas vacation urged many girls to return with snowshoes, one even bringing two pairs. For this sport we have a fine opportunity to run and leap in the park, and if there is time to go farther we have regular country and woods beyond.

With fencing twice a week through the winter and base ball in the spring, besides dumb-bells, wands, and Indian clubs, every girl in this school can show her athletic spirit in some one way if not in more.

MARGARET BURNS.

RIDING.

In every way riding has proved a great success and all the girls that have taken it have found it is not only fun but also excellent exercise. Most of the girls have finished the course, and many who have not ridden this fall are looking forward to beginning next spring.

There are fifteen lessons in a course, and we usually go out two or three times a week for an hour at a time. Three girls go at once, and the lessons are given from two until five. There is always a scramble for the horses, Lightfoot being very popular with everyone, especially with those who are just beginning to ride. Maud is liked very much by those who like a short trot,

while a number prefer Dan for his easy canter. Mr. Schlungbaum's little horse, Captain, is a general pet. Those girls who had never ridden before, and who naturally felt a little timid the first few lessons, have learned, under Mr. Schlungbaum's instructions, not only to ride well but to have splendid control over their horses.

There are a number of different rides that we take, but they all go into the country, so that we do not have to look out for cars, railroad crossings, or other horses. One of these rides takes us through the place where the explosion was last summer, across country through the woods, and out again on a long home stretch ended by a glorious canter up Fort Hill.

Many girls who have not taken lessons this fall expect to join the class next spring, and it looks now as if Mr. Schlungbaum was going to have a very large one.

HILDA TALMAGE.

BASKET BALL.

Basket ball practice began earlier than usual this year, on account of the snow which put an end to hockey and other outdoor sports, so every Monday and Thursday afternoon the girls gather in the gymnasium to play this most exciting of all indoor games.

Miss Macfarlane picks the teams just before we begin to play, and often at the end of the first half the girls are changed so that all may have a chance. In this way she finds out which girls are best suited for the different positions, and what ones shall play in the match games between the Hall and House, and the House and Day girls, which come later in the winter. Our regular places have not yet been assigned to us, as we are now playing to find out which new girls will be best able to fill the places left vacant by the girls who left last year. Several of the best players did not come back, and they are missed very much, but the new girls have done so well we feel sure that the teams this year will do as good work as last year's did. Naturally, it takes time to find out just which place is best suited to each girl, but Miss Macfarlane is busy getting us into our right places; and

although only three games have been played this year, many of the girls have shown their ability and the results have been very encouraging. We are especially fortunate in having one girl who played on a team for four years before she came to Rogers, and her splendid playing is fully appreciated, at least by her opponent.

Altogether the games played so far have been most satisfactory, and there is every reason to believe that basket ball will be even more popular this year than it was last.

DOROTHY Q. WRIGHT.

The girls thought it would be great fun to have a match game, five on a side, between the teams of the House and Hall before the regular teams were chosen. We decided upon Monday, December ninth, for the first set of games, and at two-twenty the teams were on the floor and ready to start. The third floor of the Hall won from the second, twenty to nine, and the score was twenty-three to eighteen in favor of the first and second floors of the House.

The line-up was:—

HALL TEAMS.

Third Floor.

L. Hyde, Captain	}	Homes
E. James		
P. Howes	}	Guards
M. Wild		
M. Burns		Centre

Second Floor.

A. Bailey
G. Heath
M. Roesing
H. Adams
M. Wilson

Goals:	L. Hyde, 2	G. Heath, 2
	E. James, 1	A. Bailey, 1
	M. Burns, 7	M. Wilson, 1

Goals on fouls: A. Bailey, 1.

HOUSE TEAMS.

Third Floor.

First and Second Floors.

M. Hutchinson	}	Homes	{	M. Bard
H. Talmage				M. Hastings
A. Ogden	}	Guards	{	H. Davey
H. Downer				G. Smith
H. Parsons		Centre		S. Wright

Goals: M. Hutchinson, 6 M. Bard, 9.
 H. Talmage, 2 S. Wright, 1.
 H. Parsons, 1.

Goals on fouls: M. Bard, 2; M. Hastings, 1.

Time: Two eight-minute halves.

The winning teams of the House and Hall played a very interesting and exciting final game on Monday, December thirteenth. The House team won with a score of twenty to eighteen.

The line-up was:—

L. Hyde	}	Homes	{	M. Bard
E. James				M. Hastings
P. Howes	}	Guards	{	H. Davey
M. Wild				G. Smith
M. Burns		Centre		S. Wright

Goals: L. Hyde, 3. M. Bard, 1.
 E. James, 2. M. Hastings, 5.

Sibyl Wright, Center goal.

Goals on fouls: L. Hyde, 2; M. Bard, 2; E. James, 5; M. Hastings, 3.

Time: Two twelve-minute halves.

HARRIET PARSONS.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Lucy Walther (R. H. 1902, Smith 1906) was introduced informally into society in her Christmas vacation by her aunt, who gave a luncheon for her at which were twenty-five of the Buffalo debutantes.

Caroline Wright (R. H. 1903, Radcliffe 1907) has been asked to take part in the Freshman class play at Radcliffe, which is to be given in February. The play is "Which is Which?" and Caroline will impersonate the housekeeper, a character part.

Ruth Burke, although not a graduate of Rogers Hall, is well known to many of the alumnae. Since she finished her work at Rogers Hall she has been devoting herself to studying art, and last winter she went to Boston every day for special work in it. This year she is uniting social duties with her other work. In December she gave a delightful tea at her home, and soon after a large and successful dance in Colonial Hall.

Mrs. John F. Vaughan (Ellen T. Batchelor, R. H. 1896, Radcliffe 1900) is living in Wellesley Hills. Her address is Hawthorne Road.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen), who was obliged by illness to go to the Adirondacks, has returned to Lowell greatly improved in health.

Eleanor Palmer (R. H. 1900, Radcliffe 1904) and Rita Talbot, a non-graduate Rogers Hall girl, gave a "coming out" tea and dance in the Christmas holidays. Among those who assisted at the tea were Jennie Hylan, Florence Nesmith, Edith Nourse, Jessie Sargent, and Caroline Wright. The dance was a great success, and many of the Rogers Hall alumnae were there. Among the out-of-town guests were Helen Lovell, Mrs. Donald Gordon (Louise Ayer), and Alice Faulkner.

Bessie Ludlam has been invited to spend the winter in Europe. She has been traveling in Italy and is now at Cannes, where she expects to stay until March. From Cannes she will travel through France and will sail for home from England.

Jennie Hylan (R. H. 1902) has just returned from a round of visits to her friends in Illinois and Ohio.

Caroline Wright (R. H. 1903, Radcliffe 1907) and Ruth Wilder (R. H. 1903, Vassar 1907) were welcomed warmly on their return from college at Christmas time. In their honor, five of the Rogers Hall undergraduates gave a most successful dance. On the Saturday after the dance, Ruth Wilder entertained the hostesses and ushers at dinner.

Mildred Wilson (R. H. 1903) spent most of her vacation in a trip to Bermuda.

AMONG THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

By good fortune we were able to make our trip from Munich to Partenkirchen on a holiday, so that, thanks to a special mid-day express train, we covered the distance of sixty miles in a little over three hours. It was a warm June day in the city, but as our train drew into the valley the cool breath from the mountains wrapped us about, and stirred within us an eagerness to be out of the train and tramping over the hills.

At the station of Gannisch-Partenkirchen, we found ourselves in a broad, flat valley, almost entirely surrounded by high mountains, that seemed fairly within reach. Toward the northwest, the horizon drops enough to show the sunset, but in every other direction from Partenkirchen itself, you must look up, far up, to see the sky. Leaving the railroad and the neighboring village of Gannisch, follow with us the long village street for some twenty minutes. You might scarcely notice the up grade, but suddenly you would find yourself looking down upon red tiled roofs, and far beyond them see the whole sweep of the valley to westward.

Quite at the end of the village stood our Pension, the road running on behind it, level with its third-story windows, while our front balconies looked straight across the valley to the snow crowned Zugspitze, monarch of German mountains.

To our left, a long ridge of rock, gleaming silvery gray in the afternoon sunlight, forms a mighty wall between us and the Tyrol; while against its cold surface rise the dark, richly wooded foothills, rounded and soft, showing here and there a great open sweep of velvety grass.

Along the base of such a hill lies Partenkirchen, with its little cross streets running up the slope until they seem to think it time for any self-respecting road to stop and leave further climbing to the goats—and tourists. But the “Beautifying Association” of the neighborhood has so provided for the tourist’s comfort that wherever a road leaves off, a clear little foot-path begins. Strike off into the wilds as you will, before long you will find one of these zigzagging upward paths, which will surely lead you to some particular point of interest, and then home by another way.

Our first bit of exploring was in the direction of the little white church of St. Anthony, patron saint of the village. High above all the housetops it stands, keeping watch over the town below. And the way up that steep incline is marked by the Stations of the Cross, rude paintings set in simple, plastered shrines, whose whitewashed walls gleam out through the trees as you approach. As far as this we often came and watched, through the treetops, the play of the afternoon sun on mountains and valley. And as the shadows grew longer, and the mountain north of us melted away into a great majestic shape of violet mist, a far-away tinkling would herald the home-coming herds, and we would hasten down part way “to see the cows come in.” Stepping quietly along in peaceful progress, they filed down the last gentle slope at our feet. Soft colored, mild eyed, fresh from their hillside pastures they came, each with her tinkling bell, apparently each having in mind her own particular stable. For as they came into the village, every cow of her own accord threaded her way among streets and lanes until she came in sight of her own barn door (usually the front door of the house as well!), where her mistress was standing to call her a welcome. Two hundred and fifty cows form this nightly procession, and close at their heels come a score of black and white goats. For these, a group of very small boys are waiting to swoop down

triumphantly on their respective Nannie-goats, seize them by horn, collar or tail, and drag or push the bewildered beasts toward the stable for which they already were dutifully headed.

These small boys, like their fathers, wear the characteristic peasant garb—bright green suspenders, decorated with the white and pink of edelweiss and Alpine roses, hold up the short knee breeches, which are also decorated with green. Heavy worsted stockings, leaving knee and ankle bare, and a hat of dark green felt, proof against the sun and storm of summer and winter, complete the costume. On holidays, the women come out in full regalia. They wear full, dark skirts to the ankle, over which is an apron of bright colored silk; a gay embroidered kerchief tucked into the black bodice, which is itself adorned with silver ornaments that may have been treasured in the family for years. The older women dispense with the bodice, but display some handsome old brocaded silks, with fringed kerchiefs on their shoulders, and upon their heads a mighty muff-like cap of fur.

On more than one of these climbs we came upon a whole family gathering hay on one of the steep hillsides. And a very laborious task it seemed, this mowing by hand; but the result is a velvety turf, of which a city lawn might be proud. And after the mowing, the hay must all be trundled off in small racks to the sheds. These hay sheds form one of the most picturesque features of the landscape. Roughly built of logs, with the boards of their spreading roofs held down by great stones, they are scattered in hundreds all over the floor of the valley, and far up the hillsides as well.

The village houses have a certain picturesqueness, too—flowers growing abundantly in every window, and little balconies appearing at all sorts of unexpected places. We should have felt quite aggrieved had we not found a balcony for at least every two bedrooms at our Pension. As it was, we could begin our day with a leisurely breakfast of coffee, rolls, and honey on our own private balcony, from which we could hear the last of the cows, still tinkling their way up to pasture, and see the women already swinging their scythes in the valley below. And we would send our eyes scouting over the hills in quest of the next expedition to be made.

For here was a variety to suit all tastes. An afternoon stroll, with a good view at the other end? Then come up through the pines, and along the upland meadow all gay with yellow globe-flowers, harebells, and gentians, to Geschwandtner-Nauer. Excellent coffee to be had there too, and a fine sunset as we come back by the road. Or a little farther, by another path, you can reach the quaint old village of Wamberg and share the liberal hospitality of the town pump—no one else at home! Or, if you don't mind a little wetting, and have a strong head, let's go through the Partnachklamm, where our little river comes roaring through the ravine, and you can walk for twenty minutes on a footpath with no rail—looking down upon rushing waters and up at mighty walls of rock that almost meet a hundred feet above you, which are sure to give you one or two shower baths by way of greeting. However, you can come back by the upper way and dry yourself in the sun. But if you are a real climber you need not stop short of the Zugspitze, which demands two days' time and a guide.

After a few expeditions you will find the possibilities for new views and varied tramps are almost endless. And perhaps you may decide that, since you can't exhaust the attractions of the region, you will content yourself with what you have already done. Then you will learn the finest of all the charms of Partenkirchen—how balcony, pine grove, and distant views, tinkling cow bell, and toiling peasant, all conspire to make for you the one place in the whole world where you can be blissfully happy doing absolutely nothing.

BERTHA NILES.

ELIZABETH F. BENNETT.

We are all very much interested in the charming little verses which appeared in the current issue of the "Inlander" (U. of M.), written by Ruth Hancock Dutcher, who graduated from Rogers Hall in 1901. We take the liberty of copying the verses so that all Ruth's Rogers Hall friends may enjoy them.

AT SEA.

Morning, and the white caps dancing out ahead of us;
Spray of sea and taste of salt, as to waves we rise;
Sails that fill and ropes that pull and almost get the best of us,
Danger and the love of it and laughter of your eyes.

Noontide, and a lazy swell rocking out abreast of us,
Idle sea and stirless air and distant strip of land;
Drifting boat and careless sail and summer sun high over us,
Languor and the spell of it and nearness of your hand.

Evening,—the arms of night reaching out to cover us,—
Veiling clouds and misty stars and fading ghosts of ships;
Sail we out to solitude in moonbeams that encompass us,
Love and the delight of it and sweetness of your lips.

Mrs. William T. Fox (Maria Stevens, R. H., 1898) has a second son, Richard Bowers Fox, born January 13, 1904.

We are all delighted with the news that has just come from Smith College concerning several of our Alumnae. Alice Faulkner and Lucy Walther (R. H., '02) are among the first ten girls from their class of 1906 to be chosen as members of the Phi Kappa Psi. This is a very great honor, as only the most popular and best "all around" girls are taken into this society.

Florence Harrison (R. H., '02), another Smith girl from the class of 1906, has been very fortunate in having a story published in the current number of the Smith Monthly. We shall all be very much interested in reading it.

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EDITORIALS.

NEUTRALITY.

In regard to the conflict in the far East, the United States has shown herself foremost in maintaining a policy for the good of humanity. The first country to realize that China should be free from the ravages of war, the United States was the first also to bring forth a man who proclaimed these needs to the civilized world. Secretary Hay is this man, and in all diplomatic questions he has shown himself to be a true leader of men. The proclamation of neutrality issued by this country has been followed by various other proclamations. At present, most of the world powers have decided to take neither one side nor the other in the struggle of the Japanese to maintain their rights against the encroachments of Russia. This proclamation of neutrality is in itself very important, for on account of the traditional friendship existing between the Americans and the Russians, it would be very bad policy for the government to take sides with Japan, even though the sympathies of the nation at large were with the Japanese.

Secretary Hay, with his deeper insight, saw the very depths of the question, and merely as a suggestion to the other nations sent a note to Japan and Russia, advocating that China should be declared a nominally neutral territory, and that the war should be localized in Manchuria and Korea, the real seats of the dispute.

The position of neutrality is a very difficult one to maintain, for both countries will be watching closely to see that the neutral nation does not give way one fraction of an inch to either side.

This policy of remaining neutral dates back to the early days of the republic, when Washington took a firm stand for neutrality. He realized, with Shakespeare, the hopelessness of being "wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment," so he chose to be neutral, with the best results.

Ever since those days of 1793, the policy of neutrality has seemed best, for it was then that the United States, feeling too weak from the Revolution, had to return a neutral answer to the halls of the French for assistance in their civil war. A very difficult policy this proved to be, for France really seemed to have claims on us through the help she offered to us during the stormy days of 1777. But Washington saw clearly that it would mean the imperiling of the young republic, so he decided to keep out of the struggle.

It is no easier to maintain a strict neutrality now than it was in those days, for everywhere there will be a class of people who think that to sympathize with no one side seems to show a lack of strength of character, and in a very scornful manner speak of such people as "being on the fence."

It is very, very hard to see both sides of a question, in private as well as in public life and measures, and he who can be impartial in his judgments is he who will be most sought after all through life. It is so easy to let sympathies run away with judgments, but even though it may seem cruel and unbending at first, the attitude to be most desired in looking at a question such as the present Eastern conflict is, "With the cold neutrality of an impartial judge."

MARY ELIZABETH BARD.

DRAMATICS.

If there is a girl in the school who has never seen a good part acted on the stage by a fine player, she has missed part of her education. It is not necessary to see each new play as it comes out, but it is well to take every opportunity of seeing the actors and actresses whose names will be written in dramatic history.

There is a period in the life of nearly every girl when she has a desire to go on the stage, or thinks the life of an actress an enviable one. Give her a taste of some of the work which anyone in an important role must undergo and you find her opinions of stage life have changed. When the leading lady is called before the curtain time and time again, or when the hero is called forth and a speech demanded, you perhaps envy that person who has been before you during the past two hours, playing a certain part with great dramatic ability. But turn your thoughts to half a dozen of the cast who enter every little while to perform some trivial part. They have hardly enough to do to show their ability, yet they have worked as hard as the leading actors, and have spent as much time over the piece as those who are above them receiving a much larger salary. No one knows how long they must work on and on with perhaps no advancement, leading a life which cannot be a very healthy or happy one, and one in which the surroundings must often be most disagreeable to anyone of refinement. When a part is extremely well taken, the audience does not stop to consider the study which was necessarily put into it, but thinks how naturally it was done, as if it were a part of the actor's life, and so does not appreciate the amount of labor that has been put by the actor into his part to make it seem natural.

At the present time some of the girls in school are preparing, with the help of one of the teachers, to give two plays. They have to learn their parts carefully, then day after day they spend a good deal of time rehearsing. This custom of giving plays has become well established here, and we all think it is a very good plan to give such forms of entertainment. In the first place, the whole thing is given by the girls themselves, instead of getting the talent from outside. In the second place, it is good for a girl to take part in a play, and in that way learn to appreciate the good acting she may afterwards see. Acting brings a girl out of herself and transforms her, often bringing to light traits which before were hidden.

It is a phase of life which most schools possess, and certainly one which every school should try to cultivate. SIBYL WRIGHT.

Every Wednesday the girls look forward to an interesting Bible talk in the series given by Dr. Greene, Dr. Chambré, Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Billings. This year Dr. Greene has been telling us of the patriarchs, and Dr. Chambré of the prophets, of the Old Testament. Dr. Richardson has told us of the old manuscripts of the Bible, and Mr. Billings has taken the parables of the New Testament as his subject.

All these talks have helped us a great deal, and have made plain to us many passages of the Bible which they have presented to us in a new light, so that we find the Wednesday half-hour very interesting and instructive.

Dr. Richardson, of the Board of Trustees, has our deepest sympathy in the great loss which has recently come to him in the death of Mrs. Richardson.

THREE DAYS IN BERMUDA.

Bermuda is doubly attractive in the winter time ; it is such a change from New York, with its snowy streets and biting cold, to an island filled with flowers, birds, fruits, and all sorts of summery things. We left New York in a blinding snow storm, and three days afterwards we dropped anchor in sight of the Bermuda lighthouse. The next morning, as soon as it was light enough—for the channel is very dangerous on account of the coral reefs—we steamed slowly along the low line of islands and had our first look at Bermuda.

We had only three days, and as soon as we landed we started out to make the most of our time, and between walking, driving, and boating, we must have covered almost every available inch of ground on the islands. Everything seemed terribly queer at first, and it gave one such a strange feeling to see the English

flag flying everywhere instead of the American. The houses are low affairs, built of coral rock, and almost always surrounded by luxuriant green. As they have no springs or rivers on the islands they catch the rain water on the roofs of the houses and store it in tanks. To keep the roof clean, it is whitewashed two or three times a year, and the result is dazzling. The roads, too, are made of coral rock, and they are perfectly splendid all over the islands. The water is beautiful. It is a much clearer blue than our ocean water, and is sometimes so vividly colored that it almost seems unreal. Bright streaks of purple, blue, violet, and green, lie side by side, each distinct from the other. Add to this the green of the trees, the dazzling white of the scattered houses, and the winding roads, and you have a picture that hardly seems true, used as we are to more somber hues.

Our third day was, perhaps, the most enjoyable of all. We went out to the reefs in a launch, got into row-boats and rowed right over the reefs, and looked at them with our water-glasses. It was a very windy day, and so rough that we could hardly get into the boats from the launch, but in spite of that it was wonderful how much we could see. The water-glasses stilled the motion, and it seemed as if we were looking into another world. It was low tide, and the reefs were within two or three feet of the surface, every inch covered with some growing thing — two or three kinds of coral, sea anemones, sponges, and all sorts of wonderful plants and seaweeds. It looked exactly like some queer kind of a garden. On our way back we went by the islands where the Boers had been confined, by Ireland island, where the British men-of-war are, and by England's great floating dry dock.

Our trip back to New York was even rougher than the one coming down, but still it was lots of fun, and it seemed so nice and homelike to see the American flag again.

MILDRED W. WILSON.

THE CONVENT OF ST. URSULA.

Two years which will, perhaps, stand out most vividly before me are those which I spent at a French convent, in Quebec. In the central part of that quaint old town, surrounded on either side by a great wall of stone, stands the old grey cloister founded in the early part of the seventeenth century by the French Order of the Sisters of St. Ursula.

It was a cold, wet, disagreeable afternoon in early autumn,—I shall never forget it,—when my mother and father left me alone to begin my entirely new and somewhat dreaded life. What a cruel, harsh sound, came to my ears as the great doors of the convent clicked! Ah, would they not open for a moment, so that I might repeat my short good-bye? No, there I was, my heart aching, and hardly able to see, so overflowing with unwelcome tears were my eyes. I was facing my new life, surrounded, as it were, by an atmosphere of sweet and gentle faces. As I entered, the great bell in the old tower tolled, since from tradition it had so done, to welcome a novice to that quaint world of seclusion, set apart in reality and contrasted with that of the hurry and bustle of the outer world.

One of the pupils took me up to my room. I thought I should never get there! We went through what seemed to me miles of cold white passages, with not a sign of anything to relieve the walls of their grim plainness.

Finally, after going up about three flights of stairs we reached "my room." How surprised I was when I saw an enormous dormitory, containing four rows of alcoves, with beds in the space between. Everything was perfectly immaculate, but at that moment all I could think of was a hospital. I gave just a peep at "my cell," as it was called, which contained a tiny old-fashioned single bed, a wash-stand, and one stiff straight-backed chair. That was the complete furnishing of our room, to which we were not allowed to go during the entire day.

But about the strangest thing to me was the "Refectory," or, perhaps, in plainer English, the dining-room. In here were six long tables, covered with oil-cloth, and at either end were placed two tin basins, or "chandiers," filled with hot water, each containing a little mop. In these, after our "humble repast" was finished, we washed our respective silver. Perhaps those who know me have some idea of how ludicrous all this struck me, and as is my usual way I "giggled." So ended my first meal, where I disgraced myself having intended to make a good impression.

We then went outside for recreation, which lasted about three-quarters of an hour. During that short time, we were allowed to "play" provided we walked at least three times a week with the mistress, who had charge of us. The yard was very large and surrounded on all sides by a thick high stone wall, which kept us from seeing in any way the outside world.

After this, we all went into the great "Hall" and sang in unison our evening hymn, then going up to the "Salle d'etude" for an hour to study our tomorrow's lessons. When recreation was over, "Grand Silence" began, in which we were not allowed to speak one word from then till after breakfast the following morning.

Though everything was so strange at first, there was an atmosphere of such unmolested peace and seclusion, that one, no matter how hard she tried, could not detest its perfect solemnity.

And at last, when we all silently went up to our beds, as we passed the doors of the chapel, we could hear indistinctly the sweet sounds of the sisters, chanting their evening prayer. But, as we mounted the great stairs, we knew that when the last "Benedicite" was placed on our lips, we should not be denied that glorious gift of sleep.

Thus every day we performed our accustomed duty without interruption. It would have been indeed monotonous, had we not something to relieve the strict regularity of our convent life. Such days as the feasts of the Blessed Virgin and the Patron Saints were what one could rightfully call, "gala days," for all the inmates of the cloister.

The fête which most impressed me, was the first of May, when it was the duty of one of the graduates to lay a wreath of flowers at the feet of the statue of the Virgin.

There were about five hundred girls, attired in white and wearing on their heads filmy white veils, which formed the procession. As we slowly marched under the fragrant arbors of blossoming fruit trees, singing in one voice the sacred songs, it seemed truly the bursting open of one flower, more precious than all, that of sweet girlhood, within a world of everlasting beauty and happiness.

In contrast and yet, perhaps, more revered than all, was the "midnight mass of Christmas eve." With what holy reverence and profound silence were performed each and every preparation for the execution of the Holy Mass !

It was about half-past eleven, and there was a stir in the dormitory ; all the girls were getting ready to go to the chapel. Silently, in the dead of night, we passed through the long corridors, to the doors of the choir. What a beautiful sight met our eyes, and what almost celestial sound greeted our ears, for, as we entered, the great organ pealed forth its grand melody, and with it rose a hundred voices, singing to show their adorations and to bring before us the holy memory of the Christ child. The church was a perfect mass of glowing light, and the odors of incense intermingled with that fragrance of the Christmas greens ;—the former made us realize the solemnity, while the latter suggested the festivities of the season.

I could write on forever about my many experiences during my life in the convent, but just in a few words I can tell how kind, thoughtful, and loving the nuns were, and how much their sweet care and influence adds to the building of that modest sympathy so essential to the completion of a girl's character.

PRISCILLA J. HOWES.

THE EASTER RABBIT'S GIFT.

The low hanging lamp cast a red glow over the bits of white cotton and the high pile of mending that lay on the round table, and the tired woman looked a little less weary as a second pile

grew apace with the decrease of the first. She talked very little and seemed almost unaware of the gay and merry chatter around her.

"Come, Faith, don't take those patches so much to heart, and help me decide about the best train to take tomorrow. The boys musn't be disappointed, you know, and of course I shan't take too early a train for your convenience."

Katharine Garton was as direct a contrast to her older married sister as a bud to a faded flower. She, happily, was endowed with an optimistic nature, and believed in taking life more as a joke, and often shocked Mrs. Wintrow with her free and easy ideas of existence. The children regarded her as their grown-up playmate, and whenever mother was too much occupied with her charities, and her various philanthropic meetings, Bob and Billie would pull Katharine's brown curls and tease her into all sorts of unheard-of escapades, and cheerful "Aunt Kittie" would submit to the tyrannical young children so that mother need not be disturbed.

At the sound of her sister's voice, Mrs. Wintrow raised her eyebrows slightly, and regarded the speaker with reproachful eyes. "Katharine, how can I possibly neglect my mothers' meeting for tomorrow at four o'clock, simply to buy knick-knacks for Robert and William, that they could perfectly well do without? I think you ought not even to suggest such a thing when you know how fully my mind is taken up with more serious problems than how to fill Easter nests for two boys who have all they want to make them contented—a good home, good clothes, good food, and a doting aunt to spoil them." Katharine did not reply, and they sewed silently until a little voice said:

"Oh, Muzzer, could I have a new basket for my Easter eggs? Mine is all bwoke out, cause Bobbie squashed it wif his big effelant when we was playing war yesterday."

"Bobbie can have a big chocolate egg, one more than Bill, 'cause his Easter basket is all wight and has only one little hole in the bottom that Auntie will fix all wight, won't she?"

"Oh, children, isn't it eight o'clock, and shouldn't you be in bed at this moment instead of annoying me when I have a splitting headache? Now, go to bed, and don't forget to pray

for all the poor little black children over in India, who haven't any good home like yours. Katharine, perhaps you'd better see that the room is well ventilated. Good night, boys, and go straight to sleep."

Silently with their chubby hands tightly clasped, the little boys walked up to their mother, and she passively gave each one a good-night kiss. Just as quietly they walked out of the room, followed by their doting aunt. As soon as the library door was closed, Mrs. Wintrow could hear the clear childish voices talking confidently to Aunt Kittie, and she vaguely wondered why the children did not confide in her as they did in her sister.

But she was uncomplaining by nature, and kept her thoughts and ambitions, for the most part, to herself. People saw only the cold, forbidding side of this woman, who never for an instant strayed from the "straight and narrow path of duty," as she was wont to call her works of outside charity. She had never thought it necessary to devote her best efforts toward the brightening of her home, and as long as her husband and children were comfortably housed, she considered her field for work a wider one than the home fire-side.

Upstairs, by the two white beds in the nursery, knelt two little white-robed figures.

"Please, lieber Gott, could the Easter rabbit bring me a new basket wif a big pink ribbon like Auntie's necktie, and free big chocolate eggs with 'Billie' written on in white paint, what I can eat."

"And please, lieber Gott," chimed in Bobbie, "I was a good little boy and my basket is not bwoke, like brother's, and I would *love* a big, big egg, wif 'Auntie' written on, but you won't tell her, will you, lieber Gott, cause its to be a 'sprise and she can ask me to help eat it up, if its all good and candy inside."

Katharine smiled and when the "Amens" had been said, she tucked the little men comfortably in their beds and Bobbie looked very mysterious as he said good-night.

When Katharine entered the library once more, the room was in a sad state, and Faith looked haggard and almost terrified.

"Katharine, have you seen anything of those accounts for the Humane Society? You know I am secretary, and it would be

awful if I were to lose them. What could have happened to them? I am sure I had the paper just this afternoon, and I thought I put it into my pocket when Bridget called us to supper."

"No, dear, I haven't seen it at all, but don't worry about it, for I'm sure it will be found sooner or later, and tomorrow morning we can hunt for it together by daylight. You are all tired out now and you need a good long night's rest. And, Faith, won't you let me take that work-basket for Billie? The pink lining would be so pretty, and then I should not have to go to town, for after all, there are lots of things to do here, and I can telephone for the eggs and candies to be sent out." For the first time in many months, Faith listened to the advice of her young sister. "Perhaps I had better go to bed, and I may be shown a way out of my difficulties."

The lamp was turned out, and the pile of mending disappeared from the library table.

The next day was full of anxiety for the two women, as the important paper was nowhere to be found. Then it was Easter morning—a clear, bright day, full of promises and hope.

Bob and Billie climbed from their little beds as soon as the sun shone in through the nursery windows to awaken them. Always obedient, they trotted off to their mother's room and asked if she thought the "Easter Rabbit" had left anything, before they started out on their search. They did not stop to put on their troublesome Russian blouses and bloomers that never would button up straight, but with their wrappers floating behind them, in their warm slippered feet, they crept softly upstairs and down, peered into every conceivable corner, but still the Easter Rabbit's offerings seemed to be nowhere. They had almost given up hope, when Katharine joined them. The Easter Rabbit had been particularly mysterious this Easter Sunday, for Auntie suggested place after place, before Bobbie's basket was finally found, carefully stowed away inside the coal-scuttle in the back kitchen.

"Now Bobbie boy, don't look at your presents until brother finds his, for it will be lots nicer to have your baskets both together, don't you think so?"

At this moment, Billie, with his head inside the dumb-waiter, frantically kicked his chubby legs, like a rebellious pony, and triumphantly announced that he saw "a big pink necktie wif a basket tied on, and that he couldn't reach it, so would Auntie please come and see." Then the fun began. Up in the nursery once more, with the sun shining brightly in through the windows, and making their eager faces still more eager, they examined closely the contents of each basket. There were chocolate eggs, and candy eggs, and little chickens, that were very hard, and very shiny, and very pink, not real chickens at all, but candy ones. Then there were colored eggs, green, blue, yellow, red, and violet, besides numerous kinds of bon-bons, and eggs with "white paint what you can eat." The pink bow on Billie's basket fulfilled his wildest expectations, and Bobbie surreptitiously slipped a big egg with "Auntie" on top, into Katharine's lap. The two baskets were emptied, and even the finely cut colored paper was sifted to see if it contained any further hidden treasures. Billie's basket was found to have a real pink lining, and he tugged at it in vain to see if it was of the nature of the colored paper. The lining was not long in resisting the grasp of his little fingers, and soon he saw a piece of something white, partly hidden by the tiny ruffle at the side. He pulled, and the next thing Auntie knew, she was shown an envelope with "The March Accounts" in distinct black letters.

"That must be Billie's present to Auntie, isn't it, dear?" And before the child could offer any comment, Katharine went very quietly out of the open nursery door.

Mrs. Wintrow had finished dressing when she heard the rap on her door, and gave the required "Come." "Faith, Billie has found the paper at last, and the Humane Society is safe for the present. Perhaps you do not consider the children's happiness over their Easter nests a waste of time and energy, after all. Of course, the money might have gone in buying tracts for the Hindoo children."

For the first time, Katharine's voice had an unpleasant sound and her words seemed unusually sarcastic.

"Kitty, dear, perhaps I have been too strict and unbending to the children, and I am beginning to realize that one's charity

ought to begin at home, so the finding of this little paper may make a decided change in me and my doings. Come with me; perhaps with your persuasion the boys may even now love their mother."

The nursery door was still open when Mrs. Wintrow and Katharine returned.

"Well, Babies, were you pleased with the gifts of the Easter Rabbit?" were her first words. Bobbie and Billie looked up, and something in the voice of their mother impelled them to go to her. Her kisses felt so sweet and soft on their baby cheeks "that," as Bobbie afterwards confided to Billie, "the Easter Rabbit must have brought muzzer a great big chocolate egg to make her so happy."

MARY ELIZABETH BARD.

A DREAM.

It was a very cold day, but in my accustomed seat by the warm chimney, at my English literature recitation, I was actually too warm. I could see the heat floating by me, and my head began to feel strange. The most learned member of the class was giving a short sketch of Carlyle's life; a very interesting subject. I enjoyed it, but closed my eyes to enjoy it in a more comfortable way. Things were swimming before me now. Gradually I began to see large figures moving about in the air. They were all very busy and after watching them for a few minutes, I saw that each large one had a snarl of coarse string in his hand, which was fastened to the head of one of the girls in the class. Each snarl was operated by about ten fairies, smaller than the Captain, and if a girl knew a great deal, her captain had a large company of helpers. In such a case, the snarl was very heavy and, therefore, required more fairies to manage it. There was a captain for each snarl, whose duty it was to direct the movements of those under him. The captain of the snarl belonging to the most learned member of the class was at this

moment untangling the Mediæval History string, and the owner was talking as fast as she could about French affairs. Now someone else spoke, and there was a grand rush of fairies. The captain was taken by surprise, as his subject seldom recited. With difficulty he brought up the Byron poetry string and slowly unwound it. Meanwhile the girl talked on, and only stopped when the string was stretched to its limit, and then the captain pulled it back again into the tangle, where it would be wound up again.

Until now, I had not noticed the swarm around the instructor. I could hardly see her, she was so surrounded by fairies. At present they were rather quiet, as she was making the class recite today. They were strong, healthy-looking fairies, because they were kept so busy. Their strings were very heavy, so that their muscle had been developed in a way unusual for fairies. They had a practical object in life, besides mere pleasure, and didn't look at all like the light and airy kind that are so familiar to everyone.

Suddenly, while I was wondering at the strangeness of my vision, my head was jerked sharply. I moved my eyes a little to the right and there on my "Heroes and Hero Worship" was a tall thin fellow, holding a snarl so fine that I thought it was a spider's web. I shivered when I realized that this was my own captain. He was actually pitiful to look at, and he looked very much ashamed of me. I began to feel very sorry that I had not studied harder during my whole life, but he began to talk and it took all my attention to understand him, his voice was so weak. He told me that if I kept on sitting by the chimney, he and his helpers would all die. It was much too hot for my strings; they melted, and it was impossible to pick out any separate string when I needed it. Worst of all, he said that many times the string that I called for was entirely missing. He also said that he had not had enough work to keep him alive, without great effort and trouble on his part. Why I must be so lazy was a thing that he couldn't understand. I think, myself, that it may be fun for him to work strings, but grinding certainly is not the least pleasure. He was just saying that if I didn't do better, he and his helpers would all have to leave me and get a new

position, as they were much too young to die. When I heard in the distance, "What is Carlyle's definition of poetry?" all I could do was to remain silent, and now I knew the reason why I never could think up the right answer.

Unconsciously at the next English literature recitation, I got there early and took the seat farthest away from that chimney corner. I pity the girl who has my old seat, but she, perhaps, may enjoy a squelch even more interesting than mine. For the last few days my fairy captain's talk has been running in my head, and I wonder if any improvement in my recitations has been noticed. Still, I enjoy dreaming more than any recitation in English literature.

HELEN J. PRATT.

BORDENTOWN'S GHOST.

There were a number of practical jokers in the Senior Class of the old academy at Bordentown. Not a few of them were experts in mechanics, and all of them had a spirit of deviltry in them which led them to do things which at times resulted seriously for their victims. As a rule the Juniors had to suffer most, although now and then the Freshmen had their share.

One night in the winter, Dick Dobbins had a little party of Seniors and Juniors in his room. After all the tobacco had been smoked, and cards had ceased to be interesting, the Junior with the melancholy face asked, "Boys, did you ever see a ghost?" Of course everybody laughed. One of the Juniors, a bright faced fellow, who wanted to carry the matter a little farther than merely laughing down a question as to whether there could be such a thing as a ghost, said, "A fellow would be a fool in these days to be frightened at anything he hears or sees in the night. These things are due mostly to a natural cause, and if a man when he is awakened from sound sleep by noises which cannot be understood or explained, will only keep cool and set his wits to work along reasonable lines, he will have no cause to

fear. I don't believe it would be possible to scare any of us here by any combination of sounds or anything else, if we made up our minds the moment we were awakened not to be the victims of superstitious fear. Ghost stories are well enough to frighten a lot of girls, but boys are made of stronger stuff and don't scare so easily.

The boy with the melancholy face said that he did not know that he could assent to all that his class-mate had said, but he did believe that there were spiritual forces which worked marvels sometimes and terrorized communities. And so the talk ran on until after eleven o'clock, when three or four of the Seniors arose and left the room. Dobbins, who had taken little or no part in the conversation, suddenly aroused himself and became a very prince of entertainers, keeping the boys that were left until nearly one o'clock, when the party broke up and each went to his room.

It may have been nearly half an hour after this when a horrible medley of sounds from the lower end of the hall startled the ears of those who were trying to get to sleep. These noises were instantly followed by a fall which seemed to shake the upper floor. Those who were awake rushed out into the hall.

Dobbins said, "That came from the Junior end of the hall. I wonder what's the matter?" and he walked down to the room in which slept the Junior who didn't believe in being frightened by ghosts. As he reached the door it opened, and the Junior made his appearance in his night clothes and said, "You heard that noise, of course?" "Yes," said Dick, "I did." "And you heard the fall?" "Yes, I heard that, too." "Well, it was I who fell," said the Junior, "but it seems queer that I should have fallen so far and with such a whack as to shake the building, when the distance from my bed to the floor can not be more than two feet." "Let's see," said Dick, walking into the room and lighting the gas. The light revealed the bed in its proper place and everything in the room as it should be.

"I don't see anything the matter here," said Dobbins, yawning, and walking towards the door, which he closed after him as he went into the hall. He had taken but a few steps when he heard a rustling in the hallway, but he paid no atten-

tion to this except to smile grimly to himself. Reaching his room he was about to enter when the hand of the Junior was laid on his shoulder, and an excited voice said, "My bed was all right in the corner when you looked at it just now, wasn't it?" "Yes," said Dick, "it was." "Well, do you know," and the hand pinched Dick's shoulders a little harder, "that when you shut the door I walked over to my bed and struck the wall where my bed ought to have been and didn't find my bed at all. Bed was gone. I wish you would come back with me and take a look at the thing, and see if it's all right." So the two returned to the room, lighted the gas, found the bed in place as before. "Now you'd better go to bed," said Dick, "and go to sleep. This ghost story business has set you to thinking a little strongly about impossibilities, and you are letting your imagination get away with you. Good-night," and Dick went out of the room, closing the door after him.

Perhaps it might have been an hour after this when the halls were again filled with the most unearthly sounds it is possible for human ingenuity to produce. They were followed by another heavy fall, accompanied by a groan, the hurried opening of a door, and a sound of someone running toward Dobbins' room. It was the Junior again, scared through and through, searching his very soul for words to explain what he could not explain. He was quieted down after awhile, and Dobbins exchanged rooms with him, so that he might go to sleep without further danger of being troubled, for he felt he was the victim of a practical joke. And so it turned out.

It seems that when the Junior went to bed his bed was where it should be; after he had been in bed long enough to get to sleep the bed was hoisted to the ceiling by some of the Seniors who were well prepared with devices for that purpose. When the noises awakened the sleeper, instead of stepping from his bed to the floor, a distance of only two feet, he fell nearly eight feet. When he had picked himself up and gone from the room the boys lowered the bed to its place. After Dobbins had been into the room, and before the Junior could get into it, the boys had hoisted the bed to the ceiling. That was the reason the Junior was unable to find it.

When Dobbins and the Junior came back to the room the second time the boys had lowered the bed to its proper place. The last time that the noises were succeeded by the fall the same conditions were obtained as in the first instance.

Never afterwards when a question of ghosts was brought up for discussion was this particular Junior heard to say anything about keeping cool when suddenly awakened at night by sounds which could not be explained. ALICE ROBINSON.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

At the present day the papers and magazines are filled with accounts of the Whistler exhibition in Boston, with sketches of the artist's life, criticisms of his work, and reminiscences of him as a friend. That this artist is so severely criticised by some and so highly praised by others, makes his work all the more interesting, and as he is talked about so much it is well to know something about him.

Evidently he cared little about his birthplace, for many are in doubt as to whether it was Baltimore, St. Petersburg or Lowell, but in the register of St. Anne's Church in Lowell, is the record of the baptism of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the infant son of Major Whistler, so without doubt we know his birthplace and also his birthday, which was July 11, 1834. Not much is heard of his father, who was an officer in the United States Army, but for his mother he showed a deep and lasting affection. His early days were passed partly in New England and partly in St. Petersburg. When he was nine he wrote a poem to his mother, on which was inscribed: "Your little James; on his tenth birthday." In his mother's diary is the entry of an incident which happened in St. Petersburg when "Jamie" was about twelve years old. He was with her watching a Royal State Procession, and became mixed in a crowd of rough mounted Cossacks. She said of him: "He behaved like a man. With one arm he guarded me, and with the other kept the animals at a

proper distance, and I must confess, brilliant as the spectacle was, *my* great pleasure was derived from the conduct of my dear and manly boy." Though he was peculiar, and too blunt and outspoken we must not forget the loving attention which he always gave his mother. While a student in Paris a friend asked why he never worked on Sunday, and he answered simply that he had promised his mother not to.

Stories of wonderful precocities of drawing, and most of all—deviltry—are told of his school-boy days. At West Point he was continually drawing on the margins of maps. When he was sent to Paris to study art he became acquainted with Du Maurier. It is said that "among the English and American art students at Paris the name of 'Jimmie' was enthusiastically prominent, more for wild student pranks than for serious studies," in fact, almost all the tales of deviltry were set down to him. Mr. G. H. Broughton of the Royal Academy remembers him distinctly as "breezy, buoyant, debonair; that he was a man who never allowed himself to be neglected or insulted, that he was the life of the Arts Club and the talk of the town." He also says: "He was scarcely ever on his good behavior, except to those he did not care for. To those he was either picturesquely rude, or coldly polite, occasionally threateningly so."

In 1856, in Paris, he began to study art seriously. There was no secrecy about his manner of painting, but he took the most simple and direct way of gaining the desired results. He considered that a picture should not be literary, and his motto was "Imitation is the sincerest insult."

From Paris he went to London, where he made his many etchings of the Thames. These are remarkable for the distinctness of every line. It was in London that he met and married Miss Phillip. She was an artist, too, and there are several charming pieces of her work hung at the Copley Exhibition. From this time on Whistler was a participant in many quarrels; he was very witty himself, and he provoked wit in others. In 1878 came Ruskin's biting criticism, which was soon followed by Whistler's defence of himself. On the cover of the pamphlet is his signature or fancy monogram, the butterfly, but here is

added the sting of the butterfly, signifying his self-defence. Most of his works have this signature, minus the sting.

His art has been called modest, refined, and distinguished. Kenyon Cox says: "Whistler has a slender and fine talent rather than a great and robust one—a talent of nice discriminations and fastidious choice, of elegance rather than of strength." Many people have wondered what color was the correct representation of night, and since seeing some of Whistler's nocturnes they have decided that it must have been some tone of blue. He paints in more than blacks, grays, and browns, though those seem to be his favorite colors. The Japanese "Symphonies" are filled with blues, greens, pinks, and lavenders, of most charming shades, and some other pictures have considerable color. Then there is one large portrait wholly in red. Most of the "harmonies," nocturnes," notes" and "symphonies" were done after he was forty.

He spent a great deal of time in Japan where he learned much from the Japanese and they learned much from him, and it was he who first recognized the wonderful qualities of their art. He had their "expressiveness of line, their modest but effective color, and the simple method which does much with little effort, the perfect skill whose wonderful results appear almost the work of chance." Miss Norris also says: "One thing he might have learned from the Japanese but did not—that one may be an artist and yet a man, for a' that; that he may join heartily with his fellow-mortals in their belief or their unbelief, their preferences and their prejudices." His notion in art was that a thing should be beautiful and, that attained, nothing more was necessary. He belonged to no school for the art he produced was peculiarly his own, except the ideas he obtained from Velasquez and the Japanese. There is mystery and suggestiveness, light, air, and space in his views, giving the appearance of "maximum of effect with minimum of effort."

He had an erratic personality, but underneath were a charm and profound still depths which only his dearest friends knew. He had the honor of being President of the International Society, but he was really unsuited for the position, for his behavior was not serious and dignified enough for presidentship

About one year ago the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

The most noted portraits are those of "Carlyle," which was bought by Glasgow, and which is the only one of his pictures in any national or British collection, and the "Portrait of his Mother," which is now in the Luxembourg. It was first hung in the Royal Academy, where it caused a great deal of talk about its hanging, but these stories about it are untrue. This portrait is soon to be moved to the Louvre, the highest compliment which can be paid to any artist. The "White Girl" is a very striking portrait now exhibited in Boston. It is of a girl with loose auburn hair and white dress, standing against a white background. Under her feet is a fur rug upon a blue and white one. The picture is white against white, yet the girl stands before you as if she were alive, with a half-frightened pleading expression in her great eyes. Another large portrait, "Arrangement in Black and Brown," is of a tall slender woman in black, who stands with head slightly raised, showing a strong, fine profile which stands out clearly against a black background. In her hand is a soft brown hat. In this age who but Whistler would have put together this strange combination, yet how beautifully they blend and make a most striking portrait.

Another smaller picture entitled "Harmony in Green and Rose," which is beautifully colored, contains a small girl in white, very intent in a large book. She is so very natural that as I looked at her I wondered she was not disturbed by the crowd about the room. Some of the Japanese "Symphonies" are indeed symphonies of the most beautiful colors. There are some small portraits and several heads of dear little girls, also the portraits of Whistler himself. The "nocturnes" are most interesting. At the first glance they appear to be nothing but a misty sea. Then a mast appears—there is a boat, soon another comes, as if out of the mist, then dimly you see the opposite shore, misty and far away. You supposed there was nothing but water before you, and here you are gazing at a whole scene. The etchings, for which Whistler was so famous, are too numerous to mention any special ones. Some have but a few very telling lines, while others are very complete, yet with all the lines clear

and distinctly apart. Of the etchings those of the Thames are the most noted. A great many of his studies are made in pastels, materials which seem well suited for his style of work.

It is he who thought if a picture was beautiful it needed nothing more, yet most of his portraits have more of expression than of simple beauty. This man may have been vain and self asserting, still he was not lacking in good qualities, and in art he has helped the world by leaving behind works at which men marvel. Marie Norris described Boldini's sketch of "Whistler Sleeping" as like a death mask, where the "surface manner, airs put on to brave the public, are absent; it is no longer a cynic or a fop that is before us, but the essential Whistler, the man of super-refined sensibilities, narrow, friendless, almost tragical—the poor demon butterfly, broken upon the world's wheel."

SIBYL WRIGHT.

DAILY THEMES.

It was very still as I sat at my desk studying by the light of my little lamp. I had been left alone to look after the house, and after drumming on the piano for a little while, I decided to study. I took up my book, "The History of Music," and commenced to read: "We are told that one of the Popes who listened to Pierlingi's music, in after years said, 'These are the harmonies heard by the Apostle John in the heavenly Jerusalem.' " Before I had finished this paragraph I heard, indistinctly, the sound of our piano, but thought it must be my imagination; when suddenly it became so loud and distinct that I rushed down, knowing no one was at home, and arrived just in time to catch our little black kitten jumping off the key-board.

DOROTHY ELLINGWOOD.

The distant hills are flooded with a golden light, the hurry and bustle about me tell of an industrious city, whose mills and shops are closing for the day. In the distance, the heavy-sounding whistles are telling the hour of six. Across the spires

and tops of houses, the red light grows deeper, shading into a soft harmony of purple, pink and blue.

Gradually the noise grows less and the shadows deepen, sending the bright colors into chaos, and I find myself gazing out across a mass of half visible house-tops. LOUISE HYDE.

SPRING "UP TO DATE."

Spring is not as she was of old,
A dainty maiden, I've been told;
But a golfing lassie, up to date,
With sleeves rolled back and a hatless pate.

Dan Cupid carries her golfing bag;
Her bull dog waits with a friendly wag,
While she swings her club and calls out "Fore!"
Then walks for miles losing balls galore.

The Spring of old was not so wild,
She was more gentle, more a child;
She was content the livelong day
To stay in the meadow and quietly play.

But the golfing lassie suits the age,
And Spring has really come to the stage
Where she must change, no longer wait;
Forget the past and be "up to date."

HELEN DOWNER.

The most probable place I can think of where I shall be ten years from now is the dentist's chair, as I am beginning to feel that most of my life is destined to be spent there. Enveloped in rubber from head to foot, or at least so I feel, with my combs and hairpins loosened up, I sit as disgusted with life as it is possible to be. The dentist seems fully convinced that my mouth is of the size of an alligator's, as he stretches it from ear to ear, and then wishes me to open wider. And, as he begins to pick at a particularly sore spot on a particularly sore tooth, he asks sweetly, "Am I hurting you?" ISABELLE NESMITH.

BOOK REVIEWS.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON.

"Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son," by George Lorimer, appears at the first glance to be a dry, uninteresting book, but closer examination proves it to be quite the contrary.

A successful self-made merchant writes to his son at Harvard, giving him good advice, and often vivifying it with apt illustrations. In answer to a letter from Piermont suggesting a grand tour as a proper finish to his education, his father writes that, as he intends discontinuing his son's allowance two weeks after his graduation, the European trip will be out of the question—until he has earned it.

As the son begins to show signs of prospering in the business, the father voices his satisfaction and relief by comparing sons to dogs bought on street corners—one never knows whether either will fulfill all expectations.

Although Mr. Morgan objects strenuously to a long bill for roses sent to a girl by his son as a twelve-dollar-a-week clerk, when his salary is raised to fifty dollars and a most desirable young lady seems to hold his affections, the delighted father sends him a final letter of excellent counsel and announces that he intends raising his salary to seventy-five dollars a week, dating from their wedding day.

By good advice and counsel, instead of grumbling and scolding, the shrewd but kindly merchant keeps his son going steadily on the right path and finally resigns to a most charming and capable wife his position as chief councillor. RENA THOMAS.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

If ever a book was possessed of an appropriate title surely that one is Josephine Preston Peabody's "Singing Leaves." Each leaf holds a sweet little theme sung in the prettiest and

daintiest words. The rhythm is smooth and in perfect accordance with the theme. The poems which appeal to me particularly are those pertaining to child life. They show a delicate sympathy for children and portray in the sweetest manner their thoughts and dispositions. Take, for example, "Early," "Late" and "The Busy Child" who said:

"I have so many things to do
I don't know when I shall be through,"

and who

"built a city on the floor"
and
"then went and was a war."

Miss Peabody has a very happy phrasing of the thought she tries to express so that her readers are much impressed. Not only is this evident in her poems on childhood but throughout the book she shows a delicate insight into different phases of human life. Her "Ever the Same" and "After All" are not about children, but they show the same sweet thought which is characteristic of "The Busy Child" and others. Her thoughts are not only delicate but wise. I think much of her talent can be found in her poem "Alms :"

"I met Poor Sorrow on the way
As I came down the years;
I gave him everything I had
And looked at him through tears.

But Sorrow, give me here again
Some little sign to show;
For I have given all I own;
Yet have I far to go.

Then Sorrow chained my eyes for me
And hallowed them thus far:
Look deep enough in every dark
And you shall see the star."

ANNA OGDEN.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

ON THE BEACH.

The sun beats on the sand, making it hot and dry. The tide is coming in and the little waves tumble over each other in their eagerness to see which one can go the farthest. Two little children come trudging down the beach, hand in hand. One has her hat dangling from her arm, and the other carries a pail. Very soon down they plump on the sand, and the hat and pail are tossed carelessly aside. For a minute they sit looking attentively at their feet, and then one slowly pulls off her shoes. In a moment the other follows suit, but first looks back over her shoulder; they are out of sight of the cottages, and the rather anxious look leaves her face. The stockings are rolled into little bundles and stuffed into the shoes. Then, oh, what fun they have burying their feet in the soft, dry sand, and bringing them up suddenly, scattering the sand all over each other!

"Oh, Marjorie, there is a sand bug! I must get him," and away one goes chasing the little bug 'round and 'round, but not succeeding in catching him. "Oh," she pants, "he hops so!" At last he is caught. She opens her hand and peers cautiously in, then opens it wider; the bug does not attempt to hop."

"Oh, Laurie, the poor little bug, you have killed him!" The voice at her side is sorrowful. Laurie looks at the bug: "He must have a funeral—come, we will bury him." Down they go on their knees and Laurie digs a little hole. "Marjorie, get me a piece of seaweed, he must have something to lie on." The seaweed is brought and the little bug buried.

"Laurie, oughtn't we to put a stick on his grave so people won't step on it?" Laurie puts up a little stick, and then they resume their play forgetting all about the little bug.

The sun grows hotter and the waves are growing more boisterous in their efforts to outdo each other, but neither of these things is noticed by the children, who are now lying on their backs watching the clouds.

"Laurie, that cloud up there looks like a great big—Oh! oh! I am all wet." Up they spring, two dripping little figures, and the waves which just a little while before were way down the beach are now splashing around their feet.

"There is my hat 'way out there, and I am all wet; what will mother say?" wails Marjorie. Laurie makes a brave effort to rescue the hat, but soon gives up in despair, and, taking Marjorie's hand, turns toward home, and soon they disappear behind the sand dunes.

The sun still beats down on the sand, and the waves soon cover the grave of the little bug.

MARIAN KIMBALL.

MISS MACGRADY'S EASTER HAT.

Miss MacGrady was not rich—indeed, she was decidedly poor; yet for once she was going to indulge in a great extravagance, and buy a new Easter hat. This was not to be a home-trimmed hat, but a regular one out of a shop window.

Every night after the mills were closed, she would go about the streets trying to pick out a pretty one that was not too expensive. At last she found what she was looking for: a huge affair with big yellow poppies on it. "So spring-like," she said.

The hat was bought and carried home in a big paper bag. When she got to her lodgings she tried it on and admired the effect in her tiny mirror, then she placed it on her water pitcher while she went out for her supper.

The landlady had a little coal-black dog, named Alexander. There was nothing very unusual about Alexander except his name.

Alexander was having a very stupid time when Miss MacGrady came in at half-past six, and he was looking out for any excitement that might come his way; and when he saw her come in holding an enormous paper parcel with great care he decided to find out what it was. He followed her up to her room, and saw, from the shelter of the bed, the new hat being tried on. Then he saw Miss MacGrady go out and shut the door.

He went out cautiously from under the bed, and sniffed at the hat. It was certainly a pretty color, he thought. He

jumped up on the washstand, and again stopped and sniffed at it. It was beautiful! he wanted it.

Alexander was not the kind of dog that has any uncomfortable scruples about stealing. In fact, he often got his supper from the butcher's around the corner, when the landlady forgot him or had one of her tantrums.

So down came Alexander and the hat, and went under the bed for a fine game.

The hat was not very strong, which was rather a disappointment, still it was fine fun to chew the poppies. They had such a funny taste.

When Miss MacGrady came up, Alexander slipped down, forgetting the hat in his hurry, and ran away. Alexander didn't come back for a week. He was a bright dog.

MARY B. PILLSBURY.

A VISIT FROM THE INDIANS.

It was about ten o'clock on a bright winter morning, and grandmother was attempting her first baking in her new home. It was when she was a bride and had come to live in a sparsely settled region near a tiny Western town, where Indians were as numerous as their white brothers, and everyone knew all the affairs of every other inhabitant.

The kitchen was warm, very warm indeed, for a fire was crackling in the huge open fire-place and sending forth delicious odors from the chickens and other wild fowl, roasts, pies,—pumpkin and mince,—and huge loaves of wheat and graham bread. To the left of the fire, hanging from the crane, was a kettle full of mush, good, old-fashioned mush, "such as mother used to make." All this preparation was being made because the next day all John's family were to take dinner with John's wife and satisfy their curiosity as to whether

"She was a prize
Or otherwise,"

and a great deal depended on the dinner. She herself, a dainty, little New England girl, with sleeves rolled up and a huge checked apron enveloping her, was bending over a cook-book which lay open on the table.

Suddenly the door swung open, slowly letting in a flurry of snow and a cold draught, "which was bad for the bread," but before grandmother had time to close it, in stalked five stalwart figures, who crossed the room and squatted before the fire. Grandmother was petrified with astonishment and horror. To have five Indians calmly, uninvited and unannounced, walk in on one was the most astonishing event since she could remember.

The Indians sat perfectly still in a half-circle around the fire, except that they followed her with their eyes as she moved fearsomely yet quickly about the room. Occasionally one of them would grunt approvingly and soon they were engaged in a sort of conversation, Indian fashion.

Once grandmother plucked up enough courage to ask them to go, but they laughed. It was quite evident that they intended to stay.

Grandmother was quiet after that, but her thoughts were busy trying to find a scheme by which to rid herself of these unwelcome callers. As her eye travelled around the room in search of some weapon of defense it happened to rest upon the kettle of mush with the long wooden ladle,—always used in those days to stir it,—sticking out at the top of the kettle.

Quick as a flash she slipped through the circle of savages, and gripping the wooden ladle firmly dipped up a spoonful of the now scalding mush and threw it straight at the chief. Immediately Bedlam reigned. Up the Indians jumped, overturning everything in the way, and fled yelling from the house.

This was a daring thing to do, as the tribe was then in a semi-peaceful state and easily aroused, but after that experience the Indians could not be induced to go near the house of "How-hakla," the fire-woman, for which grandmother was very thankful.

RUTH HEATH.

AN EASTER SUNDAY.

It had rained all night, and when the sun rose in the morning it glistened upon the wet grass and did its best to dry up the muddy red clay road. A little way back from this road a rude log cabin stood. A line of blue smoke curled from its chimney and spread over the black stumps of the burnt wood just behind it. Everything was quiet. Even the scraggly yellow dog on the doorstep dozed silently in the sunshine, only once in a while twitching his ear to shake off an unwelcome fly. The soft buzz of a bee in the honey-suckle vine, and the shrill "Twit, twit," of a bird looking in vain for a tree to lodge in, were the only sounds that disturbed the silence. Suddenly from somewhere behind the cabin sounded a hoarse cock-a-doodle-doo. In an instant everything in the sleeping place became alive. The door of the cabin opened and two or three little pickaninnies came jumping out. A fat old colored woman chased them and brought them back to be scrubbed at the pump. An old darkey with white hair appeared in his shirt sleeves and fed the chickens. The whole place swarmed with little darkeys, big darkeys, and darkeys of all sorts and conditions. But not until later do we learn the cause of all this hub-bub on a Sunday morning. Ole Jake brings a mule and an old shay around, and Mammy and all the others pile in. Such colors! Jane is bedecked in a white shawl of an old mistress. Red ribbons fly in every direction, and there is not one in the company who has not some bright color on.

"Hurry on, Ned—Look out May Jane—What fur d'I gib yo ma red petticoat if you's gwin ter treet it dat way? Now, McKinley, jus stop yo' ba'king—Yo's a no count dog and you knows it. Start de mule, honey—We all ain' a gwin ter be late ter church on dis blessed Easter morning." All this was from mammy, and finally she got her little flock into the shay and they started up the road, not without a few mishaps in the mud, and soon the old shay turned to but a speck in the distance. McKinley, left alone to guard the little home, snapped at the air, turned around two or three times, and finally got settled to snooze in the broiling hot sun till the family arrived home.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

SCHOOL NEWS.

Saturday evening, January thirtieth, all of the girls who attend the Unitarian church were invited to the home of Mr. Billings, where they became better acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Billings and their daughters, Frances and Alice. They also met Miss Margaret Baldwin, who visited Rogers Hall last year. Mr. Billings gave us a very interesting talk on pictures, illustrating it with photographs that he had himself taken. Then we played the exciting game of "Pit," and auctioned off our crops until we were hoarse, and were afraid Mr. Billings would have no voice left for Sunday morning. After some delicious refreshments and a test of Mrs. Billings' success in making "brownies," Marguerite Hastings played for us till the carriages came. Though we hated to leave, the fun did not stop there, for eleven girls in two hacks made the ride home very amusing.

Sunday afternoon, January thirty-first, Sibyl Wright gave a tea for her friend Margaret Baldwin, who was visiting in Lowell.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

The mid-year dance makes a division of the school year. Before it comes it is looked forward to with the greatest excitement, even from the first weeks when the new girls are told about it, and after it is over everything dates back to it. As the time set for it draws nearer, you hear such exclamations as, "What is your dress?" "Oh! do let me see it!" or, "Who is your man?" "Has he accepted?" "If my dress doesn't come to-day, I am going to telegraph again."

The Thursday before the dance the girls all went up into the "gym" at recess to make out their programs, and for a few moments the din was terrible. Above the confusion you could occasionally hear, "Give my man a dance!" "Can't, I am filled out." On Friday the afternoon study-hour was given up to decorating the rooms. Leila Washburn was at the head of the decorating committee in "B," Edna Foster of "A," Mary Bard the school-room, and Sibyl Wright the gymnasium. When the doors of these rooms were finally opened after the tired workers had finished,

we were surprised that the room where we had only a few hours before been reciting could be so changed. "A" was transformed into an Oriental room ; rugs and cushions covered the low seats, and all sorts of curious things were on the wall. No one would have guessed that blackboards were ever there, and cozy indeed were the cozy corners. "B" was equally changed, although it was entirely different, for it represented a Christy room. Large red paper chrysanthemums were artistically arranged on the walls that were thickly hung with Christy and Gibson pictures, and through red shades a dim red light was thrown over all.

In the gymnasium each of the alcoves was decorated with flags and posters. The first was filled with Harvard and Exeter banners, while the one at the other end represented Yale and Andover, and the one in the center was Rogers Hall. In the main part of the "gym" the stars and stripes almost covered the walls, and chairs were arranged in inviting groups. The desks were moved out of the school room, blackboards and bookshelves were entirely covered with green, and as the dining room and school room were thrown together, there was plenty of room for dancing. The chandeliers were covered with mountain laurel, and festoons were carried from one to another. The library and drawing rooms were filled with flowers.

Finally the sixth of February came, and the snowstorm which threatened to delay the trains cleared away, the last preparations were made, and the important questions decided : "How shall I wear my hair ?" or "What color ribbons shall I wear ?" During the afternoon the expressman was busy delivering flowers, and at half-past five we had a "stand-up supper."

At quarter past seven the girls were all gathered in the drawing-rooms and hall, and here above the lively chatter such exclamations as "Oh, how perfectly darling !" "You are the prettiest thing !" or "What beautiful flowers !" could be heard.

The guests represented Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dartmouth, Andover, Exeter, Lowell Textile and High schools. We were all sorry that Miss McFarlane and Miss Hastings were not able to be with us. The guests were ushered in and introduced to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons by Harriet Parsons, Alice Ramsdell, Margaret Burns, Harriet Nesmith,

Priscilla Howes, Alice Potter, Sallie Hodgkins, and Hazel Chadwick. A great deal of credit is due Harriet Parsons for the skillful way in which she directed the ushers and the smoothness with which this important work was done.

It was an hour before the work of introducing and finding partners was finished, and all were glad to begin dancing at half-past eight. The music was furnished by an orchestra which was quite hidden behind a high barrier of palms in one corner of the school room. The programs were very dainty, carrying out the school colors of green and white. There were twenty dances, the sixth and sixteenth being left open for the men's choice. After the tenth there was a rush for the gymnasium, where the supper was to be served. Those who were fortunate enough to get there first selected the most secluded corners in the alcoves and reserved seats for their friends. All the things we are fond of, such as frozen pudding and sultana roll were served by Page.

After supper the dances had to be shortened, and in order to be through at half-past eleven, the orchestra positively refused to play encores. By twelve-thirty the last guests had gone and again the much looked-forward-to midyear was over.

The committee to whom the success of the dance is due consisted of the officers of the houses: Louise Hyde, Mary Bard, Mildred Wilson, Edna Foster, Helen Adams, Sibyl Wright, Alice Bailey, Leila Washburn, of the House and Hall; and Juliette Huntress, Isabel Nesmith, Dorothy Ellingwood, and Polly Farrington, of the Day School. To Mary Bard, the chairman, we owe a great deal of gratitude for her energy in working for our pleasure.

HILDA TALMAGE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

To celebrate St. Valentine's Day this year, the Hall girls gave a very pleasant and successful dance to the House girls. As Valentine's Day came on Sunday, the dance was given on the Saturday evening before, and at dinner each girl and teacher found at her place a dainty pen-and-ink sketched dance order, beautifully drawn by Ruth Heath for the occasion. In the center of each table was a large Jack Horner pie, with red and white ribbons to be jerked by the expectant House and Hall girls.

Each found on her ribbon a valentine which matched some one's else, and in that way the guests found their "gentlemen partners" for the dance that followed. Miss Stevens played the piano, and everyone had "the time of her life." The seventh dance was the "supper dance," and refreshments were served, to the great satisfaction of all. To wind up the successful evening, all joined in a good, jolly Virginia reel, and following that, came showers of confetti from every direction. The brightly colored stuff was everywhere—in the punch, in girls' mouths and hair, and covering every conceivable place in the gym. The hostesses were congratulated and heartily thanked by their enthusiastic guests, for each one had had a thoroughly jolly time.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

Miss Gretchen Davenport visited Helen Pratt over St. Valentine's Day. A tea was given in her honor on Saturday afternoon.

At dinner on Valentine's Day, everyone was pleasantly surprised by the valentine greetings that the teachers had prepared for us. We each had two sugar hearts, a little gilt arrow and an appropriate verse, wrapped up in fancy paper at our plates. These verses were read aloud in turn, and caused much fun and merriment, they were so well chosen to suit each individual; and the dainty sugar hearts proved very delicious, disappearing even before the soup course.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY RECESS.

At recess Friday a light luncheon was served to all the girls who were going to spend the vacation at home or away from the school, and at one o'clock there were only enough left to fill one long table in the dining room.

That afternoon we all received an invitation from Mildred Wilson and Helen Adams to a fancy dress tea, so at half-past seven there assembled in their room ballet-girls, maids, children, gentlemen, a very droll clown, and a Little Lord Fauntleroy. After eating, we went up into the old gym., where we danced and took flashlights.

Saturday, most of the girls went to Boston to hear Nordica or to see Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of José." Those

who were left took a long sleigh ride in the country. In the evening a great tumult was heard in the kitchen, where the girls who were not entertaining callers in the drawing-room were making popcorn balls, and there seemed to be a great many of them.

Sunday night we again filled the kitchen, and this time we cooked our supper, which, thanks to the two cooks, turned out to be most delicious.

Mrs. Underhill had suggested that for Washington's Birthday we should all dress up in colonial costumes to welcome the girls back, so Monday was spent mostly in arranging our costumes. At about half-past five a very fine George Washington, with his wife, Martha, and other colonial dames, were promenading around the halls in a very dignified manner. When the young ladies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries went to the dining room together, each found at her plate a tiny flag as a reminder of the day.

The vacation had to come to an end, and the girls who were here vowed that they had enjoyed every minute of it almost as well as if they had gone home.

ELIZABETH ARNOLD JAMES.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

On Friday morning, February nineteenth, Edna Foster and I left "Rogers" to spend a few days at college. She was going to Smith, and I to Holyoke. Our journey was quite a long one, but time passed very pleasantly, and almost before we realized it the conductor's voice rang out "Springfield," whereupon we gathered together our parcels and left that car to take one for Holyoke and Northampton. Holyoke was soon reached, and there I bade farewell to Edna, and made all final arrangements for meeting her again Monday morning.

A very short trolley ride from Holyoke brought me to South Hadley, where I caught my first glimpse of a college town. As it was nearly dark, I could only see many dormitories, each brilliantly lighted, spread around on the large campus. My friend met me and I went at once to her room, which was just as cozy as only college girls know how to make a room, and I felt at home at once. That evening was spent with a jolly crowd of

girls making fudge, and afterwards sitting around an open grate in which blazed a most hospitable fire, telling "grinds" and stories. At ten o'clock lights went out and each maid betook herself to her own room.

In the morning, after breakfast the chapel bell rang out its summons to the girls, and they could be seen coming in great numbers from all parts of the campus, some running, putting their capes around them as they came and dropping books; but eventually they all reached their places in chapel and the services began. It is a grand scene to see all of those girls assembled and to hear their voices singing the good old hymns that are so familiar to all.

After chapel the girls went to their recitations and I strolled around the campus. Mt. Holyoke, from my point of view, is ideally located. The campus is wide-spreading, the dormitories are beautiful, a lake and fine old trees are wonderfully attractive, and the grand old mountains surrounding all,—surely a lovely spot for so many lovely girls!

After recitations my chum met me, and together we went to the post-office. On our way we met many girls, each flying in a different direction and on a different mission. Oh, what a world of girls! At the post-office, such a crowd! Every girl clamoring for mail and exclaiming when she received the letter she wanted. From there, I visited all of the dormitories and met innumerable girls, each one seeming nicer than the one before, until I came to the conclusion that only fine girls go to college. In the course of the morning I was taken to the "Artists' Nook," where I enjoyed hot chocolate, served in true college style.

In the afternoon we took the trolley for Northampton, and made a few calls at "Smith." The ride was a fine one, right through the mountains. Smith college impressed me much the same as did "Holyoke," only it is more compact and in a city. My visit there, though short, was very pleasant, and I met many friends.

Saturday night I went to the Holyoke Glee Club concert. That was a rare treat. The music was very good, all of the girls

looked charming and happy, but best of all was the college spirit. A reception afterwards enabled me to meet some of the faculty, whom I found thoroughly charming.

Sunday morning we slept late—oh, glorious college privilege!—and in the afternoon a tea was given by one of the faculty in the house where I was staying. I attended that with much pleasure, as it made me feel at home. At six my chum and I were in her room awaiting the arrival of her guests to a little chafing-dish party. They soon came in, two or three at a time, until the cozy corner was filled two or three deep and the floor occupied. Then the late comers had to satisfy themselves with rocking-chairs and other such necessary evils. Such a cozy time—such chatter, mixed in with Welsh rarebit, olives, cream, and girls—girls—girls! After dinner we adjourned and attended vespers, where I heard Miss Woolley speak and the choir sing—the glorious Mt. Holyoke choir! No wonder that Holyoke girls are earnest workers with such an incentive.

Monday morning came, and it was with the greatest reluctance that I said farewell to the many charming people I had met, and drew to a close my most pleasant stay at Holyoke.

ANNA R. OGDEN.

MY VISIT TO SMITH COLLEGE.

It was just after Mrs. Underhill had said that on Washington's birthday we might be free to go away from Friday until Monday, that I received an invitation from Cyrena Case to visit her at Smith College. Nan Ogden was to visit Mt. Holyoke, and on Friday in high spirits we left Lowell for Springfield, and from there went to Holyoke, where Nan left me, and I went on to Northampton. Cyrena met me and we went directly to "Boyden's," a very attractive restaurant frequented by the college girls. After a delicious dinner, she took me to Pomeroy House, which is an "off-campus" one.

My visit of three days was filled with all kinds of events. Saturday morning we went to chapel at twenty minutes to nine. As the Freshmen sit upstairs, I had a very good view of the upper classes as they came in. After a short service conducted by

President Seeley, the girls went out by twos, first the Seniors, then the Juniors, and last the Sophomores, the Freshmen straggling out as they chose.

After a luncheon at the "Copper Kettle," where I met ever so many girls, we hurried over to the "gym" in order to get a "front seat" on the running track to watch the last practice game of basket-ball before the great game on Monday. The Freshmen played the Juniors and the Sophomores the Seniors. I had often wished to see a splendid game of basket-ball, but this was beyond my expectations. No one fell down, no one fumbled the ball, and it was all done so quietly.

That evening I went with several of the girls to the Freshmen song practice for Rally Day, which was the following Monday. The words were written by different girls of the class and had been set to popular music.

About nine we went home and spent the rest of the evening visiting in the different girls' rooms.

Sunday was a quiet day, except after supper, when the Freshmen got ahead of the Sophomores and decorated Pomeroy House in green, their class color, for Rally Day. The eventful day came at last, but it was pouring rain, and all the girls were to go to chapel in white duck suits! They, however, made the best of it and put on their rain-coats and splashed up to chapel through two or three inches of slush.

First the Seniors came in, all in white, then the Juniors with a band of their class color, yellow, on the left arm; then the Sophomores with a red lion, which is their emblem, on the sleeve, and last the Freshmen with bows of green ribbon around their necks. President Seeley immediately introduced Senator Dolliver of Iowa, who spoke for about an hour. He is exceedingly interesting and witty, but his speech was so lengthy I had to leave before he finished, in order to catch my train, which left at noon. I was disappointed not to be able to stay and hear the classes sing their songs in the "gym," but before leaving I had a glance at the "gym." The four corners were very attractively decorated in the different class colors.

How it all made me long to go to college! The girls had so much enthusiasm and college spirit, and did so much to make my

visit a delightful one that I hated to have it come to an end. But when I met Nan at Holyoke we had great fun in comparing our experiences, and felt very grateful for the holiday which gave us the opportunity of seeing college life.

EDNA FOSTER.

The History of Art class and several of the older girls spent a most enjoyable, as well as an instructive, evening last month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, where we went with Miss Kalliwoda to see their fine library and art treasures.

One of the first things that we saw was a beautiful piece of Flemish tapestry, which dates back to the seventeenth century, and represents Clovis, a French king, before the Roman Emperor. The tapestry itself is one of the largest in this country, measuring fifteen by ten feet, and is hung as a portière between the hall and drawing room. The figures are all of more than life size, and are especially clear.

Mr. Richardson has one of the finest libraries in Lowell, and his books on art, which we looked at next, were most interesting, especially to the girls who are studying of the great masters and their works.

When we had finished looking at these, Mr. Richardson showed us two small volumes, neatly bound, which, to our great wonder, he told us were of the first edition of Lamb's "Tales." They had been given to him by a friend many years ago and have increased greatly in value since then. They are illustrated by quaint old prints, which of course add much to their interest.

While we were admiring these, Mr. Richardson surprised us by saying, "I have something much finer than these to show you," and he brought out a large, brown book, which, although one could hardly believe it at first, was a first folio edition of Shakespeare, published in the year 1623. The book has been rebound, but the inside is just the same, with the old-fashioned printing and spelling, and attractive head and tail-pieces. We had scarcely finished exclaiming about this when he brought to us a second, a third, and even a fourth folio, which we looked at almost with awe. These books, are of course, priceless in value, and we shall never forget the impression they made upon us. He told us an interesting incident of how, when he showed the

first folio to the actor, Joseph Jefferson, tears came to his eyes as he said: "Mr. Richardson, I have often seen books like this under glass cases, but never before have I held one in my hands."

Besides these folios, Mr. Richardson has a copy of the full set of the quartos of Shakespeare, small volumes, all separately and most beautifully bound. The girls in the Art class were all greatly interested in an original etching of Rembrandt's, and also in a copy of one of his famous paintings, as well as in two original engravings by Guercino.

We never knew two hours to pass so quickly, and after some very delicious refreshments we came away, very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Richardson for giving us an evening of such rare pleasure.

LEILA WASHBURN.

Saturday evening, March fifth, ten of the girls were invited to a Salmagundi party at Dorothy Ellingwood's. This gave the girls a chance to meet some more of the Lowell people, and everybody had such a good time that the end of our pleasant evening came all too soon. After saying "Good-night," we hurried home, all agreeing that we had had a perfectly great time.

THE BOOK PARTY.

On Saturday, March fifth, the girls who did not go to Dorothy Ellingwood's all came down to dinner dressed in costumes representing well-known books. There were different types of gentlemen, women, and children with the other girls in party dresses all assembled together in the dining room.

At half-past seven all the books marched up to the "Old Gym," where there was a rude frame constructed out of screens, canes, and Navajo blankets. Solemnly, one by one, each book stood in the frame for about a minute, while the other girls wrote down, opposite her name, the name of the book which they thought she represented.

After the book-guessing was over, we all rushed to the other end of the "gym" to secure seats for the wedding. The wedding march struck up and "The Jessamy Bride" (Hilda Talmage) and "The Virginian" (Marguerite Roesing) came sedately up the aisle, followed by "The Reveries of a Bachelor" (Helen

Adams), as best man, and "Janice Meredith" (Elizabeth James) as maid of honor. The minister (Helen Pratt) was at first convulsed with laughter, but recovering herself just as the four knelt before a tea-table with a candle on it, the ceremony proceeded with great solemnity till "The Cavalier" (Polly Pew) strode haughtily forward, pronouncing "The Jessamy Bride" to be his wife. Just as he had finished this astounding declaration "The Woman in White" (Mildred Wilson) rushed forward, proclaiming "The Cavalier" her lawful husband, but in spite of the opposition, the wedding continued. During this trying scene, "Janice Meredith" and "The Reveries of a Bachelor" were making love to each other, and now presented themselves to the minister to be married, and so it happened that there were three weddings instead of one: "The Jessamy Bride" and "The Virginian," "Janice Meredith" and "The Reveries of a Bachelor," and last, but not least, "The Woman in White" and "The Cavalier," so that they might make sure of each other in the future.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Fisherman's Luck	Alice Bailey
The Virginian	Margaret Roesing
Reveries of a Bachelor	Helen Adams
The Woman in White	Mildred Wilson
Silvia	Grace Heath
Wooing of Wisteria	Ruth Heath
The Crisis	Martie Wild
An Old-Fashioned Girl	Alice Potter
The Cavalier	Polly Pew
Beatrice (painting)	Marion Kimball
Penelope Boothby (painting by Reynolds)	Bertha James
Little Red Riding Hood	Harriet Davey
The Scarlet Letter	Grace Smith
The Confessions of a Wife	Wife, Margaret Hastings Priest, Helen Pratt
Under the Red Rose	Mary Titus
The Sowers	Sallie Hodgkins, Gladys Lawrence
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	Helen Foster
The Jessamy Bride	Hilda Talmage
Babbie, in The Little Minister	Nan Ogden
The Courtship of Miles Standish	John Alden, Margaret Burns Priscilla, Harriet Parsons
Janice Meredith	Elizabeth James

ELIZABETH A. JAMES.

On Monday afternoon, March seventh, Miss Poole chaperoned the girls to a lecture on Hawthorne by Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Perry said that all of Hawthorne's stories showed his feelings at the time of writing. He took the story of Ethan Brand, the man in search of the "Unpardonable Sin," and then showed how closely this story is connected with Hawthorne's visit to North Adams in 1838. Hawthorne was of a very retiring disposition and this led him to seclude himself from his fellow-men to such an extent that he felt in danger of committing the "Unpardonable Sin." So he spent the summer of 1838 in North Adams to bring himself in closer contact with people around him. The people he met at the Whig tavern and in the neighborhood of North Adams he has used in his story of Ethan Brand, and on his shoulders he has placed the burden that he himself felt at that time—that of developing the intellect at the expense of the heart. In this, as in all of Hawthorne's stories, there is an underlying note which some people call brooding, but Mr. Perry said "It was the same sort of brooding that underlies Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*."

Mr. Perry is a very entertaining speaker and held the attention of his audience by his easy and chatty manner. He is a great admirer of Hawthorne, as a man and as a writer, and I think every one came away with a clearer and more personal idea of Hawthorne than she had had at the beginning of the lecture.

GRACE SMITH.

Instead of the regular birthday frolic, the House girls got up something entirely new to celebrate Alice Potter's birthday, Friday, March fourth. It was called "A Library." Each Hall girl was the title of some book, and the House girls members of the Library, whose honor it was to have the pleasure of reading some of the most delightful books. The very pleasant half-hour passed entirely too quickly.

Friday, March eleventh, being Mary Titus' birthday, we had another surprise. Two of the Hall girls had what is called "A Proposal Party." Each Hall girl was a man, and so signified by a black ribbon on her left arm, while the House girls were per-

haps the unlucky victims. Each man had to make six proposals, each lasting five minutes, and if he was successful he gained a heart, if not, he was given a mitten. Most of us, much to our delight, received a great many hearts.

The Andover Glee Clubs extended a very cordial invitation to the Rogers Hall girls for the concert and dance which was given at the Highland Club on March twelfth. The dance was given up, coming as it did, in Lent, but the concert was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Underhill gave an informal reception to the musical clubs from four until six in the afternoon. The boys all arrived together, and as they came into the drawing-room, the ushers, with Harriet Parsons at the head, distributed them so skillfully that the girls, at least, had a beautiful time.

One of the smaller recitation rooms was decorated in Andover colors, and we all wore violets to carry out the color scheme. The other recitation room gave evidence of our Rogers Hall patriotism. Perhaps the most attractive room, to our guests, was the dining-room, where a dainty spread was served. After everybody had enjoyed the refreshments, the boys gave three musical selections, one by each club; then all combined in a school song. Shortly afterwards, they said good-by until the evening, and as they reached the gate, turned and gave a rousing cheer for Rogers Hall. At seven we took the car over to the Club House. There we enjoyed an hour of their music and came back to Rogers Hall with none but good feelings toward Andover.

HELEN DOWNER.

For our usual Sunday evening reading on March thirteenth we were fortunate in having Mr. Joseph Nesmith, who very kindly came and talked to us about Whistler, so preparing us to appreciate the exhibition which we were hoping to attend. Mrs. Nesmith and Mrs. Greenhalge were also here, and Miss Robins, who brought a very interesting scrap-book with several pictures of Whistler's works.

On Wednesday, March sixteenth, school closed early in order that Miss Parsons with Miss Kalliwoda, Miss Stanley, Miss Von Sarauw and over thirty girls might take an early train into

Boston to see the Whistler Memorial Exhibition at Copley Hall. It was a rare treat to see this fine collection, which was so varied with oil portraits, water colors, pastels, etchings, and sketches. There were among them some of Whistler's most noted works. From the exhibit we went to the Library and saw Abbey's paintings of the Prophets, and Sargent's famous series of the Holy Grail. Huyler's was not a place to be passed by, so we stopped for a little refreshment before the journey back on the five o'clock train. Though we were all pretty tired we considered it well worth the while, for we had seen some world paintings never to be forgotten.

ENGLISH PLAYS.

On Saturday, March nineteenth, the House and Hall each gave an English Play in the old gym, and both were surely great successes. Promptly at seven-thirty the "curtain rose" on the Hall play: "Who is Who or All in a Fog." The following shows the caste of this amusing and well acted farce.

Mr. Simonides Swanhopper	Ruth Heath
("Model Young Bachelor.")	
Lawrence Lavender	Martie Wild
("A Valet from Mayfair.")	
Mr. Broomfield Brambleton	Louise Hyde
("A Country Gentleman.")	
Cicely	Grace Heath
("Brambleton's daughter.")	
Matilda Jane	Anthy Gorton
[("A Superior Housemaid.")]	

The scene was laid in Mr. Brambleton's house in England and the plot made very amusing by the mix-ups and misunderstandings that occurred continually throughout the play. Ruth Heath, as Simonides Swanhopper, made an ideal "model young bachelor" and acted her part to perfection and on every occasion found time to remark that "he knew he was getting red in the face." So well did Martie Wild play the part of Lavender, the valet, with her funny make-up and expression "'pon honor!" that her very appearance on the stage was a signal for the delighted audience to burst into laughter. No professional could have

taken the part of Mr. Broomfield Brambleton, the country gentleman of hot temper, better than Louise Hyde did, and her acting deserved and won hearty applause from all. Grace Heath, with white dress and holland apron, was very pretty and well suited to her part of Cicely, the daughter. Anthy Gorton was a perfectly splendid Matilda Jane, the housemaid, and made a great hit and success of her part. Following this very successful play came refreshments served by the younger girls, in dainty caps and aprons. When the little waitresses had finished serving, the House play began. The caste of the "Model Lover" was as follows:

Colonel Francis	Grace Smith
Prof. Pelletier	Mary Bard
Gustave Pelletier, son to Prof. Pelletier	Harriet Davey
Leslie Francis, niece to Col. Francis	Harriet Parsons
Betty Trask, ward to Col. Francis	Marjorie Hutchinson
Mrs. Babbit, housekeeper to Col. Francis	Mary Titus

The two acts of this pleasing little farce represented an artist's studio.

The plot was very well carried out, and the actors all worked enthusiastically to make the play the success that it was. The girls owe a great deal to Miss Coburn, for it was she who drilled them with so much patience and care. Nan Ogden as stage manager arranged the settings and very skilfully looked after all the details.

The girls all seemed very well suited to their parts, and deserve a great deal of credit and praise for the dramatic ability that they showed.

Grace Smith, as "Colonel Francis," in her frock coat, represented a typical colonel of the old school, and acted her part like a professional. Mary Bard as "Prof. Pelletier," a very excitable Frenchman, was the hit of the play, and kept the audience in gales of laughter with her funny speeches in very broken English.

The part of the model lover, "Gustave Pelletier," was taken by Harriet Davey. She looked very Oriental in her white turban, red blouse with a heavily-embroidered jacket, and green

bloomers, posing for the two artists, Leslie and Betty, who were "young women with spheres." Harriet Parsons was a very pretty and attractive "Leslie," and "Col. Francis" had good reason to be proud of his talented niece. Marjorie Hutchinson, as "Betty Trask," Leslie's fellow artist, with her becoming blue gown and lively manners, was a great success. The part of "Mrs. Babbit," the housekeeper, with her "sakes alive" and funny ideas, was taken to perfection by Mary Titus. The play was bright and interesting and won hearty applause and many congratulations from all who saw it. When it was over, the "gym" was cleared, and the actors and stage managers, laden with flowers, were in great demand as partners for the dancing which followed.

The proceeds obtained from the two plays are for SPLINTERS, and the girls feel very well satisfied with the amount they realized.

The guests present for the plays and over Sunday were Mrs. Gorton, Mrs. Pew and her little daughter Catherine, Carol Quincy staying with Harriet Parsons, Nathalie Newhall with Louise Hyde, Laura Kimball with her sister Marion, Aida Chapin with Helen Pratt, and Marie Buchanan with Sibyl Wright. Besides these, many Lowell people came, and the audience was an interested and enthusiastic one.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

On Sunday afternoon, March twentieth, Harriet Parsons had a tea for Carol Quincy, who was a guest at Rogers Hall for the plays.

Louise Hyde gave a very delightful tea on Monday afternoon, March twenty-first, in honor of Nathalie Newhall, a former Rogers Hall girl.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: "The Argus," Holderness School, Plymouth, Mass.; "Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.; "The Phoenix," Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.; and "Ivy Leaves," Virginia.

ATHLETICS.

ASSAULT FENCING.

Assault fencing has been introduced as a new part in the athletics at Rogers Hall. The advanced class is made up of those girls who were here last year and took fencing, some that had fenced before coming to Rogers, and others that had improved so much that they were promoted from the beginning class. All the girls are very much interested and find that it is not only great fun and good exercise, but tends to make one alert, and helps you to think quickly.

SNOWSHOEING.

Snowshoeing seems to have been a great sport everywhere this year, and it has been taken up very successfully at Rogers Hall. After Christmas some of the girls came back with snowshoes, and those few girls were very much in demand, for everybody wanted to take advantage of the deep snow. The park afforded a fine place for beginners in the sport, and every afternoon these girls caused much amusement by floundering in the snow and getting hopelessly mixed up in their snowshoes. Some of the girls who were adepts at the sport went off on long cross-country tramps, and were the envy of the other less fortunate girls.

It has been suggested that next winter snowshoeing clubs be organized, for the cold New England winters furnish the best possible ground for the sport.

INDOOR MEET.

At breakfast on Tuesday morning, the Hall girls appeared wearing orange ribbons on their left arms and the House girls red sailor ties. One could easily have guessed that something of great importance was about to occur from the excited look

upon the girls' faces. After what seemed a very, very long morning—for I am afraid our minds were not on our lessons—afternoon came at last and with it the meet.

The House girls were massed in one corner of the gymnasium, underneath their flag of red, and made a very pretty contrast to the bunch of girls with their orange ribbons. First came the free movements, followed by those with dumb-bells and stall-bars, which the little girls did next, Indian clubs, parallel bars, wands, and fencing. All these exercises were done beautifully and showed Miss McFarlane's careful training. Last of all came "captain ball," which was most exciting, as one side had to win two games out of three, and Alice Potter's team was victorious. After this we played basket-ball. The girls that took part in the exhibitions were:

Free Movements.

A. Gorton	A. Ramsdell	M. Wild
L. Parker	E. Thomas	C. Tibbetts
A. Potter	H. Downer	H. Davey
D. Ellingwood	G. Heath	

Dumb Bells.

M. Pillsbury	M. Burns	G. Smith
H. Downer	R. Thomas	E. Foster

Stall Bars.

G. Brown	G. Lawrence	S. Hobson
M. Hockmeyer	M. Jefferson	N. Conant
G. Lane	G. Ranlett	

Indian Clubs.

D. Wright	E. James	H. Talmage
S. Wright	M. Kimball	

Parallel Bars.

S. Wright	H. Downer	A. Ramsdell
B. Chalifoux	M. Roesing	M. Pillsbury
	L. Parker	

Wands.

D. Wright	M. Wilson	A. Ramsdell
E. James	E. Foster	C. Tibbetts

Fencing.

E. James	D. Wright	H. Talmage
E. Foster	H. Adams	S. Wright

Captain Ball Teams.

E. Foster, Cap.	L. Washburn, Cap.	A. Potter, Cap.
D. Wright	G. Lawrence	L. Parker
H. Chadwick	J. Huntress	M. Hockmeyer
S. Hodgkins	H. Downer	R. Thomas
N. Conant	A. Gorton	A. Ramsdell
G. Ranlett	E. Thomas	G. Ranlett

When the whistle blew for the teams to take their places on the floor, the House and Hall girls both vigorously cheered their teams, and the ball was thrown up in the centre, Margaret Burns sending it to the Hall's goal, but the guards sent it back to centre again. The House was the first to throw a basket, but at the end of the first half the score stood 8—5, in favor of the Hall.

During the intermission the Hall girls had oranges and the House girls apples, each representing their colors. They sang a number of songs and gave several rousing cheers.

Again the whistle blew, and this time Harriet Parsons started the ball towards her goal, and for a time the score rose in favor of the House. In a few moments, however, Margaret Burns threw a goal from centre, which was followed by two from field, which brought the score up to 18, when time was called. After the game there was more cheering, which ended in a "three times three" for Mrs. Underhill. Bertha James, dressed in bright red, carried the House mascot, and Louise Hyde that of the Hall.

At dinner, each girl on the House team found a beautiful bunch of red roses at her plate, with "Best wishes from the Hall," which made them feel that it almost paid to be beaten. The line-up was:

House.

Homes:	M. Bard
	M. Kimball
Guards:	G. Smith
	H. Davey

Hall.

E. James
H. Adams
M. Roesing
M. Wild

Centres:	H. Talmage	M. Wilson, Cap.
	S. Wright	G. Heath
C. Centre:	H. Parsons, Cap.	M. Burns
Umpire:	Miss McFarlane.	
Time-men:	H. Foster	P. Pew
	D. Ellingwood	M. Hastings
Time:	Two ten minute halves.	
Goals:	M. Bard, 3; H. Adams, 5; M. Burns, 2.	
Goals on fouls:	M. Bard, 4; M. Kimball, 2; H. Adams, 2.	
Score:	Hall, 18; House, 12.	

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Henrietta Hastings sails for Europe in April.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen) who spent January and February at Lakewood, has returned much improved in health.

Bessie Ludlam was in Cairo during February. Before returning home she will spend several weeks in Paris and London.

Belle Shedd sails for New York from Nassau on the twenty-second of March, but she will stay several weeks in Washington before coming to Lowell.

Alice Faulkner and Lucy Walther (R. H., 1901; Smith, 1905) are members of the Junior basket-ball team of Smith College. Florence Harrison (R. H., 1901; Smith, 1905) is on the sub-team.

Mrs. Charles Baldwin (Marion Perry) has a son, Perry Baldwin, born February twenty-seventh, in Lansdowne, Pa.

Gladys Baldwin (R. H., 1903) has sailed for Jamaica.

The girls who knew Florence Renne of Calais, Maine, will hear with interest that her engagement to Mr. Rufus A. Soule,

Jr., of New Bedford, is announced. After her marriage she will keep house in New Bedford.

We have been pleased to see several of the old girls at Rogers Hall during the past month. Caroline Wright, Helen Easton, and Clara Francis have visited us at different times and have been warmly welcomed.

Two of the graduates of Rogers Hall, 1903, Laura Kimball from Wellesley, and Nathalie Newhall from Buffalo, were here for the English plays. They were greeted enthusiastically by all who knew them last year. Nathalie stayed for the athletic meet, and left the day before we went home for our Easter vacation.

DRAMATICS AT RADCLIFFE.

Whoever has seen anything of Radcliffe will not hesitate to say that the dramatics are one of the chief features of the college life, not only on account of their frequency but also because of the interest taken in them by the girls as a whole. Good evidence of the loyal class spirit in the college is the hearty support given by every class to its members who are chosen for the plays. Every girl has a chance of being chosen, and the lucky ones are sure of a good send-off by their friends, who feel the success, or defeat, even more keenly than the actors themselves.

Every fortnight there is a play given by the "Idler," the largest club in college to which all the students may belong. These are elected by a committee, different every time, composed of three or four girls from the different classes. This committee has the entire charge of the play, and as they have practically the whole college to draw from, the actors are always suited to their parts. In addition to the "Idlers" are the class plays every year, and usually one or two given by some of the larger societies.

For the most part the plays given are well-known ones, such as "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," or the operatic "Pinafore," but dramatic composition is encouraged

among the students, and any good original work is eagerly seized upon and presented with great enthusiasm. Early this spring "Much Ado About Nothing" is to be played. This is the first of a series of Shakespeare's plays and the success of the attempt is earnestly hoped for.

CAROLINE WRIGHT (R. H., '03).

DRAMATICS AT SMITH.

At Smith College not a little time is given to social events, because neither the Faculty nor the students believe in "all work and no play." As we do not have any one day of the week for a whole holiday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings are given up to informal dances and teas and to amateur dramatics. After going to two or three teas and dances every week, it becomes rather tiresome, but the plays which are given occasionally are very popular.

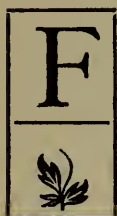
Each year the French and German societies give plays, and then each campus house is allowed to give a play in the Students' Building every two years, so we enjoy a good many of these during the year. These plays used to be called "Gym plays," as they always were held in the gymnasium, but in this new building there is a hall built especially for plays, with a good stage and curtain. The plays given here are grand events, and the girls take the opportunity to display their pretty clothes, but one great satisfaction is that no matter what you wear you are sure to find others dressed the same way. All the girls of the house or society which gives the play are allowed a certain number of tickets, and then they invite their friends. Girls who are not so fortunate as to be asked, often go "rush," to use a college expression. They stand up till the play begins and then take any seats which are unoccupied. A great deal of attention is paid to those who take part in the play, and if you happen to know one of the cast, of course you send her flowers. It really is surprising to see how well the girls act and we often lose our hearts to the heroes.

Besides these plays there are the more informal house plays, when the parlor or dining room is converted into a theatre, where many a comedy is enacted. At these the audience sits on the floor on pillows, and screens are used as a curtain. After the play we either dance or go to a jolly little supper in some girl's room. Many funny things happen at these plays. Just before a play given not long ago at one of the houses, the hero and the heroine were sitting in the hall, probably rehearsing a bit of the play, when in came a girl. She gave them one glance and then, blushing furiously, rushed upstairs and in an excited voice told her friends that there was a man down stairs with his arm around one of the girls.

The title of a play is always kept secret, and so an air of mystery and secrecy arouses our interest. Thus these plays are a constant source of pleasure. Besides being fun for the audience, the actors themselves have lots of good times while rehearsing, and it helps them when they take part in Senior Dramatics, the aim of every girl. Some think too much time and energy are spent over these frivolities, but they are not much trouble and they certainly break the monotony of college work, and add a great deal to our good times.

CYRENA A. CASE (R. H., '03).

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SPLINTERS.

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JUNE, 1904.

No. 4.

EDITORIALS.

As the beautiful May days lengthen into June, it is hard to realize the truth of the maxim "Parting is such sweet sorrow." When we carefully review the many happy hours we have spent at Rogers Hall, and know that we are so soon to leave its hospitable doors forever, as students, the "sorrowful" part of the quotation is very evident, and that phase of it is so strong that the sweetness is completely hidden for the time, at least.

But parting from any dearly loved object must contain some pleasant element, and when we at last bid good-bye to the school that has taught us so many invaluable lessons in morality as well as knowledge from text-books, we shall find that much of the sweetness consists in the pride we shall always keep alive in us when any one mentions Rogers Hall. Then how could anything be sweeter than the deep and lasting friendships which even parting can not dissolve !

The reputation of a school, as the outside world knows it, depends upon the individuals who help to make it up, as much as upon the intellectual standard which it boasts. It matters very little how many courses are contained in the school curriculum, if the teachers who have charge of them are not sympathetic and possessed of enough of a personality to make the studies interesting and beneficial to those who pursue them. Just as the corps of instructors helps to keep up the standard of the school, so the girls coming into it, bring each year characteristics and mannerisms which give the tone to the unified whole.

It is generally toward the close of the school year that we begin to realize fully what boarding-school life really means to us. The fact of being thrown upon our own resources, to a certain extent, for the first time, is a great deal in itself. Aside from this, every minute spent with other girls living in different sections of the country from our own, with different ideas, and widely different characteristics, helps us to form our own character by imitating the laudable actions of some, and scorning the faults that are repulsive to us in others.

When we all meet in the Lowell station for the last time, we shall carry away with us more than we brought, when Rogers Hall first received us as students.

The one sentiment that will stand out clearly against the solid background of all our acquired knowledge, will be our strong and lasting love for Rogers Hall, its environment, and those who make up its household.

MARY ELIZABETH BARD.

We are all interested to know what plans several of the teachers have for spending the summer, and we know they will have a beautiful time.

Miss von Sarauw expects to visit in Paris and Switzerland, and travel in the Netherlands.

Miss Annable and Miss Poole are to spend the summer in the British Isles.

DREAMS.

Most of us are fortunate enough to dream, not fortunate, perhaps, if night after night we are pursued by mad bulls in our sleep, but if our dreams are entertaining, as mine generally are, I think we are to be congratulated.

In our dreams, as in our waking moments, we have images of sight, sound, taste, smell, pressure, heat, and cold. Sight images are by far the most common, but the others are not infrequent. Sometimes we reason and think things out in our

dreams, although usually our train of thought is anything but reasonable. Our images are sometimes very vivid and we remember them for a long time; at other times we wake up with a most indistinct jumble of ideas in our heads, which after awhile we straighten out, though then we remember only very vaguely. And what incongruous things we dream, and how queer it seems when we wake up that we should not have marveled at them! I often dream of flying or swimming across to Liverpool in a day, or something equally impossible, and am always so disappointed to find in the morning, that it was "only an idle dream."

We do dream such strange things and always wonder what suggested them to us. Superstitious people used to regard dreams as prophetic of some future event, but scientific study has proved them to be the revival of impressions we have received when awake. Nevertheless, it is very difficult to account for some of the remarkable coincidences we hear of. We have all heard of a person having a vision in his sleep of some drowning friend, and afterwards learning that that friend was drowned at precisely the hour of the vision. There are many like instances which quite overwhelm us when we first hear of them. We must believe in telepathy to explain these phenomena. In our waking moments, impressions are received through the senses, and the objective phase of the mind is dominant; in our sleep, on the contrary, our subjective mind rules, and we are able to bring these telepathic messages above the threshold of consciousness.

I am truly sorry for people who never dream, for they miss so much, although they must rest beautifully. How often we wake up perfectly worn out after a long succession of dreams! And sometimes we are surprised to find ourselves really crying, but it is not remarkable. Titchener says: "If in our waking moments we had ideas half as vivid as we have in our dreams we should undoubtedly move; there would be ideomotor action. The wonder is, not why we walk in our sleep, but why we do not." But it is certainly fortunate that the rest of our body does remain inactive during sleep, or we should have very little rest.

Even those who sleep a "dreamless sleep," generally do indulge in "day dreams." The vividness and realness of these dreams depend on the extent to which we allow our imagination to take us away from our present surroundings. And if we are in the mood, I think no surroundings are so attractive but that we can easily imagine ourselves somewhere else under entirely different circumstances. Our "day dreams" are mostly of the future, and what air-castles we all build! Often they depend on the past, when we wish for, or fancy, pleasant experiences to be renewed. Our "day dreams" often come at night, at least mine do, as I always lie awake and imagine things. There is one great advantage in day dreaming—we can dream what we wish, while asleep we are sometimes forced to dream most frightful things. I know a girl who, every night of her life, "pretends." She has a most vivid imagination, and I really think the happiest moments of her life are those in which she pictures to herself perfectly blissful experiences, which seem absolutely real to her and which she fully enjoys.

We can let these reveries, to a certain extent, work to our advantage, by following out any not impossible plan which might come to us. We are all looking forward with great pleasure, but with no little regret, to the end of school, and are dreaming wonderful dreams for the future. Let us hope that not all these castles we build are in Spain.

JULIETTE HUNTRESS.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

At all times of the year, except when ice and snow cover the ground, horseback riding is a most invigorating and delightful exercise. Whether riding astride or side-saddle, to feel the horse,—the friskier the better,—striding along, enjoying the exercise fully as much as his rider, is almost the best out-door form of exercise a healthy animal-loving girl can take. There is a certain feeling of risk, too, to be on a horse's back because

one does not always know the very next thing the animal will do, but this only adds to the delightful sensations of riding. My first experience at this sport was not only enjoyable but quite pathetic. I took my first lesson in a riding academy in Boston, and after being straightened out of the hopeless muddle into which my side-saddle skirt had fallen, my horse was brought around to me and the riding master was saying: "Take the reins so, on the pommel, in your right hand; put your left on my shoulder and your left foot raised. There, now when I say *three*, up you go! One, two, three!" and with a quick lift I was on the saddle. Once up there, my skirt and feet properly arranged, the cruel riding-master gave the impatient horse a tap from the rear and before I knew it I was flying around the ring, hanging on for dear life, bouncing helplessly, my hat awry, laughed at by my father and the riding-master. When the latter found I did not immediately fall off, he mounted his horse and my lesson began. The reins were to be held just so, the body erect and in motion with the horse, and my right foot hanging hopelessly over the pommel, pointed down on the horse's shoulder. At the end of the lesson, when I was on the ground once more, my legs ached, my arms were stiff, and my hair was in a sorry condition, but I was all enthusiasm with the aches. From that time I have enjoyed riding more than any sport I know of.

I found riding astride much easier although not as secure as side-saddle, and have ridden both ways a good deal. My experience with saddle-horses has not been so exciting as while driving, but it is great fun to ride a strange horse. My first pet saddle-horse was "San Toy," a very pretty chestnut cob, whom I had for nearly three years, and was as playful and gentle as a kitten. We spent many pleasant hours together, sometimes disagreeing as to the road or whether we would stop at a certain house, but he was always obedient and nice about it in the end. I had a hard time getting him fond of the beach and salt water. I used to ride him down onto the beach and by the time he had daintily, though hesitatingly, picked his way over the loose stones and driftwood, he was a bit uneasy and unfriendly towards the soft sand and breaking waves. Gradually I got him to put first one foot and then another cautiously into the water, and

then a very small harmless wave broke on his ankles, and with a jump backwards which sent my hat off into the water, he landed in the sand. Without dismounting I secured my hat from a small boy in wading and took my good patient pupil for a grand gallop on the road.

He knew every drug store in summer and insisted upon slowing up when we came near one we had ever visited before. There were various friends I rode with and with some of the horses he was good friends and with others he would act imposed upon or bored until he had left them behind to take his dust.

San Toy and I were inseparable friends all the time I had him, and understood each other unusually well, enjoying thoroughly all our rides together. He was as sorry as I was that he could not be a pupil at Rogers Hall but he is with good friends who try hard to make him enjoy life to the utmost.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

IN PARIS.

Last winter a prominent man of Boston was sent to Paris as representative of his firm in business matters. He knew absolutely nothing of the French language but managed in a short time to pick up words enough to carry on an intelligent conversation. Everyone became a martyr to his attempts at talking, and it was in this way that he fell into conversation with a young woman who sat opposite to him in a café one evening at dinner. When it came time for them to leave he felt he had added greatly to his vocabulary. Just as they were about to part she handed him a little note, then hurried off, leaving him blankly staring at some untranslatable French. He puzzled over the paper for some time, but had to give it up as too Frenchy for him. Suddenly it occurred to him he might ask the cashier to translate it for him, so he stepped up to the desk and after perusing a pocket manual and stuttering round he managed to explain what he wanted. The young man took the

slip of paper and hurriedly read it, a strange expression creeping over his face the while. Then looking at the man, he said, "I am sorry but I can not tell you what is written there." Later in the evening having returned to his hotel he spoke to the clerk in the office and begged of him the same favor. The clerk glanced down the page and a queer look came into his eyes as he looked up and said seriously, "Sir, since you have shown me that note I can not allow you to remain in this hotel to-night." Hardly before the American knew what had happened he found himself in the street, asking a gendarme to give him directions to a good hotel. By this time curiosity prompted him to ask anyone and everyone the same question about the mysterious letter and allowed the "officer" to be no exception. He watched anxiously the man's face as a look of surprise, then of determination crept over his countenance. When the note was read the gendarme tapped him lightly on the shoulder and said, "Consider yourself under arrest, since you have shown me this," giving the note back.

After much trouble the man found himself on an ocean steamer sailing for the United States. But why was he returning? His business was not transacted, he had no excuse in fact, for as yet nobody had read him the contents of that treacherous letter. He kept by himself on the sea voyage, fearing to ask any one what the note contained, and wondering how he should account for his unexpected return.

By the time the steamer had sailed into Boston harbor he had decided upon his course of action. He explained to the firm, when he stepped into the office the next morning, that his wife was ill and so he had been obliged to come home without any official results from his trip. To calm his excited wife he said that the firm had sent for him to carry on some Western deal of great importance. In this way he kept peace until he could think what course to follow. He brooded day and night until finally he worked himself into such a mental state that he was called to account for his queer behavior in the office. He decided the only way to clear himself was to confess the whole matter, so he asked one of the men to translate the note and said they would talk it over. The whole affair ended in a formal

request sent to him to resign his partnership in the business. After that the man was wild for he knew he should have to tell it all to his wife. Having signed his resignation he went to his wife determined to keep nothing from her. As preliminary to his confession he handed her the note, casually remarking, "You used to read French, perhaps you can tell me what this means." She read it and the result was that the next day she left him. As a last resort he went to the club to keep an appointment with a very staunch old friend of his. In the course of the conversation he confided the whole matter to his friend and made him promise on his word to tell him the meaning of the mysterious words. The friend looked at the paper, looked at it again, then turning to him said, "I am sorry, but it must have been written with fading ink."

HELEN DOWNER.

THE SPANISH PRISONERS.

There is something inspiring to most of us in both the Army and Navy in times of peace, but what should it be in times of war, when hundreds of men, in the prime of life, are drawn up in line of battle or stand behind the huge guns facing the great strength of the enemy?

When war is carried on in the offensive it is hard for people at home to realize that it is going on at all, as one sees few signs of it; but we were fortunate in being near enough to Kittery Navy Yard to be made to realize it.

The event that impressed me most was, I think, the unloading of the Spanish prisoners from the two great transports, the "Harvard" and the "Yale." Even before the vessels had anchored, people pushed off the shore in their various crafts to see what a closer view would reveal, and we were included in that number. As we approached the vessels we could see that all the port-holes were open, and at every single one there was an ugly black head, and usually another one behind it, trying

to see, too. From nearly every port-hole there hung lines, but they weren't fishing for fish,—they were after cigarettes or any form of tobacco, for it was a long time since they had been able to smoke, and smoking is a habit necessary, to all Spaniards. If you sent something of that sort up to them they would send down a coin, a hat band, or a button from their uniforms, for it was all that they had left.

By this time many large barges had been brought alongside and the work of unloading the prisoners commenced and lasted nearly all day. One by one, as they came up from below, each saluted the gray-haired, care-worn old man who stood at the head of the gang-way, then they passed down and stood like so much baggage crowded together on the barges. Sad, dilapidated-looking baggage it certainly was, for they all wore the most shabby clothes, once their uniforms; some without coats, most of them barefooted, and all without hats. They all wore shaggy, black beards and with their dark skin and eyes, and worn-out apparel they were a horrible sight. They looked starved and ill, and some of them had to be carried down on stretchers; even these, however, did not forget their duty for they all raised their right hand endeavoring to salute the gray-haired man who was Admiral Cervera, their brave old admiral, but their hands usually fell back after an unsuccessful attempt.

This lasted nearly all day but finally they were all landed on Seavey's Island. Then it was the time to see them in their native ways, for the prison was on the end of the island, on the open water front and enclosed at the back by a high fence with a guard-walk on the top. The prisoners lived in long low huts, but all during the day they spent their time out of doors, some playing cards, some up to their knees in the water washing clothes, and all smoking.

So it was the whole summer, and finally in September an enormous vessel came to unite many a parted family and make happy many a sad lover. This "City of Rome" came to take them all back to Spain to their Señoritas and their Señors; and although a pitiable sight, it was something we were all glad to have had a chance to see.

DOROTHY ELLINGWOOD.

CARMEN.

When I learned that I was to go into Boston to hear the opera, I was overjoyed. The opera, and Carmen, and played by Mlle. Calvé! Calvé with the wonderful voice, Calvé the graceful dancer, Calvé of those arms and hands, and of the wonderful grace with the great fan, Calvé, the only true Carmen! But a man stepped before the curtain and the audience held its breath as he announced that, owing to the indisposition of Mlle. Calvé there had been a report that she would not play that afternoon, but she had sent word that now she had sufficiently recovered and would appear in the part for which she was so noted. Everyone breathed a great sigh of relief, and a burst of applause showed the appreciation of the artist. The music began, the great curtain rose, and after a short space of playing, Carmen, the cigarette girl, an acacia flower at her mouth and a bouquet in her bodice came in to join the crowd gathered in the square. The young men gathered about her, but soon leaving them she went up to Don José, who sat apart, working. She flung her bouquet of flowers at him and ran off to the factory. He was bewitched, but Michaela, to whom he was betrothed, entered, bringing a note from his mother. Leaving him to read the note she went away to return in a short while. As he promises that Michaela shall be his wife, he starts to cast away from his vest the flowers Carmen gave him, when there is a great uproar and cigar girls run from the factory followed by officers and soldiers. In a quarrel which came to blows, Carmen has been accused of wounding a girl. José, as an officer, leads her before the captain who asks her to deny the accusation. She says nothing can compel her to make an answer, and sings mockingly, "Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la," in utter disdain of his commands. Her hands are bound and all depart leaving José to take her to prison. She tells him of her love for him and talks to him 'till he is bewitched by her fascination,

and cutting the cord about her hands lets her escape, as officers with an order for her arrest lead her away.

The second act opens in a tavern, where Escamillo, the hero of the bull fights, enters, and while the gipsies drink his health he sings the grand old song, "Toreador." He has already fallen in love with Carmen, but she, in her flirting way, gives him no hope. Don José, for releasing the gipsy, has been imprisoned for two months, but on gaining his release he comes to the inn where he and Carmen together, and alone, talk of their love. He hears the bugle calling him back to duty, but if he departs Carmen will scorn his love: her fascination conquers and José joins the wandering life.

In the next act the gipsy smugglers are scrambling over rocks in a lonely place where they are to encamp for the night. José is still true to the fickle Carmen who is already tired of her soldier. She tries her luck by reading her fortune with cards,— "Pictures! spades! a grave! They lie not; first to me, and then to him, and then to both—a grave!"*****"Well, be it so; death must come!" Later, when José is left to guard the bales, Michaela appears on the rocks behind him. A shot is fired and she disappears, but at the same time Escamillo descends the rocks holding in his hand a hat which has been pierced by a bullet. The two recognize each other and Don José, learning that his rival has come for Carmen, and that he knows her love for the dragoon is dead, vows to kill Escamillo. Both draw their knives, but as José is about to strike the toreador, Carmen rushing in, stays his arm. Soon Michaela enters, bringing news to José that his mother is dying. Carmen had told him to go, but maddened, he refused to leave her to Escamillo, until on hearing the sad news he leaves with Michaela, saying to Carmen, "I quit you; but we shall meet again." As the toreador's song is heard in the distance the two disappear behind the rocks.

The last act opens before the gates of the old Arena on the day of the bull fight. Amid great cheers, escorted by a long procession, Escamillo appears with Carmen, magnificently dressed. They part, and Escamillo enters the arena and the gates are closed. Carmen is warned to go away for José is in the crowd watching her! but she refuses, saying, "I am no

coward to tremble at José. If he will speak to me I am here." The people make their way into the circus and Carmen is left alone. José appears. He pleads with her for her love. She refuses. They hear shouts for the victorious toreador, and Carmen moves towards the circus, but José blocks her way. She commands him to go, but he refuses. He is tired of threats; she says, "Cease then,—or let me pass." He begs again, "No!" and taking his ring from her finger she flings it away. "All is ended!" he draws his poniard and rushes at her. She draws back but he follows her and as the chorus of victory is heard he stabs her to the heart. She falls into his arms, and as the crowd comes from the circus with the victorious toreador, José yields himself to them, saying, "I have killed her."

It was a rare treat to hear in one opera so many fine voices. M. Dippel, tenor, was very good for the part of Don José and M. Journet, bass, as Escamillo had a splendid voice for the noted toreador song. Marguerite Semon was very pretty as the peasant girl, Michaela, and made a great success in the song, "I try not to own." Mlle. Emma Calvé possesses unexcelled grace in the motions of her arms and hands and is the wonderful Carmen, who can never be surpassed.

SIBYL WRIGHT.

WON—A DUCK DINNER.

"Well Jack, old man, this is a strenuous life we're leading."

"Only because you make it so," came the reply.

"Oh yes, I know that you pride yourself on your indifference to the fair sex but, By Jove, she isn't like the rest; I only hope that she won't waste her affections on your good looks."

"I assure you that I appreciate your thoughtfulness and fully trust that you will do all in your power to prevent that calamity."

"There; take that Creig!"

"Ah-ho! Another county heard from! I thought you were asleep, Tom."

"You speak of sleep? Why, man, I haven't slept since the 'Colonial' arrived last Monday night."

At this last remark Jack enjoys a good laugh, rises from his luxurious arm-chair and paces the floor of Creig Lambert's bachelor apartments. As he does so, each of the other occupants of the room watches him enviously, wishing that he were not nearly so tall and broad or had such glorious eyes.

"Oh you may laugh, sir, but even you aren't entirely proof against arrows, I'll warrant. If she had been out canoeing with you last night"—

"Or driving with you in the afternoon," chimed in Creig, at which he received a very cloudy look from Tom who continued, however, "that you would be worse than any of us. It's only because you don't see her alone, at her best, so we'll excuse you."

"Thanks, fellows! That is a sure proof of your friendship, but if you think that it is noticeable that I have not lost my head like all the rest of society, and that Mrs. Radcliffe would feel hurt, I will begin over and put in my oar now." At that both "fellows" grew alarmed and only Tom's confession saved the day.

"I'm sorry, old man, but you kn-know that I thought that Miss Clayton herself might feel hurt at the indifference you have manifested, so I just told her that you always had been that way with girls, even when you were in college. I added that we always understood because we knew about a girl you had always been fond of, a-an-and she got so much interested that I just went on—you don't mind, do you, Jack?—and told her all that I didn't know about your sweetheart. N-now you surely can't care, and I kept her to myself a long while so it-its all right isn't it?" After this Tom felt much better; a load had fallen from his conscience. As to Jack, far from being angry, as both of his chums had feared, he laughed so heartily and so long that Creig and Tom wondered if Miss Clayton had heard a true story.

Marian and Raymond Radcliffe were entertaining Miss Clayton of New Jersey who had been Marian's room-mate at school. Miss Clayton was very attractive and had very much

pleased Boston society. Creig Lambert and Tom Hamilton were very frequent visitors at the Radcliffe home and had heard much of Miss Clayton's attractions, so that each was rejoiced when told that at last she was to make a long-promised visit with them all. Creig was somewhat taken back when he got a letter from his Princeton chum, Jack Harding, saying that he was coming to spend a week with him. He had not seen Jack since the good old times at college, but he was then the handsomest and the most popular man of his class, and Creig had visions of Tom and himself viewing the fun with Marian's friend, from, the "benches" if Jack were about. What was his surprise, then, to find that Jack amused himself fishing and gunning while everybody else grew excited over Miss Clayton.

The week in Boston was a very eventful one for her. She had been royally entertained, still she seemed to want just something more, no one could guess what.

The last night of her visit came, and Marian was giving a farewell dinner. That night Alice Clayton was radiant! She was gowned most becomingly and made the life of the party. Her smile was for everyone, and she wasn't in the least aware that so many adoring eyes followed her every move. After the dinner she was to be driven to the South Station in time to take the "Federal." Each man who knew her was trying to get the courage to ask her if he might go down with her, so afraid that some one would get ahead of him, but she skilfully avoided every one until at last the crash came,—Jack asked her if he might have that pleasure. With just the smile that every man in the party would have sold his soul for she "accepted his kindness." Tom and Creig simply gasped for breath and called Jack all sorts of things mentally.

When the farewells had been said and Jack and the "adorable Miss Clayton" were shut into the cab, the guests returned to the house. Marian collected them in the library, saying that so long as her guest had gone she would read them one of her letters. After several sly glances at her husband, she commenced:

My dearest Marian,—You are just the dearest girl that ever lived to ask us to visit you in dear old Boston, and we will

gladly accept your hospitality. Tell that husband of yours that Jack says he will take up his bet and see who wins out. You know Ray said that he would bet Jack that before the week was out everybody would know that we were bride and groom. Well, Jack has a great old plan and it will be heaps of fun. I am to visit you as Miss Clayton again, and Jack will visit an old college chum of his there,—Creig Lambert. If society finds out that we are Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Jack puts up the dinner; on the other hand, if we meet the same people and are thrown more or less together for a week and are not found out, then it will be up to Ray. Don't you think it will be a lark, dear? If you do not approve of this foolish prank, do say so; but if you do I'm right in for it—for one week.

Thanks a thousand times for your invitation and look for me on the date you set. I will write later in regard to trains, etc. Remember me to Ray, and tell him to save his pennies for our—duck dinner. Lovingly,

Alice Clayton Harding.

ANNA R. ODGEN.

HIS DREAM.

It was low tide, the sand on the long beach was still dark, and little rivulets of salt water ran down into the ocean, which sparkled in the sun and tossed the baby waves merrily onto the shore. The beach was a deserted place, far away from the busy world, and the only person who had cared to plod through the miles of long eel-grass and climb the sand dunes, was a young sad-faced boy. He lived in the village to the west. His school-mates thought him queer and silly, for did he not shun their company and never talk but to the two old bony horses that the village possessed? To them he told all, he sat on their backs, wound his slender arms about their necks and told them his love for them, for horses; he even told them of his desire for beautiful chargers; he knew the poor animals would not mind,

for they alone understood him, and he loved them. It was when his two village friends were working that the boy made his way to the deserted beach and dreamed his dream,—of the horses he would have, of the one horse he would love, teach, and understand.

On this day he lay at full length on the warm sand, resting his golden head on his arms, and dreaming his dream, when a small speck slowly approached through the eel-grass, gradually taking the shape of a man on horse-back. The horse and rider drew near; it was a splendid beast, and the man rode him as if he loved him. Urging the charger over the dunes, he dismounted, unsaddled and picketed his horse, then he himself lay down, not far off.

At this moment the boy on the beach looked up. Outlined against the clear blue sky was a horse, the horse of his dreams. He started to his feet with a low cry of joy, stretched out his arms and then stood still, gazing, as if at a vision. At last his dream had come true. He half glided to the horse's side and then sprang lightly onto his bare back—tenderly he touched the charger's neck, leaned slightly forward, and in a second they were racing madly up the beach. The boy's heart thumped until he thought it would burst; he clung to the horse with his bare legs, and seemed a part of the splendid animal. They were together, they understood each other, he and the horse. It had been his one passion and it had come at last. He and the horse were going on and on, forever! And they went on and on forever, until they had climbed the cliff which ended so abruptly and sank down into the deep murderous-looking ocean.

The man back on the beach sleepily watched the ebbing of the tide and nobody saw the end of the boy's dream.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

A FOREST FIRE.

The farther side of South Mountain was in flames. The smoke was rising in great volumes over the crest of the hill, and now and then the reflection of the fire could be seen shining brightly on the trunks of the silver birches.

It was in late afternoon of a hot August day and the forests were as dry as only maple and fir can be when there has been scarcely any rain for more than a month. South Mountain was directly connected with town by a chainwork of two miles of wood lots.

As the day faded, the beautiful sunset in the west blended with the wonderful tints on the sky in the south, and as the sun was lost from sight and the color grew less vivid, the reflection from the fire only increased, leaving the sky lighted and making the moon and stars dim and silvery; only to become more and more so as the flames fast spread over the hill and rose higher and higher up the great trunks of the trees.

The fire-bells were ringing at nine o'clock and by ten a nearby city had been telegraphed for reserve forces. No one thought of sleeping, the awful grandeur of the lights playing upon the sky and in the rivers was so fascinating that time could not be reckoned.

As we watched the fire fast creeping down the mountain side, attack the rolling foothills, disappearing from sight only to rise again over the top of the trees with ever increasing fierceness as it drew near, now and then reaching a sugar or logging camp, or perhaps, as it found a dry haycock or hay stored in stacks until it could be drawn in the winter, burst out into high smokeless flames. In another place the fire reaches logs ready for sledding, and it burns and smolders amongst them and still advancing, leaves in its path a trail of charred wood still smoking and glowing.

As it neared the village we could easily discern the firemen rushing about in the vain attempt to check the advance of the

flames, but it was beyond human control. The wind was rising very fast by midnight, driving the fire on to the destruction of the village. As the wind increased, the heat became unbearable. It drove right over the fire to the town, forcing us to realize what the awfulness of the situation really was, and what it might become. Many of the men were exhausted and were carried between the tongues of flame and laid upon the black ground beyond, to revive.

Glancing toward the east, black surging clouds could be seen rising very swiftly and hiding the stars from sight. Peals of distant thunder could be heard and the sky was rent by jagged lightning. We did not realize that in this our deliverance was near at hand, for often sudden thunder storms came over some of the nearby lakes. But slowly and surely the clouds rose directly above us; then, after ten minutes of terrible suspense, the rain poured down in torrents, the rosy sky was changed to one of blackness torn by vivid flashes of lightning, quickly followed by heavy claps of thunder.

As the sun rose an hour later, the clouds rolled away leaving only the hazy circles about the sun where the smoke seemed to have risen. Smoldering logs and brushwood lay about, but the storm had helped the firemen so they had perfect control over the fire's advance, and in three days no traces could be seen but the blackness of the demon's path.

MARGARET BURNS.

HOW TO ENJOY NATURE.

If you are not a lover of nature, study the moon.

Those, glorious summer nights! If possible, get away from the living things, and watch the evening and the arrival of the moon. The most perfect place is on the water.

Out on the water I sped, a very tired and unhappy girl. It was about seven in the evening, the water was clear and calm; everything about seemed so still. After paddling for some

minutes to get beyond the shadows of the high cliff, I pulled in my paddle and waited. The heavens were of that slate color, that one could not see a single cloud. The air was crisp and refreshing; something made me glance around, I felt so alone. But soon up rose the moon from over the cliff. How silently it had come into view; pale, sad, and yet stately it moved upward; I watched, as if it were some god, ever climbing heavenward. The paleness disappeared and a rather golden color slipped in its place. Whether the heavens being so much darker,—in fact almost black, with the exception of the twinkling stars,—made the moon appear more golden I do not know. How beautiful it all was! the moon so peaceful! so restful!

The night had come! Could it be possible? It seemed as if I had been drifting about but a few minutes; I soon found out when I reached land, that I had been out longer than a few minutes, as my legs were very stiff.

That moon impressed me! filled me with new ambitions, new life! When I entered the brilliantly lighted hall of our home and saw several girls and boys that had arrived in my absence, for once I was not pleased at seeing them; I wanted to go back and be with that stern, severe, yet restful moon.

Kind friends, if a night like the one I have tried to describe won't make you lovers of nature, nothing will. Try yourselves on a night like this,—there will be plenty more,—and the test will be fair; then if you say you hate nature, I will not doubt your word.

ALICE RAMSDELL.

DAILY THEMES.

When he was still very young, he had developed a vivid imagination, and each day brought a new fad to his busy little brain.

One day he stopped me as I was coming out of the gate, and confronted me with a weird story that went somewhat like this: "Well! I've had a hard night's work! I've been night-

watchman! and I caught ten men, all drunk, and wild ones too! Yep, I had a hard time but I got 'em all right, but anyway I'm a big fellow!"

I am not an ardent admirer of children, but this child I can not resist, and I knew there was a method in his madness when he stopped me, so I said, "Well, Harlan, you may go down town with me."

One night, not long after, my young friend did a peculiar thing. After the family had gone to bed, Harlan slipped down stairs, unlocked the front door and started out, alone. He went about a mile from home and finally reaching a street that winds up a steep hill, he began to keep a night-watch. Up and down the hill he went, a strange little figure in pink pajamas.

How long he stayed is uncertain, but his mother waking suddenly, went to his room and found his bed empty. Thinking that he must be in another room, she began to hunt for him, but it was useless. Then as she passed the front hall window on her way to awaken his father, she saw a tall man coming up the walk holding by the hand, the tired little night-watchman.

JULIA LOUISE HYDE.

As we glided over the silent water all was dark, save the farther shore with its scattered row of houses. Under the bank we floated and under the arch of the overhanging trees, in which the blood-red moon hung like a Japanese lantern. We heard the ripple of a little brook hurrying to the sea and "Splash!" one by one, as we interrupted their serenade, the frogs jumped into the water and swam home. As we passed a creek, the damp, musty smell of a swamp came to us but it was soon overcome by the smell of tobacco. We were now floating with the current and as we rounded the last bend, we felt on our faces the cool night air, and with that were wafted the sweet strains of, "A Congo Love Song."

DOROTHY ELLINGWOOD.

A little dirty oily rag,
'Tis what I've used for dusting;
The sun beats in on it all day
When pop! it is combusting.

SIBYL WRIGHT.

In front of a small shop in a very small street, a group of very dirty small children took up most of the sidewalk. The color of their naturally red faces was brightened by blotches of strawberry jam and their hands looked as though the street had come in contact with them very forcibly. The very dirtiest of the three was tugging at a large coarse bag of some sort, and from the bottom of the bag we could just discern two tiny feet. The bag walked, and squealed, too, and the other children squealed in concert. We watched to see if the bag would ever take human shape, and soon, with the aid of the other two children, the contents emerged in the shape of a dear little red haired baby.

MARY BARD.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DELIVERANCE.

The Deliverance, by Ellen Glasgow, is a story of the Virginia tobacco plantations. Intensely interesting, full of life and action, it keeps the mind of the reader absorbed until the end. Hate incited by pride striving against a strong fascination that finally ends in love, a temptation which proves too strong, atoned for in a way that is hard to understand, and the loving affection for an old and afflicted mother are the principal motives on which this novel is based.

Christopher, the only son of an old aristocratic family who for more than two hundred years inhabited Blake Hall, is at an early age forced to leave his education and high ideals and

work as a common laborer to support his mother, two sisters, and a helpless uncle. It is the old story of the overseer taking advantage of his master, little by little, until he has taken his home and wealth, but not his name. What wonder that Christopher becomes a mere brute with a desire only for revenge,—what wonder that he, with his powerful influence over Bill Fletcher's grandson, leads him on gradually to the bad until too late he repents; yet all this time he is not without the signs of a true hero. His rescue of Will Fletcher and afterwards owning that if he had known who it was in the carriage he would not have raised his hand to help, and after separating grandson from grandfather he realized his crime, taking the punishment of Will Fletcher upon himself as his own,—these are the signs.

Maria, sent away early in her life to boarding-school in the north, has none of that coarseness of nature which is so repulsive in her grandfather and brother; but it is only after her marriage, when tied down to an insane man, one whom she loathed and despised and to whom she was faithful until his death, that we see her true, generous, and loving character, better fitted to fill her true position as mistress of Blake Hall as Christopher Blake's wife.

One cannot help pitying the hard position of Cynthia, unused to hard labor and remembering the grand old days in the Hall, forced to bear the brunt of the work; but the unselfish way in which she does it,—the unwillingness to allow Lila to become coarsened like herself by hard labor, the self-denial in order to continue the constant lie in which they surround their blind old mother who for twenty years has had no idea of what utter poverty she was living in,—shows truly what a strong character she possessed.

It is Uncle Tucker's bright, cheery, and wholesome nature that keeps up the spirits of this entire family. No matter how gloomy it may seem, Uncle Tucker can see the bright, good side of it. It was his love of nature that gave him the strength to be so cheerful and courageous in his helpless condition, and to strengthen others with his own courage.

HILDA TALMAGE.

THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY.

"The Memoirs of a Baby," is one of Josephine Dodge Daskam's prettiest and cleverest books. No one without sympathy for children could have written a book of this kind so well.

She is a graduate of Smith, and as such all Rogers Hall girls ought to be especially interested in her, and read her books even if they were not so interesting and humorous as they are.

It may be wrong to speak of the pictures of the book here, but I think that it would be very incomplete without them. There are so many of them and they are so well done that they seem part of the story, at least they add greatly to the interest and value of the book.

I think Binks, from the author's description of him, must have been the dearest baby in the world, with the prettiest and daintiest of mothers.

MARY PILLSBURY.

SIR MORTIMER.

In Mary Johnston's latest novel, "Sir Mortimer," the hero, Sir Mortimer Ferne, from whom the book takes its name, is one of those gallant Elizabethan gentlemen who served his country and himself, by preying on Spanish commerce in the New World.

Sir Mortimer goes on an expedition to the West Indies for this purpose and is at first very successful, but later the expedition meets with a terrible defeat. Sir Mortimer is taken prisoner by the Spaniards and by a trick that is perfectly fiendish in its ingenuity, is made to believe that he betrayed his comrades while under torture. He returns to England but his honor and name are stained forever. He parts with his sweetheart, Damarus Smedley, and goes away, nobody knows where. At last, however, as a matter of course, he is proved innocent and comes back to England with Damarus' colors on his sword hilt.

The book makes very exciting reading, and if any one begins it I do not think he will want to leave it until he has read the last line. It is very handsomely bound and has some charming illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

GRACE SMITH.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE TALE OF A MASTODON.

It was late in the Miocene period that the Mastodon of this tale lived.

He was a great disappointment to his mother. You see the trouble with him was that he had only two teeth, those most prized possessions of a Mastodon.

During his early years he was the butt of the whole herd and was scolded roundly every time he came in sight of his mother, which was hard to help doing because of his great size. If it hadn't been for his innate good nature, it is terrible to think what his temper must have been during his youth.

In about his two-hundredth year it suddenly came into his head that he might get away from all these disagreeable Mastodons and either join some other herd or else wander about alone.

It took him ninety-nine days to make up his mind, but at the end of that time he definitely decided to become a roving Mastodon.

In a few weeks he started out and wandered off, gamboling about playfully, grinning from ear to ear and playing ball with the boulders that lay in his path.

Finally he looked around cautiously, and seeing that he was well away from his herd, he threw up his head, opened wide his mouth, curling back his lips from his red gums, and yawned rapturously. It was his first real yawn, and he found it perfectly grand. Again and again he did it, opening his mouth wider each time, till finally some strange bird flew in and nearly choked him. After that he was more moderate.

This life was glorious and for another century of his life he lived in seclusion. Then he began to have a strange feeling in his mouth and going down to a spring to find what the trouble was, he discovered that his teeth had grown at last.

For a long time he grinned to himself in the spring, first holding his head on one side and then on the other, trying the effect of pose after pose, then suddenly he became homesick and without more delay he turned and started for home.

For many days he wandered about vainly hunting 'till at last he came in sight of the herd just on the other side of a wide swamp.

Swamps are dangerous to Mastodons on account of their weight and size, but this lonely Mastodon had no fear, besides the swamp extended as far as he could see on either side, so in he plunged boldly and struggled through. It was not 'till he was almost at the bank that he began to sink. Loudly he called, but the Mastodons recognized his voice and only laughed to each other.

Long years after, a man came into this very swamp and dug up the remains of the Mastodon. You may find him in some museum sometime perhaps, and would recognize him by his beautiful rows of teeth.

MARY PILLSBURY.

POPLARS GROWING ON THE ISLANDS.

One of the chief things my father does at our home near Buenos Ayres is to grow poplars. There are growing there on the island more than half a million of these trees, planted on scientific principles in plantations which show the product in all stages of development, between slips about a year old and good sized trees about ten years old.

The work is easy, for the planting means merely the sticking into the ground of slips cut from other trees. It is fabled of this land that anything will sprout and grow if not dead and dried, and protected upon the end by a metal cap. People often ask what these are good for. This seems strange to us who have lived there, but it is an easy matter to explain. The world is hungry in these days for stock for paper-making, and experiments have determined that the poplar affords one of the best of such materials. Then, too, the wood is excellent for boxes

and packing cases. Waste and branches make good broom-handles or provide fuel.

The trees have usually been sent to a saw-mill in a town a few miles away, but this year my father took down a mill from the States and has set it up on his island. The Lombardy and Carolina poplars, I believe, are used more than any other poplar.

It is very interesting to watch the trees and measure how much they grow every year, and you will be surprised to see how much they really do grow.

GLADYS LAWRENCE.

THE FIRST TIME THAT I EVER SWAM.

It was a warm day in August, two summers ago, when my friend and I decided to go in bathing. Ethel, for that was her name, could swim very well and I could with a life-preserver which quite swallowed me up. When we reached the shore she said that I must try to swim without that life-preserver. I said right then that although I was much too large for my age and looked as if I might do some little feeble thing, it would be an impossibility. When the water was about up to our waists we started towards the float, which was just about twice over our heads. At last we reached it, climbed up, and sat down to rest a few minutes. When we were rested again we were just going to jump into the water when suddenly I thought that the life-preserver might be a little loose. So I asked Ethel to see that it was tight, but instead of doing that she untied it all, so that when I jumped into the water it came off. I then thought that my last day had come and set up a loud yell, which was only followed by shouts from the people on shore and the frantic barks of my little fox-terrier, the only thing that sympathized with me.

I can only say that I finally reached shore,—how, I can't remember,—and vowed that I should never go in bathing again; a vow which was broken the next morning.

CAROLINE M. WILD.

RECIPE FOR A GOOD PICNIC.

Take a very blue sky, a warm day, a few little breezes, and a large portion of sunshine.

Add a large carriage, haycart preferred, throw in a dozen small boys and girls, and mix with laughter and jokes.

After stirring fifteen minutes, empty into a large grove of pine-trees and place near a small lake with a few row-boats. Keep several large baskets of eatables nearby for they will be needed later.

After boiling for two hours, gather into one large bunch and empty the baskets. Their contents will mix well, and soon all will be assimilated.

Then boil as before until the strength is partly gone; then return the boys and girls to the haycart. After about fifteen minutes, scatter, and lay out on white beds to cool.

You must sprinkle generously with plenty of laughter, good will, good temper and generosity, and this recipe is sure to succeed.

HAZEL CHADWICK.

SCHOOL NEWS.

FORBES ROBERTSON IN "HAMLET."

During my Easter vacation I was invited to a Tuesday matinée to see Forbes Robertson in "Hamlet." The audience was quite an interesting one as the matinee was given on Tuesday so that actors and actresses might be able to see this wonderful tragedian.

Forbes Robertson is an eminent English actor who has roused much admiration among his fellow-actors and actresses. The part of Ophelia is beautifully taken by his wife, Gertrude Elliot, Maxine Elliot's sister. The scenery, I think, is the most beautiful I have ever seen. In the scene where Hamlet follows the ghost to the shore you see the sun rise on the water and you can almost feel the freshness of the dawn.

Forbes Robertson was applauded at the end of almost every speech, and at the end of the play he was called out six times, but that was not enough to satisfy the enthusiastic audience, and when he came out the seventh time cries of "Speech, speech" were heard all over the house. Soon there was silence for Forbes Robertson was speaking. He thanked them for their attention and enthusiasm and also added that an actor would rather win applause from five brother actors and actresses than from fifty people off the streets.

ELIZABETH ARNOLD JAMES.

On Wednesday, the sixth of April, I had the great chance of seeing Forbes Robertson in "Hamlet." This experience was one that I shall always remember, not only because I saw the great tragedian himself but because the play was given with no scenery, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and Harvard students took the parts of the audience, when "Hamlet" was given in Shakespeare's time. Sanders Theatre was also arranged to look as much as possible like a theatre of that time. Right in front of the stage was an open place, strewn with rushes where the common people (of Shakespeare's time) sat, and on each side were boxes for the "quality." The students were exceptionally good; there were dashing cavaliers, blacksmiths, pages, coquettish maidens and the like, all squabbling, pushing, and fighting for seats.

As for the play itself, words can hardly describe it. Having no scenery seemed to make it more interesting and wonderful.

The actors and actresses were all good and Forbes Robertson's wife, as Ophelia, won great applause. But the applause for Robertson was magnificent. Even after the play was over hardly one in the large theatre moved to go. I hardly believed Americans could be so enthusiastic. Robertson made a short speech in which he expressed his thanks and spoke a few words on playing without scenery. Flowers and wreaths were carried on the stage to Hamlet and Ophelia. Even after the curtain had been drawn for good the audience was loath to leave. But all the clapping and cheering possible could not bring Forbes Robertson out again.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

We were glad to welcome Helen Lovell, who took dinner here on Wednesday after the Easter vacation.

For some days before April the fifteenth, we had been looking forward to Mr. Underhill's presentation of "The Rivals," Richard Sheridan's most well-known play. Those of us who heard Mr. Darrach give selections from "Twelfth Night" knew what to expect from Mr. Underhill and we were not in the least disappointed. He took each part so well that there was no more need of a regular cast than there was need of scenery and stage settings in the Ben Greet Company's presentation of Shakespeare's plays. Captain Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop were the most interesting characters that Mr. Underhill represented. Mrs. Malaprop's way of twisting up large words was extremely amusing and caused such merriment as was never before allowed in the school-room. Mr. Underhill ended his delightful recitation with the duel scene, which was decidedly funny.

With Miss Kalliwoda and Miss Annable as chaperones some of the girls enjoyed a delightful concert given by Createore and his band at Huntington Hall, on Saturday, April sixteenth. His selections were well known to most of the girls especially to those studying music. "William Tell" was played magnificently and surely the composer would have appreciated it could he have heard his "Pilgrim's Chorus," from "Tannhauser."

HELEN J. PRATT.

Notwithstanding the fact that April eighteenth came on Monday, as a special treat, the girls chaperoned by Miss Parsons went to see the new comic opera, "The Will o' the Wisp," given by the Pi Eta society of Harvard, in the Lowell Opera House.

The scene of this play is laid in Freedom Junction, a typical New England town, where on May-day Mr. Irving N. Ketcham, a showman, has his marvelous exhibition of the world's wonders. The showman meets Caleb Sweet, a wealthy farmer, entices him into his snares and influences him to invest a large amount of money in the stock of a gold mine which is really worthless. Sweet, who is fond of money and a good time, invests nearly all

of his fortune. Two days later the showman leaves town and his wife, otherwise known as Belle Equestria, who has succeeded in stealing the stock from her husband, gives it to Caleb but tells him it is of no value. Sweet is broken-hearted and looks to his friends for consolation. Swift, a young lawyer, who is deeply in love with Caleb's daughter, Priscilla Sweet, investigates and finds out that the mine really is of value if ten thousand dollars can be raised to mine it. He plans, therefore, to gain the affections of Lucretia Smart, a young widow, who is in love with a wealthy Jew, Ikey Ikklehopper, and persuades her to get the necessary ten thousand from him. Swift succeeds in getting the money, the mine turns out to be of great value, and Caleb, who becomes very rich, promises his daughter in marriage to Swift, while the widow now spurns the Jew and marries Sweet.

D. P. Cook as Lucretia, the gay grass widow, makes a most fascinating woman and takes his part to perfection. Mr. Andrews as Priscilla Sweet was also very good, but he did not quite live up to his part of a sweet young country lass. Mr. Whorf as Mr. Ketcham showed excellent acting in an amusing yet difficult part, and Mr. Fisher as Caleb Sweet was very clever and funny, while Mr. Shirk as Ikey Ikklehopper made a capital Hebrew. Another feature deserving great praise was Chipman's solo dance and one could hardly imagine that this graceful dancer was a man.

The songs were exceedingly good, "The Wedding of the Widow and the Jew" and the "Spinning Song" being two of the best.

LEILA WASHBURN.

As April twenty-third is not only the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday but also the birthday of Mary Bard, president of the House, we all knew that something would be done. We spent a pleasant afternoon in her room, where she served tea to the Hall girls from four to four-thirty, and from four-thirty to five to the House girls. After dinner we expected the usual dance which we have every Saturday evening, but upon rising from the table we were told to go into the school-room where we each received a programme and went upstairs to the "gym." Here we were surprised to find Miss Stevens

seated at the piano which was very prettily covered with the flowers Mary had received. Another surprise was in store for us, after the first few dances three of the girls brought their callers from the drawing-room. This made it all the jollier and when the dance broke up, we all agreed that we had a grand time.

MARGUERITE ROESING.

A number of the girls went with Miss Poole on Friday afternoon, April the twenty-ninth, to the Middlesex Woman's Club to hear Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of the Outlook, lecture on "The Ideals of American Life." Mr. Mabie certainly has a most charming manner, and his subject was so interesting that we all came back with most enthusiastic appreciation of having been born Americans.

Saturday evening, April thirtieth, about half the school girls chaperoned by Miss von Sarauw saw John Drew in "Second in Command." Everyone was glad of the opportunity of seeing this popular actor.

The senior frivolities began Tuesday night, May third,. We were asked by Miss Dorothy to go to see some selections from the "Cadet Theatricals" given in the vestry room of the High Street Church.

Mr. Drew, as a mimic was very good and those of us who had seen the several actors he impersonated, saw how exceedingly well, and with what remarkable skill, he imitated. Mr. Joseph Seabury was in fact "an artist of great merit," and by his child monologue and darkey songs kept the audience in peals of laughter. The quartet sang several songs, and the tenor, Mr. Walter E. Anderton, had a wonderful yet musical voice, strong and in perfect tone.

After the seemingly short programme was completed, ice cream and cake were served, which to a schoolgirl, "just put the finishing touches on," and made the evening one long to be remembered.

On Field Day, Eva Gregg came back to visit Hilda Talmage, her room-mate of last year. In the evening Hilda gave a tea to

Mrs. Underhill and the old girls for Eva. The tea was served on the piazza of the House, which was fixed up very prettily with easy chairs and sofa cushions.

After the tea Helen Pratt kindly played some pieces on the mandolin for us, and then we sang college songs until about ten when we ended with "Good Night, Ladies." Then we said good night to Hilda, thanked her for the lovely time she had given us, and said how nice it was to have Eva back with us again.

SALLIE HODGKINS.

Much to every one's delight supper was served on the lawn Sunday evening, May tenth. The girls gathered around the tables and sat under the trees on sofa cushions and rugs, enjoying the freedom of eating out of doors and feeling very grateful to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Dorothy for giving them this pleasure.

MACBETH.

When it was learned that Miss O'Neil was to give two of her plays in Lowell, much excitement reigned among the girls. We were anxious to see Miss O'Neil because of the applause she had won from Boston and particularly because her father was a former resident of Lowell. He was one of the "forty-niners" and went to California. His wife was a Virginian and they made their home in Oaklands where Gertrude Lamson was born. She became interested in the stage at an early age and longed for the time when she might go "before the footlights." When she was still very young she was taken into the company of McKee Rankin who gave her the name which she still goes by,—Nance O'Neil. She assumed this name because her parents did not approve of her going on the stage. For twelve years she has labored and just this year won great fame.

When in Lowell she did not play Macbeth, so we waited until she was back in Boston and then on May eleventh, Miss Parsons chaperoned a party of us to the matinée. Most of us had studied Macbeth and were familiar with the lines, but how different they seemed to us from Miss O'Neil, who surely idealizes Lady Macbeth. She brought out with great force the power which Lady Macbeth had over her

husband and showed her woman's tenderness and how she could stifle it, making herself a perfect fiend for the love she bore him. Her power over others and great control of herself she shows plainly in the banqueting scene where one minute she rages with Macbeth to quiet his fears of the ghost, next assures his guests in the calmest manner that his raving is no unusual occurrence and with her sweetest smile wishes "a kind good-night to all" and begs them to be gone.

In the sleep-walking scene she reaches her greatest art. She carries the audience breathlessly through the whole murder and the impression it made upon her mind, and when at the last she is awakened from her awful nightmare by striking the wall she shrieks time and time again, making it horribly realistic. That is the last she appears and it seems a great shame that such a character should be dropped so early in the play. The scenic effects were fine, particularly those at "Inverness" and the witch scenes. The company was good but in such decided contrast to the great art of Miss O'Neil. Macduff was splendid and deserves special mention.

After the death of Macbeth the whole cast, excepting Lady Macbeth, appeared at the finale rejoicing. Then our party hurried for the North Station and once on the train for Lowell everybody was talking of the grand time we had had, and of Miss O'Neil's art and Macbeth.

NAN OGDEN.

On Thursday evening, May the twelfth, the Reverend Doctor and Mrs. Chambré came to dinner. At the table Mrs. Underhill announced, to our great delight, that Dr. Chambré was going to talk to us awhile after dinner about his travels abroad. At half-past seven we all filed into the drawing room congratulating ourselves that we were going to miss study hour as well as hear a very interesting account of some of the principal places in Europe.

First Dr. Chambré told us about his visit to the home of his ancestors at Burton Hall. The estate was given to one of his ancestors by William the Conqueror, and it has remained in the family ever since, and the Hall has been standing in perfectly good order ever since it was built.

Next he told us about Westminster Abbey where he had sung in the choir when a boy. That was especially interesting as he knew all the rooms, all the cloisters, and even all the corners in the Abbey of which you are hardly ever told. After this he gave us a very amusing account of his first and last experience of golfing on the St. Andrew Golf Links in Scotland.

Then he told us about many interesting things in Paris and about the beautiful Saint Chapelle which used to be one of the King's places of worship; and there the talk came to an end and we were all very sorry to say good-night to Dr. and Mrs. Chambré, but we all went to bed feeling that we knew a great deal more about England and France than we had ever known before.

ELIZABETH ARNOLD JAMES.

A VISIT TO WELLESLEY.

Mrs. Underhill received a note during the week from Bernice and Ethel Everett and Alice Mather, old Rogers Hall girls, asking her to bring college girls and those who were here when they were, to spend Saturday afternoon of the fourteenth with them at Wellesley. When we arrived at the station we were cordially greeted by them and Laura Kimball, another graduate of Rogers Hall, and welcomed to Wellesley. We then started on our way to the campus, stopping now and then to look at some dormitory or old dwelling. At last we turned into the campus and took a road that led us along the lake. We never could have imagined a place more ideal or more beautiful, the trees were almost entirely out, the lake was perfectly calm, here and there a canoe could be seen, and away across on the other side we could see the beautiful Italian gardens. Now coming out of College Hall we saw a merry party of six, starting out to spend the afternoon canoeing, the boys carrying the pillows and oars, one girl carrying a box which we suspect contained the lunch. In a few minutes we stood before Memorial Chapel, an imposing stone building, but on entering we find that the inside is even more beautiful. Here the girls assemble every morning for chapel, and the places where the different classes sit were pointed out to us. Next we went to the art building and then

on to College Hall, where we were shown the different parts that would interest us most, such as the Browning room, Faculty room, and Library, but when "going through Harriet" was explained to me, I decided that the girls at college must have almost as much fun as we have at boarding-school. In one of the main Halls is a large statue of Harriet Martineau; under the round of her chair, every girl is pulled before she leaves the college, usually at some Hallowe'en frolic, and if the girl happens to be so unfortunate that she is so large she sticks, she is taken by the heels and pulled back.

From here we went to the A. K. X., a sophomore fraternity. Here Laura was obliged to leave us because a freshman is not allowed to enter. It was a most charming little building, built after the style of an old Roman house. Here we had tea and after a short rest, we started on our way to the station yet we had one more pleasure in store for us. At the house of Miss Eastman, one of our trustees, Mrs. Underhill stopped to call, and Miss Eastman invited us all to come in. We were introduced to Miss Perry, and Miss Eastman made our call a most delightful one. All of the girls were crazy about her dog, Laddie, a most beautiful white collie.

At the station we said goodbye to our hostesses, thanking them for the beautiful time that they had given us. This delightful visit made those of the girls who were preparing for college glad that they were some day going to have that ideal life; and those who were not, almost wished that they, too, had taken a college preparatory course. HILDA TALMAGE.

Wednesday afternoon, May eighteenth, the House girls charmingly entertained the Hall with a delightful tea.

It was served in the House drawing room, and on the stairs and in various corners were heaped pillows, while great bowls of lilacs and apple blossoms on the several mantle-pieces added much to the attractiveness.

In honor of Dr. Chambré's twentieth anniversary as rector of St. Anne's Church, the oldest church in Lowell, Dr. and Mrs. Chambré were given a delightful reception on Thursday evening, May nineteenth.

Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons chaperoned the girls to the reception which was given in the parish rooms of St. Anne's, where we were all cordially welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Chambré and enjoyed meeting the people of the parish.

After recess on Friday, May the thirteenth, we all went into the drawing-room to hear an informal musicale given by the pupils of Miss Shorey and Mrs. Kerwin. The girls all did remarkably well and showed the splendid results of their teachers' careful training. The programme was as follows:—

Two Waltzes	Schubert
				Alice Ramsdell				
Minuet	Mozart
				Ruth Heath				
Little Boy Blue	L'Hardelot
				Priscilla Howes				
Waltz	Boroski
				Edna Foster				
Love Song	Jonas
				Caroline Wild				
There's a Merry Brown Thrush	Dudley Buck
				Anthy Gorton				
Cabaletta	Lack
				Marjorie Hutchinson				
Serenade	Meyer Helمند
				Marion Kimball				
Fairies' Lullaby	Needham
				Harriet Parsons				
Barcarolle	Jensen
				Charlotte Tibbets				
Scarf Dance	Chaminade
				Mary Titus				
Gondoliere	}	Nevin
Goodnight	}	
				Lola Stevens				
Air de Ballet	Chaminade
				Marguerite Roesing				
Polonaise	Chopin
				Helen Pratt				

After the preceding programme, Miss Shorey played two études of Heuselt for us, and it was a great pleasure to hear her. We were all very sorry that Mrs. Kerwin could not sing as she had brought no music with her.

During the last few weeks, the pleasures of the Seniors have not been confined merely to paying class dues and wearing a class pin, but to attending teas as well. As a fitting ending to the week, Miss Poole and Miss Annable gave a delightful tea to the Seniors in Miss Annable's class-room. Mrs. Underhill, Miss Parsons, and all the teachers were present to duly impress us with our dignified position as Seniors. Mingled with the delicious refreshments were conversations about the different girls' plans for next year and about the parents and relatives expected for Commencement. General merriment pervaded the graduating class, and after such an enjoyable time we began to realize more what a very good thing it is to be a Senior at Rogers Hall.

Through the kind invitation of Mrs. Ellingwood, most of the girls went out to the Vesper-Country Club on Saturday, May the twenty-third. First we had a long ride on the trolley car which we greatly enjoyed, and then a delightful row across the Merrimack 'till we reached the Club grounds which cover Tyngs' Island. As soon as we arrived most of the girls put on sneakers which are very necessary articles of footwear, especially when you are going to play tennis, and as there was a grand rush for the tennis court the girls who got it considered themselves very lucky. But there were other things to do besides playing tennis. There was a beautiful golf course and lovely walks around the island, but the best sport of all was tobogganning down over the pine needles. At twelve there was a large table set out under the trees with all sorts of good things spread on it. After luncheon some read, others played tennis or golf. But this good time could not last forever and at half-past three we all crowded into the dressing-room to get our hats and coats, and at four we were rowing back across the Merrimack on our way to Rogers Hall.

Some of us had the great pleasure of going into Cambridge to see the Harvard-Yale Track Meet on May twenty-first, at Soldier's Field in the Stadium.

The 100-yard dash was won by Harvard while Yale was the winner in the 120-yard hurdle. One of the most exciting events of the afternoon was the two-mile race; from the start it was a continual fight between the two leaders, until at the end of about ten seconds, Harvard with a wonderful dash crossed the line leaving Yale several yards behind.

Harvard was ahead in points 'till the pole vaulting, putting the 16-lb hammer, and the broad jump, and Yale won in all these three which increased her number in points greatly. The final score was in favor of Yale.

Every feature of the meet was executed with a wonderful skill and ingenuity, and showed what perfect training each entrance had been subject to.

PRISCILLA HOWES.

Friday afternoon, May twenty-seventh, the Senior Class was most delightfully entertained by Miss Coburn at her home on Andover Street. The veranda, overlooking the Merrimack, afforded the first cool spot we had found that day and everyone seemed in just the mood for chattering. Smith was the chief topic of conversation as three of the girls go to Smith next year. All enjoyed seeing Miss Coburn's kodak pictures of Smith and hearing several amusing stories of college life. The cooling refreshments were very appropriate for the hot afternoon, and we left thinking Miss Coburn a capital hostess.

Both House and Hall met out on the lawn for a tea given on our last Saturday afternoon by Grace Smith for her friend, Miss Porter. As the day was pretty warm, lemonade and a good time added a great deal to keep our spirits up for the coming dance.

Saturday, the twenty-eighth of May, the night of the Senior dance, was truly an ideal moon light evening, and indeed had it been "made to order," good Dame Nature could not have been more lenient.

The dance was, as usual, very informal, given by the girls of the lower classes for the Seniors and it was due to the committee consisting of Harriet Parsons, Leila Washburn, Alice Ramsdell and to the skillful management of Anthy Gorton that the dance was such a great success; and also we had the great pleasure of having two former Rogers Hall girls, Cyrena Case and Florence Harrison, to be with us during this occasion.

At eight o'clock the guests arrived and were ushered in by Edna Foster, Grace Heath, Marjorie Hutchinson, and Priscilla Howes, and introduced to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons who received in the drawing-room. Shortly after, when our programmes were made out, we went into the school-room which was beautifully decorated with lilacs and green ferns, where to the fascinating strains of "Dixie Land" the first dance began.

The side veranda was the most attractive place imaginable, with its pretty cozy corners, and was surely in demand between the dances as a place of "rendezvous" and rest.

When half of the programme was completed, a most delightful supper was served under the trees and on the piazzas.

After that the dances seemed to fly and it was reluctantly that we said good-bye to the guests after a good time, long to be remembered.

PRISCILLA JEWETT HOWES.

Our last Sunday at Rogers Hall was a perfect May day; one that will leave a deep impression on our memories. At six o'clock, the House girls scattered around on pillows and rugs, arranged by their kind Hall friends, enjoyed a delicious supper out under the trees on the back lawn. The Hall girls looked unusually attractive in their white caps and aprons and in spite of their constant activity looked very happy. The situation was most delightful for the guests. There was no hurrying or waiting for refreshments, but good things arrived in just the right moment and quantity. There was certainly evidence of no slight training on the running track in the way the guests were served. We were all glad that the supper had been postponed so that Cyrena Case, who came back from Smith to spend Sunday, might be with us. The Hall girls certainly showed excellent judgment in providing, and after the feast was ended the House

girls, one and all, vainly tried to express their thanks and appreciation of this great pleasure given on the last Sunday that many of us will ever spend at Rogers Hall.

ATHLETICS.

When we first came back after Easter it was so cold and rainy that we began to fear that we should have no chance for the out-door sports that are such a pleasant and prominent feature of the spring term, but it only lasted for a short time and ever since we have had perfectly beautiful weather. Even while it was quite cold the girls continued their riding lessons with Lieutenant Schlungbaum and seem to be enjoying it now more than they did in the fall, for the roads around Lowell are so attractive in the spring when everything is budding.

As soon as the ground dried the tennis courts were marked out and there is never a minute in recreation time that they are not in use. The tether-ball poles are also very popular and it is great fun to watch the girls, for even the players can't help laughing after gracefully "fanning" several times in succession.

The basket-ball court has been changed this year and is much nicer than last, for it is now in such a delightfully shady place. We have been practicing out-of-doors every possible chance this spring and it seems especially good after having to play in the gymnasium. This comes once a week and the other "gym." day we play baseball which is such glorious good fun. It was pretty hard at first for the beginners to know just when to steal bases, etc., with all the girls shouting different things and the result was a great many very funny mistakes; but now nearly all of the girls have learned the game and play well.

The girls have all been so very enthusiastic about the sports that it has been an unusually successful spring.

HARRIET C. PARSONS.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

The seventh of May this year dawned bright and clear, so the girls with no misgivings as to the weather, put on their "gym suits" and prepared to celebrate Miss Rogers' birthday in fine style. After breakfast some of the girls were seen on the front lawn trying their skill in three-legged running and in the sack race, much to the amusement of their companions who laughed and clapped at their ridiculous efforts. At nine o'clock Dr. Greene came and we all assembled in the school-room where he very kindly told us about Miss Rogers, and at the same time gave us a little talk on character. After this we left the school-room happily thinking that when we next entered it would be to a delightful lunch which would be enjoyed informally. After much arranging of sofa pillows and adjusting of cameras every one was finally seated and the Field Day events began in earnest.

I

FIFTY YARD DASH.

M. Pew,	A. Ramsdell,	D. Wright,
E. Tyler,	A. Bailey,	H. Davey,
H. Parsons,	M. Roesing,	M. Kimball,
	H. Talmage.	

1st heat:—1st, E. Tyler; 2nd, H. Parsons; 3rd, M. Pew.

2nd heat:—1st, D. Wright; 2nd, M. Roesing; 3rd, H. Talmage.

Finals:—1st, D. Wright; 2nd, H. Parsons; 3rd, E. Tyler.

II

THREE LEGGED RACE.

E. Tyler,	A. Kendall,	A. Ramsdell,
M. Pew,	M. Pillsbury.	I. Nesmith.
E. Foster,	P. Farrington,	L. Washburn,
M. Bard.	A. Gorton.	M. Hutchinson.

H. Talmage,	N. Conant,	J. Huntress,
H. Foster.	M. Hockmeyer.	P. Howes.
M. Roesing,	M. Kimball,	H. Downer,
A. Bailey.	G. Heath.	H. Parsons.
H. Adams,	S. Wright,	
H. Pratt.	M. Wilson.	

1st heat:—1st, L. Washburn, M. Hutchinson; 2nd, I. Nesmith, A. Ramsdell; 3rd, M. Kimball, G. Heath.

2nd heat:—1st, H. Downer, H. Parsons; 2nd, N. Conant, M. Hockmeyer; 3rd, H. Talmage, H. Foster.

Finals:—1st, N. Conant, M. Hockmeyer; 2nd, I. Nesmith, A. Ramsdell; 3rd, M. Kimball, G. Heath.

III

JUNIOR HIGH JUMP.

M. Hockmeyer, S. Hobson, M. Jefferson, N. Conant.
1st, M. Jefferson; 2nd, N. Conant; 3rd, S. Hobson.

IV

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

D. Ellingwood, D. Wright, I. Nesmith.
1st, D. Ellingwood; 2nd, D. Wright; 3rd, I. Nesmith.

V

POTATO RACE.

E. Foster,	H. Parsons,	H. Talmage,	D. Ellingwood,
E. Tyler,	M. Kimball,	M. Wild,	M. Hutchinson,
M. Pew,	H. Davey,	S. Hodgkins,	A. Potter,
H. Downer,	L. Washburn,	D. Wright,	M. Roesing.

1st heat:—1st, H. Downer; 2nd, M. Kimball; 3rd, M. Hutchinson.

2nd heat:—1st, H. Parsons; 2nd, E. Foster; 3rd, M. Pew.

3rd heat:—1st, D. Wright; 2nd, D. Ellingwood; 3rd, A. Potter.

Finals:—1st, H. Parsons; 2nd, H. Downer; 3rd, D. Ellingwood.

VI

PUTTING THE SHOT.

D. Ellingwood, I. Nesmith, H. Dave, M. Roesing.
1st, D. Ellingwood; 2nd, I. Nesmith; 3rd, M. Roesing.

VII

JUNIOR POTATO RACE.

M. Hockmeyer, S. Hobson,
M. Jefferson, N. Conant.
1st, S. Hobson; 2nd, M. Hockmeyer; 3rd, N. Conant.

VIII

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

M. Hutchinson, M. Roesing, D. Ellingwood,
H. Pratt, P. Howes, D. Wright,
I. Nesmith, H. Talmage.
1st, D. Ellingwood; 2nd, D. Wright; 3rd, M. Roesing.

IX

SEVENTY-FIVE YARD DASH.

D. Wright, H. Parsons, G. Heath.
1st, D. Wright; 2nd, H. Parsons; 3rd, G. Heath.

X

SACK RACE.

H. Downer, H. Talmage, D. Wright,
J. Huntress, M. Wild, S. Wright.
1st, D. Ellingwood; 2nd, H. Talmage; 3rd, D. Wright.

SPLINTERS.

XI

JUNIOR FIFTY YARD DASH.

M. Hockmeyer,	N. Conant,
S. Hobson,	M. Jefferson,
S. Brown.	
1st, N. Conant; 2nd, M. Jefferson; 3rd, S. Hobson.	

XII

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

E. Foster,	I. Nesmith,	D. Wright,
M. Roesing,	D. Ellingwood,	G. Heath.

XIII

OBSTACLE RACE.

M. Hockmeyer,	S. Wright,	G. Heath,
D. Ellingwood,	D. Wright,	A. Potter.
1st, D. Ellingwood; 2nd, D. Wright; 3rd, G. Heath.		

XIV

THROWING THE BASKET BALL.

E. Foster,	M. Hutchinson,	A. Bailey,
H. Adams,	H. Pratt,	A. Potter,
D. Ellingwood.		
1st, H. Adams; 2nd, E. Foster; 3rd, A. Potter.		

XV

RELAY RACE.

First Team:

S. Wright,
M. Roesing,
H. Parsons.

Second Team won.

Second Team:

M. Pew,
C. Tibbetts,
D. Wright.

Points:

D. Ellingwood, 31.

D. Wright, 23.

N. Conant, 14.

At half-past twelve we came back again to the school-room and dining-room where Mrs. Underhill had a delightful lunch awaiting us. After this we had a breathing spell, and almost everybody took the chance and rested for the baseball game in the afternoon.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

THE BASEBALL GAME.

Under the trees, gathered about in groups of five or six, seated on benches or lounging comfortably on rugs and cushions, the girls and teachers collected shortly before two o'clock to watch the baseball game between two teams chosen by Miss McFarlane.

The girls, refreshed by a good luncheon and a nice rest afterwards, were ready to go to work again.

Team One.

D. Ellingwood, p.
I. Nesmith, c.
A. Ramsdell, s. s.
P. Pew, 1b.
M. Kimball, 2b.
M. Hutchinson, 3b.
H. Davey, r. f.
R. Heath, l. f.
M. Wild, c. f.

Team Two.

H. Talmage, p.
H. Parsons, c.
S. Wright, s. s.
M. Roesing, 1b.
H. Adams, 2b.
E. Foster, 3b.
A. Bailey, r. f.
G. Heath, l. f.
A. Potter, c. f.

Miss McFarlane umpired. Team Two was in the field first. When we stopped at the end of the sixth inning the score stood 15 to 4 in favor of Team One. Although the score was one-sided the game was a very exciting one, the girls on bases hardly knowing what to do when everybody was yelling for them to

do a different thing. Team Two did some very good hitting but the different basemen were too quick for them, a good many being put out on the bases.

HILDA TALMAGE.

The basket-ball game between the House and Day pupils for the trophy cup was held on May sixteenth. It was an exciting game and although the Day girls won by several points, the House girls played a wonderfully neat and pretty game. The game began, and very soon a foul was called upon the House but the Day failed to score. Then the playing became fast and furious. The ball passed from home to home, Mildred Wilson doing some splendid work for the House, but neither side made any baskets. Finally Dorothy Ellingwood threw a basket and soon she sent another after it and then the whistle blew for time.

At the opening of the second half there was some very pretty passing done, and so swiftly did they play that it was a large question where the ball would be next. So zealously did C. Tibbetts and I. Nesmith guard the House homes it was next to impossible to make a goal, and so it was at the other end with M. Roesing and M. Pew. At length a foul was called on the House, and this time the Day scored. Dorothy Wright soon followed this with a basket from center and then again there was some good team work. H. Adams threw one basket for the House and Dorothy Ellingwood followed this with one for the Day. This was the last basket for either side and the game closed with the score, 10-2 in favor of the Day girls.

The line-up was:

House Pupils.

Homes: L. Hyde,
H. Adams,
C. Centre: M. Burns,
Side Centers: Sibyl Wright,
M. Wilson,
Guards: P. Pew,
M. Roesing.

Day.

D. Ellingwood,
J. Huntress,
D. Wright,
R. Thomas,
L. Parker,
I. Nesmith,
C. Tibbetts.

GRACE HEATH.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, R. H., 1895) took a camping trip in February through the wilderness of Florida, searching for orchids. She has returned with many trophies, among them a large alligator skin.

Jessie Ames (R. H., 1899) returned to Lowell from Washington the first of May and will be at home until July.

Frances W. Anderson has come back from Phoenix and will spend the summer in Wyndham, N. H.

Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1894) is to take charge of four Lowell girls this summer at the Monegonic Summer Camp for girls.

Mrs. John Gress (Clara Bixby) has a son, George Valentine Gress, born in Atlanta, Georgia.

Henrietta Hastings sailed for Holland in April, and will travel in northern Europe until October.

Bessie Ludlam has returned from a four months' European trip.

Florence Nesmith (R. H., 1900) will be graduated from Smith College in June, and Eleanor Palmer (R. H., 1900) will be among the Radcliffe graduates.

The old girls will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Dewey, the mother of Mary and Annie Dewey, whom we all remember so pleasantly.

Dear Splinters:

You have had so many articles from old Rogers girls about the different colleges that perhaps you will like to hear a little about Simmons.

There are several courses of studies offered which are different from those given in other colleges, the most popular of which are the secretarial, library, scientific courses and, best of all, a course in household economics. As I know more about the household course than about any other I will write about it.

Cooking is the most important subject and to me the most interesting one of all. We have six hours a week of it, including a lecture period. The cooking laboratory is the most attractive class room of all. It is a large bright room with sixteen tables in it forming a square. On each table is a small gas-stand for frying and boiling purposes. For broiling and baking the girls use large gas ranges which are in one corner of the room. Back of each table is a shelf covered with tiny kitchen utensils.

When the second bell rings for class, every girl present is sitting on a stool in back of her table. She has on a fresh uniform, a large white apron, mousseline sleeves over her shirt-waist, and a small pointed cap on her head.

After a few directions have been given each girl commences her work. Lately our section has been divided into different classes, with six girls in each. The different classes have been cooking regular meals and serving them from the tiny dining room that leads from the kitchen.

The ménus of these meals are planned by the girls, although they are restricted somewhat by expense. For our luncheon we had: tomato soup, croutons, chops, baked potatoes, rolls, cocoa, orange ice. One girl is chosen by the class to be the overseer and hostess and two are appointed waitresses, while the other girls are left to do the cooking.

We set the table for six which includes places for two guests. Generally we have a member of the Faculty for one guest and the cooking teacher for the other. The overseer serves at one end of the table and one of the cooks at the other. This is considered the hardest and most embarrassing position of all and

we all dread to get it. I have had some of the jolliest times at these meals, and they are really becoming a social event in the college life.

Connected with this course are the different languages, history, and science. I am sure all of the Rogers girls know everything about these subjects so I am going to tell about Household Arts and Household Values.

These studies are interesting and also great fun. In the first one learns to sweep, to dust properly, to wash windows, and to do housework of all kinds. It is really true that from this class the dear "Gold Dust Twins" originated. This class is great fun, for several of the students are engaged. Somehow, each one suspects all of the other girls to be in the same position, so at times it is a lively class.

Household Values is entirely different, the principal idea being the study of economy. In this class we are required to do a good deal of "field work" such as pricing and learning about the different furnishings. At the end of last term we were required to fit out imaginary rooms with different sums of money. We also studied the comparison of flats and small houses for different families, and whether it is cheaper to live in the city or country.

This isn't so interesting to me as Household Arts, for in that study you realize how much is required of servants. Having to do the different kinds of manual labor enables a young girl to know whether or not her house is being cared for in a hygienic way.

There is so much to say about dormitory life that I hardly know where to begin. I can truthfully say, however, that I have spent some of the happiest days of my life here.

For a college dormitory, Simmons Hall does not have the advantages of one at Smith or at Wellesley. However, there are many advantages in being in the heart of the city, among so many educational places. The beautiful churches, the library, the Art Museum,—who does not love them and does not wish to spend hours among them? This is the greatest advantage of all to me, and surely it is an education in itself. Besides this there is the social life here,—theatricals, dances, hurdy-gurdy

parties, spreads and, Faculty receptions. The latter are the greatest fun, for they are very informal and we soon become well acquainted with our Faculty through them.

The Simmons spirit of co-operation is very strong and prevails everywhere.

CLARA FRANCIS.

We were pleased to welcome Florence Harrison (R. H., 1902; Smith, '06) and Cyrena Case (R. H., '03; Smith, '04) during their visit at Rogers Hall on the Saturday of the Senior dance and the Sunday following. Florence has been chosen a member of the "Colloquium," the science club at Smith, and also a member of the committee for the "Junior Prom." Alice Faulkner is chairman and Lucy Walther another member of the committee.

Cyrena Case is to take part in the chorus of the *Carmen Saeculare* of Horace, which has been set to music, and is to be presented at Smith as a procession after the manner of the old Roman times,—the first presentation of the famous classic in this country.

Among the guests at Commencement were Marion Needham and Edna Mills. All who knew these girls when they were here, were very glad to see them at Rogers once more.

COMMENCEMENT.

In spite of gray skies on the morning of June second, the undergraduates brought a wealth of flowers with which under the skillful leadership of Miss Coburn and Miss Annable they transformed the hall into a veritable fairy bower in honor of the girls of nineteen hundred and four.

After luncheon the girls dispersed to make final arrangements for departure and to dress for the commencement exercises. At four o'clock they were all together again, anxiously awaiting the guests. Soon they came, and were ushered into the drawing-rooms to meet the graduates. Mrs. Underhill, Miss Greene, and the wives of the trustees received, and it was not until nearly five o'clock that we went into the school-room for the exercises. The trustees and their wives were ushered in by Leila Washburn and Helen Downer and were seated in one corner of the room just opposite the graduates, who, preceded by Mrs. Underhill, were brought to their seats by Priscilla Howes. The graduates, each one in white and heavily laden with flowers, made a very impressive picture. The undergraduates were shown to their seats in the dining-room by Polly Farrington. In the audience were many who had taken part just last year and others who had been graduated long ago, but they all looked about them in that reminiscent manner which is almost a sigh.

Rev. Chas. W. Huntington, D. D., of Lowell, opened the exercises with a prayer, after which Dr. Greene introduced his daughter, Miss Helen Greene of Hartley House, New York, who addressed the girls. Her talk on "Social Imagination" was timely and forceful, and everyone listened with earnest attention.

The address by Dr. Greene appealed strongly, not only to the graduates, but to everyone. He spoke many kind words of advice and charged the girls not to become easily discouraged, as there is no "royal road to learning." He then gave the girls their diplomas, which stand for merit, years of indefatigable

effort, merited success, and for honest achievement. A proud moment it was for pupil; a happy moment for the faithful teachers; satisfactory to the earnest trustees, and pleasing to the appreciative community.

Louise Hyde then presented the beautiful clock, the gift of the class, to the school. Her words were very appropriate, and the sentiment of all was that Lou had said just the right thing. So she had, and her few words were so impressive that they will long be remembered by all who heard them. Dr. Chambré accepted the gift in a few well chosen words, and after the benediction by Mr. Billings the girls were graduated and the exercises over. Refreshments were then served and everyone had a chance to tell the seniors how proud they had made us all.

Then came the saddest part of the whole school year: the parting from one another and leaving dear old "Rogers." It was put off as long as possible, but when a cry came from one of the girls that the man would be here in a few minutes for the trunks, we had to say farewell to the day girls. The next morning we all parted, separating to go north, south, east and west.

Of the seniors who leave us, the farthest north is Louise Hyde, who by unanimous vote was chosen president of the senior class. The girls are to be congratulated upon their choice, for Louise is remarkable for her executive ability. She has been at Rogers a long while, and president of the Hall for two years. In everything Lou takes the lead. After graduating she will return to her home in Massena, N. Y. Rogers will miss her in many, many ways.

Mary Bard, of Reading, Pa., was made vice-president of her class. A better officer could not be, as Mary has shown by her efficiency as president of the House. She has the very happy faculty of making everyone happy with her sunshiny disposition and thoughtfulness of others. We greatly envy her many brothers who are to have her among them next year. "SPLINTERS" will miss her sadly, as she has worked for it earnestly for two years, but we expect in the near future to hear of her as editor-in-chief of some popular Philadelphia magazine.

Our star in athletics, Dorothy Ellingwood, is secretary and treasurer for the seniors. She never fails to make her mark in

an athletic meet, and her superiority in this line is entirely overlooked by herself, which adds so much charm to her great ability. Her home is in Lowell, and she will pursue a course of gymnasium work in Boston next winter. We know that she will make her instructors proud, but what will Rogers do without her?

Next year the House will miss Sibyl Wright in many ways. She has served the girls faithfully this year as treasurer and leads them all in athletics. Were this all, we should miss her sadly enough, but her kind-heartedness, ready wit, and artistic talents must be long remembered. Her home is in Montpelier, Vt., and we consider her friends most fortunate who will have her among them there next year.

Among the graduates another Lowell girl is Edith Sparks. She is very retiring, and her gentle voice is well adapted to elocution, which art she expects to follow next year. Doubtless she will travel some time in the near future, as she manifests great interest in current events abroad. We hope, however, that before she leaves America she will come back to Rogers and entertain the girls with "As You Like It," or some other Shakespearean play.

Helen Adams, one of the Hall's seniors, will resume her studies at Vassar. We wish her all sorts of good fortune, as she richly deserves good results from her efforts this year as a student. Her home is in Sharon, Pa., and she has been at Rogers Hall for two years. In her the Hall will lose a good basket-ball player, and all of the girls will miss her bright smile and cheerful manner.

Rena and Ella Thomas are to represent their class at Smith, and will doubtless do it honor, for they are earnest workers and fond of their books. Besides the many things that might be said of their studious habits, they take part in athletics with much enthusiasm and will thus be enabled to pass many pleasant hours in the gymnasium at college. We wish them great success in their work.

Helen Pratt of Dorchester, Mass., is another House girl and one who has been here for two years. She is very quiet and never would call attention to her many virtues, but those who

come to know her find much that is hidden. Everyone, but particularly the House girls, will miss her music. She deserves a special word of praise for her readiness to play for us.

Juliette Huntress is one of our Lowell graduates. Her sweet disposition, quiet manner and gentle kindness to everyone have made her very popular among the girls. She is not only thoroughly attractive for her charming ways but loved and respected by both teachers and pupils for her cleverness and ready wit. If you meet Juliette you are sure to want to know her, and to know is to love her. She is last but far from least of this invincible ten. Let me add that it is with much regret that we undergraduates see these dear girls leave Rogers, and only find consolation in the thought that the world is richer for the class of nineteen hundred and four.

ANNA R. OGDEN.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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SPLINTERS.

Vol. 5.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

It is well known that in this world "handsome is as handsome does," and this little world at Rogers Hall exemplifies that characteristic, for perhaps there is no place where a girl may find keener appreciation of hard work and good results than here. There is a chance for a girl to show or develop her capabilities in many different ways, and at the same time receive the benefit of competition.

Girls with varied ideas and habits, coming from all parts of the country, need not fear to lose their individuality by following the daily routine, for even though they work by the same method it only serves to bring out in more marked contrast their natural instincts.

For those who are truly studious there is a wide field of adventure. This is more evident with older girls, as they have arrived at the point where they may choose between college and academic courses. Not always do you find a girl treading the narrow college path when she may turn aside from Cicero to enjoy the lighter studies, but those who do prefer to go deep into the channels of knowledge are sure to receive all the respect that is due the wise. The girl who is quick with a ready answer, and who can be depended upon for a conscientiously learned lesson, certainly does not pass unnoticed in this throng.

SPLINTERS, which is closely connected with the English work, gives to young and hopeful writers a chance to bring before

a very generous public their early attempts. The pages of school news arouse everybody to great interest in our good times, for the old girls like to compare their past experiences with ours; those who expect to come here anticipate more fully the pleasures in store for them; and everyone can appreciate the jolly times we have together.

Some of the most interesting times that we have here are the school plays. It is so surprising to see the quiet, retiring girls come forward in dramatics, and prove the cleverest and most self-possessed actors. At all times, however, the audiences are most attentive, which shows their sympathy with the débutantes, and also their true appreciation of our bold attempts. When a French or German play is given, the force of the words is very apt to be lost, so on such occasions there is a greater demand for talent; and, fortunately, it has never been lacking. But whatever the acting may be, it is very amusing to realize that the absent-minded professor, the butler, and the spoiled child belong, one and all, to our merry clan.

Art attracts less attention than any other branch of study, as those who are earnest workers in it here are also beginners, and undeveloped artists have few results to show for their patient hours that can interest an outsider. Yet a girl who is striving to possess that infallible resource that an artist has does not mind the quiet hours she spends in working in one medium or another.

The girl who can and will play popular music is sought after many evenings to play for impromptu dances or the numerous birthday parties that occur during the year. Even if the demand is not for classical selections, it is splendid for her to be encouraged to play before people, and the warm enthusiasm with which she is persuaded to play encore after encore is not only a compensation for the hours of practice she has spent but also an incentive to work.

To add to the many, many ways that a girl may display her talent or skill, it is well to mention the athletics. So much can be said in its favor that it would seem sometimes that it were better for a girl to devote more time to games and exercises than in acquiring the accomplishments so valuable in later life.

Field hockey, basket-ball, and fencing all help towards accuracy, alertness, and self-control, which one should realize are the characteristics a girl is congratulated upon when she distinguishes herself in sports. With this idea, athletics is made an important feature of the school life.

With all these opportunities, it seems to me that when the time comes for us to leave Rogers Hall we should go away with a truer realization of our possibilities. HELEN DOWNER.

AN ISLAND VILLAGE.

It seems almost useless for me to even try to give a little picture of a New England village! So many great men and women have immortalized with their pens its quaintness and simplicity, and given us ideal pictures that will forever be treasured in our memory.

Why is New England so different from any other spot in this country? I love her plain, square houses, her lovely elms and marvellous woods, sloping grassy hills, snow-peaked mountains and secluded valleys, and along her eastern coast that broad and rolling blue Atlantic.

The little village I have in mind is on an island off the south-east corner of Massachusetts, possessing one of the finest and safest harbors on the coast. Perhaps it would not be wise to even mention its name, for I am afraid if one of the loyal inhabitants should casually read my meagre description he would surely think I was not giving it due praise; but truly it is my clumsy command of language which prevents from doing otherwise. The minute I set foot on the island, a strange feeling of contentment and happiness comes over me with the thought that I am to inhale once more that perfect and exhilarating sea air. How primitive the old streets are, with the strict wooden structures, old stone walls, like the kind you read about in thrilling tales of the Revolution, when the red-coats lay in wait to jump

out and attack our noble farmers and first soldiers. Out over there is the old orchard. Now a few trees are dead, while those in their prime are bowed nearly to the ground with their rosy, luscious apples. Farther on stands the dear old well, with its "moss-covered bucket," and there is that proud hen, gleefully flapping her wings and clucking over her sweet, puffy, little yellow chicks. Away beyond, in the heart of the woods, are strange and crooked paths covered with fragrant pine needles, and on either side grow the spicy wintergreen berry and blushing arbutus; here and there are seen toadstools of the most gorgeous coloring, with that fatal plant, poison ivy, twining about them. There, mystic lakes and sparkling springs, the great rocky cliffs—and above all, that inimitable expanse of ocean!

Most of the townsfolk are born and bred seamen, and their queer ways and eccentric ideas are to me most interesting; their weird stories of adventure, and vivid descriptions of strange people in foreign lands, are told in their own original, off-hand style. I remember one dear old sea captain, "Uncle J.," as we children used to call him, was our most cherished companion, and every day we heard his cheery "Good mornin'!" and "Come 'long, little ones, guess I'll go out and bail my boat. Pile in! Be careful! The more the merrier!"

But one day the sun rose on a sad and mournful sight. A terrible "nor'easter" swept the entire coast of New England and near islands with frightful results; a great many vessels went ashore and many lives were lost. The brave and iron-hearted men of the village went out to save, if in their power, some of the unfortunate sailors. Our dear old friend went out alone, a very risky thing to do. He couldn't, as he said, stay on the shore and see such misery and not lend a helping hand, but the raging sea made too much of a pull for his poor old overworked arms. The little craft capsized and Uncle J. was drowned. It was very sad, for we all loved him so, and many times I have wished to see his ruddy, cheerful face, and hear another adventure.

Some other interesting characters are two dear old women. The first lives all alone in a white house with bright blue blinds, away off on a high hill. On inquiring why she had her house

painted in such a hideous fashion, she turned her eyes, brimful of tears, and gazed mournfully out to sea, telling us this sad story: When she was very young, just after she was married, her husband, full of hope, went on a long whaling voyage. Although years and years had passed, he had never returned, and now she didn't dare to alter the color of the blinds for fear he wouldn't even know his own home, "because it was a long time ago." The other little woman, or rather "old maid," is just as deaf as a post. She also lives alone in a great house surrounded by a high picket fence, sprucely whitewashed, and leading up to the old red door is a narrow gravel path, on each side of which rise stiff hollyhocks. Her hobby is flowers. I don't believe on the front lawn there is a space of one square foot that hasn't geraniums of every color imaginable, with which are ruthlessly thrown the fragrant heliotrope and sturdy nasturtium. Inside is the parlor, which speaks for itself,—closed always, but fortunately we had the liberty to just step inside and "peep in." It smelt musty, and on the walls hung awful oil paintings with giddy gold frames, a mantel covered with curios and gaudy pincushions of scallop shells. In the center of the room stands a marble-slabbed table, containing a masterpiece of wax flowers covered by a dusty glass case. Several straight-backed chairs were the only available seats, besides a long haircloth sofa, that was so narrow and slippery I was afraid to occupy it, for fear of ungracefully tumbling on that homely yellow carpet.

Into the well-trodden streets we return, and see at the old post office a gathering of all the community lazily hanging around the front door waiting expectantly for the mail to be distributed. Across the street is the "Popular Chinese Laundry," and next, where the village doctor lives.

If I were to enumerate all the many strange and lovely people of the old village, I could write reams and reams; but all I have to say now is, that in every detail it is a perfect New England village, and if only some great genius could give just one sweep of his brush or pen, and portray its maritime picturesqueness, it would surely be unlike any other seaport on this great hemisphere.

PRISCILLA JEWETT HOWES.

THE MANSION.

I had hardly been in the little town of F—— a week, when I noticed that all the villagers seemed to avoid a house that was about a block from my aunt's. It was a large, rather dreary-looking building, set well back from the road, and surrounded by large horse-chestnut trees. To me it looked like any ordinary house that had not been lived in for some time. I acknowledge it looked more lonesome than most houses, but still that didn't affect me in the least. I simply could not understand why it should be shunned, as the "haunted houses" of some old towns are. So I determined to ask my aunt the meaning of the general aversion, and this is the story as she told it to me.

"Until about six months ago there lived in the 'Mansion' an old Southern gentleman, Colonel Ganahl, and his daughter Eva. She was a lovely girl, both in looks and character, and oh! such a voice as she had! My dear, I cannot explain to you the charm of her voice, but to me it was one of the sweetest things in the world. Well, as I was saying, they lived in the 'Mansion' alone except for Mammy Angela and her son Joe, two servants whom they had brought with them from the South. Mammy Angela was a large negress with a fondness for bright turbans which she must have inherited from her African ancestors. Joe was a poor little hunchback who was devoted, heart and soul, to Eva. So much for the household, and to get back to my story.

"One day I was sitting at the window, just where you are, when I saw Colonel Ganahl coming up the walk. I noticed that he appeared excited, so I went to the door to meet him. He came up hurriedly, and without stopping to say 'Good afternoon,' as was his custom, he broke out with 'Oh! Miss Baker, I'm in trouble, and as you've always been so kind to my darling and me, I thought I'd come right to you.'

"I was dreadfully excited by what he said, and more so by his peculiar manner, but I said 'Yes, yes, Colonel, but please tell me the trouble.'

"He began, 'Eva—' but did not seem able to continue, so I said, 'Sit down, Colonel, and I'll go and get my bonnet.' I went and got my bonnet, and as he appeared too agitated to speak when I came down, we hurried down the street without his explaining. When we reached the house he took me right upstairs to Eva's room, which was one of the prettiest in the house. There on the bed lay Eva, but what a different girl from the one I had last seen! Her hair was tangled and lay all over the pillow; her cheeks were sunken, and she lay staring at the ceiling; her eyes, wide open, had in them that blank look that is only seen in the eyes of the crazed. At the foot of the bed was Joe, looking at Eva with a queer, sombre, yet triumphant look. I thought, as I caught the look in his eyes, that there was more than one crazy person in the room. From time to time the doctor, who was sitting by the bed, gave her some medicine or felt her pulse. Suddenly Eva sat up and a look of horror came over her face. She tried to speak, but failed. Then, as if her terror had overcome her, she uttered a frightful scream, in which agony, mental and physical, was strangely blended with triumph, and fell back dead.

"The blow seemed to stun her father for a while, and then he and his servants left for the South. And now comes the strange part of my story, dear. Every night, about half past five (that was the hour Eva died), when passing the house it is possible to hear her singing as she used to, except that her voice is less clear than formerly. The song seems to stop in almost the middle of a word and then an awful scream is heard, almost the exact counterpart of the one she uttered just before her death. That, my dear, is the story of the 'Mansion.'"

That night I lay and thought over my aunt's story, and, although I never had believed in ghosts, I had to acknowledge that this seemed as if there really were such things. I determined to find out the truth about the matter, so the next evening about half past five, I was standing at a little distance from the "Mansion." The moon was up and the trees cast long shadows on the snow, and everything seemed weird and uncanny. Everywhere was the most awful stillness. Oh! if something would but move or speak. Suddenly there came to me, across the snow,

the sound of some one singing faintly, and with a peculiar tone. I stood fascinated, then the song suddenly ceased and the most awful scream imaginable rent the air. I was simply petrified for a few seconds, and then I turned and fled, I knew and cared not where—anywhere to get away from that awful noise. Presently I found myself in my aunt's sitting-room, panting as if from a long run, when in reality I had hardly run a block.

The next evening I determined to put aside my fears and enter the house. This I did. The stillness was profound. Suddenly the singing commenced. It seemed to come from above, so up the stairs I went. Presently I seemed to be just outside the room from which it came. I stopped, and as I did so the music suddenly ceased, and for a few seconds there was an awful silence. Then the scream I had heard the night before sounded. I wanted to run—instead I stood like a statue. After the scream there was another silence, and then I heard what seemed to be footsteps. "No ghost would make a noise like that," I thought, so I took courage and opened the door. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. There on a table in the center of the room was a phonograph—and Joe taking off a record.

GRACE W. SMITH.

MY MASTER.

I stood in the middle of the room, a very small child with a very small violin under my chin and very large tears rolling down my cheeks. Around me walked, or rather danced, my teacher, Herr Ritter. He hit my fingers with a pencil when he could stand still long enough to do so, and the rest of the time he flew from one side of the room to the other, and stammered, "Oh! P-P-P-P-Polly, how c-c-c-can y-y-you so wr-wr-wr-wr-wrong pl-pl-play?" Then he produced a large handkerchief and wiped the tears off my violin. At the end he would, I knew, say the same old thing, "It's v-v-v-very h-h-hard, but s-s-she m-m-must l-l-l-learn it."

This was when I commenced studying with him, and as time went on, his temper did not improve. True, sometimes, as on the day I met him carrying a tiny Christmas tree, and he stopped and told me of his sister who had married and gone to Italy to live, and to whom he sent this true German "Christbaum," as a reminder of the home she had not seen in so many years, he was radiant; but at other times he would be crosser than ever, until he suddenly took a turn and became a different person.

I had hardly had time to realize that I need not tremble every time he showed signs of speaking to me, when with great pride he announced his engagement. He explained in his very broken English, on which he prided himself, that she had taught him Theosophy, and that they were convinced that their stars were cast together.

He had always played beautifully, with the sadness one hears expressed so often in those sad artists who all their lives dream of the glories waiting for them in America or other strange lands, and in the meantime play in the orchestra at the opera and teach small boys and girls, with marvellous patience, considering what is endured; but now his music was as gay as his new-found joy could make it.

Soon after this, I left Germany, and with the exception of a note thanking me for some small gift on his wedding-day, and telling of his absolute happiness, I heard nothing from them for several years.

* * * * *

"No, Fraulein, Herr Ritter is away, but Frau Ritter is at home."

I entered the small parlor, and was met by a howl from a very fat baby, who was pounding on the floor with a tin cup. Frau Ritter came to meet me with all the joy of a happy mother and wife in her smile. "My husband will be so sorry not to have seen you. He is in the mountains resting. Between his teaching, the orchestra, and his composing and concert work he has very little time to rest, and is very tired at the end of the season.

There are our three boys, Hanse, Fritz (behind the door), and Gottlob, the baby—are they not fine children? No, their father says none of them shall be musicians.”

That was the last I have known of them, but I sincerely hope that nothing has happened, or ever will happen, to mar the joy of that true German household.

POLLY S. B. SHELEY.

A BLUE THANKSGIVING.

Yes, it was Thanksgiving Day, but what of that? There certainly wasn't one single thing for her to be thankful for. Of course she was at home and all the family were there, but that was all. She was'nt going to have any company or anything going on especially for herself, and oh! by far the worst blow of all, she, Molly Thomas, would not see the Harvard-Yale game, the great and glorious event which she had been looking forward to so eagerly for the last two months. It would have been bad enough if her only reason for going had been her love for football, but how could the Fates be so unkind, when she knew the right half-back on the Yale team? There would be the crowds, cheering wildly and madly, some for the crimson and some (Oh! how she hated to think of it!) for the blue, and she not there to wave her flag and cheer for the Elis. It was just like John to sprain his ankle—he always was disappointing; just like father to have a dangerously ill patient—he always did at the wrong time; just like Uncle Tom, who could have taken her as well as not, to be hundreds of miles away in Texas. Oh! she could see them now, as they would file onto the field, that glorious eleven! How beautifully homely and paddy they would look, and she could fairly—but she must stop thinking about it all or she would surely cry! It was so horribly mean!

Thus inwardly wailed a very attractive maiden of eighteen. as she stood looking out of the window of a cosy little den, whose

predominating features were inevitably of the Yale blue. At last she gave up, and with a great sob she could not keep back, she began to weep copiously on a Yale pillow. Indeed, it was a wonder that the Gibson man with the football in his arms didn't float off the pillow, and paddle around the little room. Finally Molly sat up, a sad object it must be confessed, with the big briny tears chasing one another down her red cheeks and off her little nose. Of course Ned would be sorry when he got John's message that they couldn't come. But then it would be nothing in that hour of excitement, when he was about to fight with all his heart and soul for Alma Mater. Then there would be other girls—yes, she hadn't thought of that before—there would be other girls, probably very nice ones, probably lots nicer than she. Probably he would think so too—it would be just like a boy. O dear! she was so unhappy. He would never know how disappointed she was not to see the game; how very, very hard she hoped that Yale, the glorious Elis, would win! At least, she would never tell him, she knew he wouldn't care. If he did care he would send her a message or something just as a consolation, but he wouldn't, she knew he wouldn't. He'd probably forgotten all about it already. She hadn't enjoyed her Thanksgiving dinner a bit, everything had choked her, and mother had the rest hadn't sympathized half so much as they might have, considering what an awful, awful disappointment she had had. Of course they had been sorry, but wasn't she sorry too; wasn't her heart almost broken; wasn't all the joy gone out of life for her?

The front door-bell was ringing. She was sure she didn't care. O dear! she was so miserable! What was mother calling her for? Probably to get something for John. She was sure she shouldn't do a single, blessed thing for that disappointing old John. Express package, did mother say? She guessed she'd go and get it; probably just the latest book she had sent for. What was it that it said on it? "From William Taylor, Florist, New Haven, Conn." What did it mean? Would the string never come off? Where were the scissors? Oh! violets, violets, those beautiful violets! For her! From Ned, of course! And what did the card say? "With many regrets that you could not be

here to-day, I send you a little bit of the Blue, hoping your good wishes will insure our victory.—N. R.” How perfectly dear of him! He must have sent them as soon as he got the dispatch. How awfully thoughtful! And she buried a face full of true Thanksgiving joy in the fragrant mass of violets, only to raise it again to give a hearty cheer for Yale, Eli, Eli, Eli, Yale!

DOROTHY NORTON.

THE CHERRY-TREE.

It was a glorious summer day, cool and invigorating. Little Miss Murry let the children out of school five minutes early, much to their delight.

“Let’s go home by the back road and play we are highway-men,” said Tommy to his schoolmate, Bob.

Bob thought that would be great sport, so they started off.

“Hey! Tom,” cried his nine-year-old sister, “where you going? May we come too?”

“Sure, come along. Hurry, and bring Bessie with you!”

The four children started across the fields toward the back road. After they had reached the road, Bob announced their plans to be robbers, and said he thought it would be great fun to play Anne and Bess were princesses, with jewels and money, which they would capture.

The children were having a gay time, running and tumbling about, when Bob yelled, “Forward, my brave followers, we yet have much plunder before us. See yonder, nice big ripe cherries.” Bob pointed toward a house where a little old man, Mr. Woodbury, lived. Mr. Woodbury had white hair, a long pointed beard and mustache, deep-set eyes with protruding eyebrows, and a long, sharp nose. He lived alone like a hermit in his red stone house. Children were never seen about the place, for they were afraid of this strange old man, whom they very rarely saw.

"Now, Bob," said Anne, who was timid, "you just better not go near there. You don't know what might happen. It might be worse than the highwaymen you tell about."

"Oh! come on, don't be a fraid-cat," was Bessie's scornful reply. "He may be away or sleeping. Anyway, he looks very weak. I don't believe he will hurt us."

Anne stayed behind while the other three stole quietly toward the large tree, loaded with luscious black-heart cherries. Bob climbed into the lower limbs and threw down several handfuls to Bess, while Tom mounted guard.

"Run!" yelled Tom.

The door to the mysterious house opened, and they heard in a strange voice, "Stop, don't run away. I won't harm ye!"

When the children were at a safe distance, they turned to hear what the queer old man had to say.

"Come back, come nearer."

"He means no harm," said Bess. "I am going back."

"That is right, come back and have all the cherries ye want, but don't tell anyone else, now, will ye?"

"Do you really mean it, that we can have some of your pretty cherries?" said Bess very sweetly.

"Yes, all ye want, but don't tell anyone else."

At this the old man went slowly back to the house. The sight of children in the yard brought back to his memory bygone days, when his little boy, who was buried beside his mother, used to play about the cherry-tree. He could hear the chatter of the children, and it made him realize his loneliness, his age. All he had which he now loved were the memories of the past, and a stray shepherd dog which had come to him.

The children ate their cherries, then in a chorus cried, "Thank you," and ran away.

The next day the children returned, Bess leading them. Bess, who was daring yet lovable, boldly knocked at the door of the red stone house, which was promptly opened.

"May we have some of your cherries, Mr. Woodbury?" said Bess, very kindly.

"Yes, all ye want—help yerself, but don't tell anyone else about it."

After the children had eaten so many cherries that their lips were stained from them, Bess took a handful of the largest ones, stole back to the house, thanked Mr. Woodbury, and gave him the selected cherries, then ran down the road with the rest.

The old man went back to his kitchen and ate the cherries. It pleased him to have even this little child think of him. Bess had brightened at least one of the monotonous days of his weary life.

EDITH HARRIS.

DAILY THEMES.

IN STUDY HOUR.

When you are cross and tired after working on the lessons for next day, go to an open window and look at God's out-of-doors.

The wind blows your hair out of your eyes and cools your hot cheeks, and you feel the soft rustling of the leaves. Tiny stars smile from the great blue distance.

Faintly the monotonous tones of the piano can be heard. The house lights are shining through the trees, whose bare, lonely branches reach earnestly towards the broken clouds.

There is the moon looking quietly down, glorifying the whole earth with her light. And where she shines on the clouds you see a misty picture with silver towers, gray walls, and paths—it is the city of Sleep.

MARY EASTON.

The leathery smell of harnesses floated out through the broken window pane, accompanied by the low, monotonous voice of a negro.

“Dis yer harness it ain'd no good—O Lor, Lordy, Lor; an' dere were a big beah an' de possum he dun ketch—Lor, Lordy, O Lor.”

Here the voice ceased, and a short grunt came to my ears, followed by—"Why for don' yo' git clean—Hey? Why for?" Then the singsong voice continued—"An' dey dun live in de wood—Lordy, Lordy, Lor."

I looked in at the window. An old negro was in the centre of the small room, bending over a saddle which was suspended by one stirrup from a hook in the low ceiling. On a saw-horse, on one side of him, were a few old rags and sponges, on the other side a pail of dirty water stood. Parts of harnesses, saddles, and bits were hung on the numerous pegs in the wall, or tossed into one corner. Through the open door opposite the window I could see a horse's head thrust over its box stall.

The old man, all unconscious of my scrutiny, continued cheerfully his cleaning,—blackening the traces with a free sweep of his arm, and keeping time with his song and the tapping of his huge foot.

I watched him for a few minutes and then walked away up the shady path. As I turned off into the meadow his last "Lor, Lordy, Lor," came faintly to my ears.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

MOLLY'S UNREST.

Molly was the most curious girl of the whole family. She was a tomboy, and loved a joke, particularly on her maiden aunt, who was just twenty-two, the teasing age, so Molly thought.

A constant visitor at grandmother's house had been Mr. Carter, and Molly wished to find out the exact lay of the land. Mr. Carter was to leave on the morning train Saturday, so Friday night Molly went down to her grandmother's, prepared to spend the night. After dinner all went into the drawing-room, but as Molly had complained of being tired, they did not notice her absence more than to remark: "I think Molly must have been very tired to go to bed so early. She has never done that before."

Although Molly, from the numerous stories she had read, expected this caller to come early and probably remain until

late, it was almost nine before a card was brought in to Auntie, and Molly had taken to her retreat fully an hour before.

After her maiden aunt had said good-night to Mr. Carter, she went directly to Molly's room to see if she were yet awake, but she saw an untouched bed and an empty room. She went all about upstairs for Molly, and finally downstairs. When she went into the drawing-room and spoke, a sleepy voice answered, "I don't want to go to school. I think I'm ill. Anyhow, it is too early to get up yet." Then followed a bump and a cry, and a much dishevelled figure, with the sleepest expression, rolled out from under the sofa.

Molly sleepily murmured, "He didn't come at all."

MARGARET BURNS.

THE JOYS OF AUTOMOBILING.

Two Rogers Hall girls, together for only a very short time this summer, were rushing along in a touring car. Their tongues were running as fast as the big red machine itself. They were alone, both equipped with goggles of the most hideous description, and were leaving the city far behind them in a cloud of dust. "O dear! wouldn't it be simply grand if we could have this 'bubble' at school with us! Wouldn't we have the good time with it!" said the one who was running the car. "Heavenly!" said the other. "Does it always run along as smoothly as it's doing now?" "O, yes, I have very little trouble indeed," and suddenly the machine began to bump, bump, and pound, and finally, slowing down, gave a mournful gasp and stopped short. The girls pulled off their goggles and climbed out, looking none too joyful, for they were fifteen miles from home, and just outside a country village. The girl who owned the car began to hunt for the trouble, while the other perched herself on a stone wall to watch and wait. After a dismal half-hour in the dusty road, they heard the distant "toot, toot" of an automobile horn. "A bubble to the rescue, thank goodness," they sighed, and looked expectantly for the coming machine. In a few minutes around the bend came a milk wagon,

with the driver blowing an automobile horn at regular intervals. "Well, I never!" groaned the unlucky chauffeur(ess). But they couldn't let even a milk wagon go by, so after much talk, and a walk of half a mile up the road for rope, they tied their poor disabled touring car to the milk wagon and were towed—oh, the disgrace of it!—to the next town, where the machine was left "to be called for tomorrow," and home the girls went on the next train.

V. MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

The spring had come again, as anyone could tell by the increase of hurdy-gurdies and moving-vans. Miss Boston's family was among the first to catch the epidemic of moving and to transfer their worldly goods to a new home. She, Miss Boston, was standing on the steps of the new house when an elderly lady stopped to speak to her. "Do you live here, little girl?" "Yes," replied the child. "Then you are my neighbor. I hope you will come in to see me some day," With a smile and a dignified bow the little lady answered, "I should be pleased to, when you have called on my mamma."

HELEN DOWNER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" FROM A GROWN-UP'S STANDPOINT.

It has never seemed to me that there was any "grown-up's" standpoint to "Alice in Wonderland." To me it has always seemed, and does now, that no matter how old persons are, when they read the book they become as children again, and that while they are reading they don't stop to say or think "How extraordinarily bright this is!" I think of nothing of that sort, but of how strange it must have been to Alice to grow large and small without a minute's notice; to try to say one poem and find herself saying another; to find herself in companionship with

every sort of an animal; and how funny she must have felt to be playing croquet with a flamingo and a hedgehog. The author, Lewis Carroll, makes everything so vivid that I almost feel as if I had been there myself. But in this view no one else agrees with me. All say, "Why, it's one of the cleverest books written!" Of course I know it is one of the cleverest books ever written, and that it is quoted from even in Parliament. But I don't think that while one reads it it is the cleverness that impresses one the most.

I take it for granted that everyone knows the story, so I will not go into details, but say only that it is the story of a little girl who dreamed she went to Wonderland, and of her many and strange adventures there. In Wonderland she became large and small in the same breath, one minute being small enough to be almost drowned in the tears she shed while larger. She met not only a great number of human beings but also many animals. One of them, a Mock Turtle, said, when she asked him what he learned at school, that he had studied mystery, reeling, writhing, arithmetic, ambition, distraction, drawling, stretching, and fainting in coils. Alice also met a Hatter, who had had a fight with Time and never got any farther than tea, because Time made it always six o'clock for him. Another of her friends was a cat with a very large grin, who was always appearing and disappearing. Alice met the Queen of Hearts, who, whenever she was displeased with anyone, screamed "Off with his head." And although at first Alice lived in fear that the Queen would "Off with her head," after a while she became so large that when the Queen did say it she paid no attention.

The last two or three paragraphs, I think, are unnecessary and spoil the ending of the book. If the book had ended when Alice awoke from her dream it would have strengthened the ending very much.

HARRIET NESMITH.

THE AFFAIR AT THE INN.

"The Affair at the Inn" is a unique as well as interesting little book, as it is the joint work of four authors. According to some accounts, these four ladies began the story rather as a joke.

At all events the result is a very pleasing little story. The oddest part of it is that each author is responsible for only one character. Still, they all seem to lead up to the character of "Virginia Pome-roy, of Richmond, Va." Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglass Wiggin), the author of the adorable "Rebecca," is responsible for this young lady, who is as charming and free from stiffness as "Sir Archibald Maxwell Mackenzie" is endowed with all the stiffness and lack of humor that tradition and family pride can give him. He is, however, a very good-hearted, well-meaning young man, and in the end does just what we know he will from the beginning. Allan McAulay has drawn this character very cleverly. The two other characters are "Mrs. MacGill, of Tun-bridge Wells," who is seeking relief for several complaints by traveling through England, and "Miss Cecilia Evesham," her com-panion, who has spent the best years of her life in caring for a selfish old woman, and who, beside the fascinating Virginia, appears prematurely old. Mary and Jane Findlater have given us these characters in a very clever way.

An old inn on the Devonshire moor, a red automobile, and a lazy, stubborn, and peculiar pony called "Greytoria," are the accessories that help make this charming little international comedy. It is the kind of story that you like to read in front of an open fire, where you can, in a way, mix the thoughts with your own, remember a few of the bright little sayings and invari-ably, in the end, pronounce the book "perfectly charming."

GRACE M. SMITH.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA.

One afternoon late in April I received a cable from my father, saying he wished me to leave New York with a cousin of mine in the early part of May. I did not like leaving school, but as I had not been home for almost three years I was very glad to have the opportunity to return again. I left Rogers the fol-lowing Saturday morning, with many steamer letters which the girls had written me. There was a letter from every one of them, also books of various kinds.

The following Thursday I was on the steamer "Byron," steaming past the Statue of Liberty, and within a few hours we were out of sight of land. It was a beautiful day, and the ocean was perfect. It did not take us long to get acquainted, and in a day or two we all knew each other fairly well. We played shuffleboard and bull, also several other games, but I think that most of our time was spent in our steamer chairs, reading, talking, or watching the beautiful ocean. Among the passengers were Mr. Harold Bauer, the well-known pianist whom we all enjoyed hearing last fall, and his friend Mr. Pablo Casals, the 'cellist. Mr. Bauer kept us laughing and cheerful with his witty remarks.

In some ways we were all glad, after being at sea for twelve days, to come in sight of Pernambuco, although we knew that that meant almost the end of our pleasant journey. None of us went on shore there, as it is apt to be very rough and not always pleasant in small rowboats. We did not stay there very long, as we left again in the afternoon. Four more days and we should be at Bahia. That seemed very short after the twelve we had already passed. We were all glad to see Bahia, it is such a pretty town, and so picturesque as you are entering the harbor. We entered just about five minutes after sunset, so we could not have the doctor's visit that night. In all the Brazilian ports the doctor has to come on board before any of the passengers are allowed to land, as they are afraid that they will bring some disease. The doctor will never come on board after sunset, and had we not missed the visit that night we should have arrived in Rio de Janeiro a day sooner. That night we had the Captain's dinner, and we certainly had lots of fun. The dining-room was decorated with different flags and it did look so pretty.

We arrived in Rio de Janeiro a few days later, and went on shore in the morning. We visited the Botanical Gardens, which are perfectly beautiful. There are three long avenues of palms and a long avenue of bamboos, also lots of other trees and plants. We then returned to the "Byron" and from there were taken to the "Thames" of the Royal Mail line, which was to take us to Buenos Ayres, as the "Byron" did not go beyond Rio de Janeiro. We were only three days on the "Thames," so did

not have time to get acquainted with the other passengers. The twenty-fifth of May being a great Argentine festival, the dining-room was decorated with Argentine flags and the band played the Argentine national anthem. We were all very glad to arrive in Buenos Ayres and not to have to wait in the outer roads for high water. We left Buenos Ayres the next morning for our island. Wasn't I glad to get there again, and how different everything looked!

GLADYS C. LAWRENCE.

TWO DEER.

As we were coming down an inlet one day in Keene Valley, two deer, a buck and a doe, nearly upset our canoe. They were swimming from one bank to the other, and had not seen us until they had nearly reached the opposite shore. Then they saw us, and with a whistle they sometimes give, the buck, with the doe following, leaped up onto the land and were lost to sight, only to be seen again in a minute, nearly half way up a mountain. They were standing on a little grassy spot, the sunlight shining, and a more charming picture I never saw—the great elms, white birches, oaks, maples, and the tall old pine trees, making a more beautiful background than was ever painted by human hands. They gazed on us for, I guess, half a minute and then with a bound were hidden from our sight among the trees and bushes To think of killing those beautiful creatures just for their skins and antlers! Why, it doesn't seem to me any worse for Indians to kill white people for their scalps—or as bad, for the white people took the land from the Indians, while the deer do nothing to the hunters except to furnish them with the cruel sport of chasing and killing them.

MARJORIE STURGES.

THE TROUT POOLS.

The trout pools is a place where fish are kept down in Plymouth. These pools are in a large meadow and are composed of several little brooks separated from each other by boards. In each pool or brook there are several pipes, out of which comes running water, so that the water in the pools is always clear.

There are little bridges here and there, by which to get from one pool to the other.

In the first two or three places you come to as you enter, the middle-sized trout are kept. The next three or four hold a great many of the larger ones. There are ever and ever so many of these; so many that the water looks almost black with them. They all keep swimming back and forth from one side of the pool to the other, yet you never seem to see one get in another's way or hinder the others at all. In the next place the largest fish are kept. There are not so many of these and they swim lazily about.

The next thing we come to is the house where their food is cut up and prepared. They are fed twice a day, at about eleven o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon. Their food is chiefly cut-up liver and a certain kind of fish. It is great fun seeing them fed, there is such a rush under the water. If you have not the chance to see them fed, it is fun to throw into the water a red clover, or something the color of their food, for the fish think it is food and all make a rush to get it.

Beyond this house is the place where the smallest fish are kept, and also the hatchery. When these little fish get larger they are put into a pool with other and larger fish, and so on until they are in the pool with the largest fish of all.

People are allowed to fish here by paying so much by the hour.

In the fall some of the fish are killed and sold, the others are put back either into some pond or into the harbor. In the early spring, however, some more fish are caught and the trout pools are again full of fish.

FRANCES BILLINGS.

THE GLASS FLOWERS AT HARVARD.

Last autumn a friend of mine at Cambridge invited me to spend the day with her. I arrived in Cambridge about ten o'clock. My friend met me and asked me if I would like to see something of Harvard. Of course I was delighted. First we went to see the glass flowers, and you may imagine my astonishment, for never before had I seen anything so wonderful, that

was made by human hands. There was every kind of flower which I knew, and I think I am safe when I say there were hundreds that I didn't know. There was one flower among them which I could not believe was glass, it looked so real, and that was the wild iris. I was positively loth to leave that flower and to be torn away to see the skeleton of man, monkey, the missing link, and so forth.

MADGE HOCKMEYER.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

In the midst of a number of rickety-looking shanties, occupied by a negro colony, stood one that was worse off for repairs than the rest. In this shanty lived little Eb Snow, with his negro mammy and his four brothers and sisters.

He was sitting on the back step, thinking Oh! so hard! It was almost Thanksgiving. Where were they to get the money to buy the turkey, and the squash for squash-pie? All the other little pickaninnies in the neighborhood were going to have a fine Thanksgiving dinner. But they had fathers who worked and could afford to have such luxuries, and his father was dead now. The money that kept them alive came from washing that his mammy did, which was very little. Suddenly little Eb stopped his meditation. He looked up, and a smile lighted his face. He had thought of a plan. He could go to sleep in peace now. So up he went to his little bed, which consisted of a mattress spread upon the floor.

The next day, trotting along one of the streets of a large city might be seen a little negro boy, with shoes much too large and shabby clothes much too small, to judge by appearance, but with a very determined look on his small face. Up a long flight of stairs, in a large building, to the office of a large magazine firm, where sat a very large man, went the boy. Undaunted by the appearance of the man, the little fellow went straight to the point of his visit.

To make a long story short, the man was so pleased with the brightness of the boy that not only till the Thanksgiving money was accumulated, but afterwards, could be seen little Eb Snow selling magazines in the railroad station.

NATALIE CONANT.

SCHOOL NEWS.

On Thursday afternoon, October sixth, we had the pleasure of seeing, hearing, and afterward meeting the celebrated Pastor Wagner. He has come to America to attend the Peace Conference in Boston, and it was a very rare advantage for us to be able to meet in Lowell so distinguished a figure.

From the very minute he began to speak until he shook us by the hand in the reception line he held most of us as though fascinated. His whole personality and make-up breathe of the foreign and the interesting. In physique he is the perfect type of a good, healthy, broad-shouldered, muscular man, and is quite German in appearance—indeed one might easily mistake him for such, but only until he speaks. Then Mr. Wagner is French from his very pronunciation and accent to the shrugging of his shoulders and every gesture of his hands, unmistakably—as he himself styled Paris—from “the agitated little village.”

Pastor Wagner acknowledges one religion, which he is trying to spread more broadly among the people of the world. This religion is one which is entirely original, and although I might go on and on and try to explain, even then I could not impart to you the exact meaning of it all. So I will commend you to his book, “The Simple Life,” in which he has tried to show his ideals of life; and I am quite sure it would do anyone a world of good to read his other books, “Youth” and “Courage,”—which have not yet been published, but which promise to be almost as great a success as “The Simple Life.” Besides making his lecture most interesting, Monsieur Wagner told some entertaining anecdotes of his childhood.

Pastor Wagner has studied English only for a very few months, and he was rather afraid at first to try his skill before so many people, but this only made him so much more entertaining, and we all came away from the Woman’s Club in wild enthusiasm over Monsieur Charles Wagner.

FLORENCE McDUFFEE.

ANTHY M. GORTON.

THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE.

On Saturday, October the eighth, the old girls gave a dance to the new. All day long they worked hard to decorate the gym. The old girls were the men and invited the new girls. There were about eight more new girls than old, so some of the men had to take two girls. After dinner we all went to our rooms, and a little before half past seven our men called for us. The first dance was a favor dance, and the men favored the girls. The seventh dance was another favor dance, the new girls favoring the old. The refreshments were served after the sixth dance, and we certainly were happy when we saw the punch and cakes. During the supper the old girls did the honors again, and served us. The dance ended at ten o'clock with the old-fashioned Virginia Reel. All the new girls went away feeling that not even the dance that we give in May can be so great a success.

MARY WHITNER.

THE MUSICALE, OCTOBER 14, 1904.

Mrs. Underhill gave the friends and pupils of Rogers Hall School a most enjoyable musicale. After the guests had been presented to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons, they were ushered into the school-room, which had been prettily decorated with autumn leaves.

The musicians were our new teachers, Miss Johanne Glorvigen and Mr. William Kittredge. Miss Glorvigen studied in Germany. Her technique and expression made us realize how much there really is in music. Mr. Kittredge, the vocal teacher, studied in France. He has such perfect control of his voice and so distinct a pronunciation that one could readily feel and understand every word and note.

The programme was as follows:—

Dinna Ask Me!	Benjamin Whelpley
Duncan Gray	Old Scotch Song
Love is Such a Little Word	P. F. Bullard
Concert Etude	Backer-Grondahl
Wedding Day	Grieg
March of the Dwarfs	Grieg
Dites-moi	Nevin
Et s'il revenait un jour?	Norris
(Maeterlinck)	
Quand l'Oiseau Chante	Tagliafico
Dreams	Richard Strauss
Waltz!	Moszkowski
My Love's an Arbutus	Old Irish Song
Mother o' Mine	Frank E. Tours
Intermezzo	Aletter

After the concert, refreshments were served, and then we had an informal dance. Mr. Spaulding played for us, and as I had several dances with Miss Glorvigen she showed us that she could dance as well as play. The dancing broke up about eleven o'clock, and we all felt that we knew our music teachers better and also appreciated them the more for the musicale.

EDITH HARRIS.

THE HOUSE AND HALL ELECTION.

One of the most exciting and important events of the fall, the election of the officers for the houses, has just passed. When at last the night came, not much studying was done by any of us. At half past eight all the House girls assembled in the reception room for the election. Harriet Parsons gave a few notices to begin with, then we elected the President. It didn't take us long to choose whom we wanted, for after the first few days the new girls had made up their minds, and the old girls had before they came back. Harriet Parsons was unanimously chosen, and you could not hear yourself think because we all made so much noise, clapping and cheering.

Next to be elected was the Vice-President, and Helen Downer was chosen by a number of votes. After the cheering for Helen had subsided the head of the Entertainment Committee was elected, and Marguerite Hastings was the one. Two of the new girls were elected to be on the committee with Marguerite, the elections being Ruth Thayer and Florence McDuffee.

For Secretary and Treasurer combined a new girl had to be chosen, and Helen Porter was that unlucky victim. The two places that remained to be filled were the two Counselors, and Dorothy Norton and Harriet Johnston were chosen for those places.

After the election was over we went upstairs to telephone to the Hall and find out how the elections over there had come off. Harriet Parsons called Mrs. Underhill, and we found out that Anthy Gorton had been elected President; Helen Prudden, Vice-President; Elizabeth James, head of the Entertainment Committee, with Frances Dice and Lois Fonda; the Secretary and Treasurer was Marguerite Roesing; and the two Counselors were Mary Whitner and Hortense Colby. Then Mrs. Underhill wanted to know who were chosen over here, and Harriet gave her the list. She thought we had made a very good choice, and our President replied, "Yes—I don't think it could have been better," at which we all shouted, and poor Harriet didn't know which way to turn. I am sure that all the House girls were more than satisfied with the result.

MOLLY B. BEACH.

THE HARVARD VS. CARLISLE GAME.

Saturday, October the twenty-second, arrived at last, and what a glorious day for a football game, neither too warm nor too cold.

The morning was spent in preparation and anxious waiting. It seemed as if those clock hands would never reach twelve, but the time at last came, and we found ourselves, two crazy-headed girls, brimful of excitement and expectation, whizzing through the country from station to station on our way to the Harvard vs. Carlisle game.

We met our friends in Boston, and not without some difficulty did we four manage to push through the crowded subway station, get onto a Cambridge car and make our way to the stadium.

We arrived there just in time to see the handsome Indian team rush onto the field, followed shortly after, amid loud shouting and cheering of the enthusiastic spectators, by the strong and inspiring Harvard eleven.

Oh! what a grand sight it all was! and how vigorously the Harvard team showed its knowledge, strength, and pluck, and how worthy it was of the crimson colors which were everywhere flying in its honor.

At the end of the first half, the score stood nothing to nothing. This was rather unsatisfactory, but immediately our attention was turned toward some men, who, dressed in most ridiculous costumes, were going through the initiatory embarrassments of one of the prominent college clubs. Their inane pranks were most amusing, and entertained us until the whistle was blown again and the second half commenced.

It was in this last half that the real excitement gained its height, and when Nichols made his splendid run and clever pass to Hurley, who finished by making a touchdown, we completely lost control of our minds. Utterly regardless of any one around, we jumped up and down, and literally yelled and screamed for joy. In my excitement and attempt to see all that was happening on the field, it never occurred to me that I was obstructing the view of the people behind me, and it was not until some poor person had nearly worn his lungs away screaming "All down" that I suddenly realized my stupidity and dropped into my seat with a resounding thump.

The next thing we knew, the immense crowds were disbanding, men were scrambling over the seats, jumping over the railing and running out across the field toward the gates. Mounted policemen were vainly struggling to push back the crowds. In less than an hour all those masses of people had entirely disappeared and that big stadium was left empty, in quiet and solitude. The Crimson team had won, 12-0, and the Harvard-Carlisle game was a thing of the past.

ANTHY M. GORTON.

OUR TRIP TO LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

The car which left High Street just before nine on the morning of Saturday, October twenty-second, was filled with a merry party of Rogers Hall girls, for seventeen of us were starting, with Miss Annable, for Lexington and Concord, and eleven girls, with Miss Poole, were on their way to Boston to see "Parsifal."

After we reached Lexington the first place of interest we saw was the old Monroe Tavern, built in 1695, within the walls of which such men as Washington, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams have been entertained. This famous hostelry was used as headquarters for Earl Percy, and also as a hospital for the British soldiers who were wounded by the patriots. A little farther along to the right, on the grounds in front of the new Lexington High School, is a reproduction of a cannon, cut from stone, that was erected as a monument to mark the spot where Earl Percy, who had been re-enforced, planted one of his field-pieces. We next visited the old belfry in which hung the bell that told the inhabitants of the approach of the British on that long-to-be-remembered nineteenth of April.

The first thing that attracted our attention was the statue of a minute-man, at the head of the main street. On the left side of the green we saw the ivy-covered monument erected by the State in 1799. Directly across the street from this monument may be seen an old-fashioned house, on which is a tablet that tells us that it was built in 1729 and was occupied by Marret and Nathan Monroe. We then crossed the Common to the Harrington house. Jonathan Harrington, its occupant who was wounded on the Common, April 19th, 1775, dragged himself to the door and fell dead at his wife's feet. The famous Lexington Boulder marks the position of the minute-men when they were fired upon by the British.

We had a few moments to spare, so we went to Seeley's drug store and bought a few souvenirs. When our car came it did not take us long to pile on, and in about half an hour we arrived at dear old Concord. We were all on the verge of starvation, so the first thing we did was to have lunch.

We went to the Wright Tavern, which was built in 1747, and for more than a century it has been known by the name it

now bears. We had a very good lunch—of course we could have had better, but it touched the hungry spot. On our way to the dining-room we passed through the room where Major Pitcairn drank his toddy. The tavern is very curious, with its narrow halls and staircases.

After dinner we engaged three wagons and started out to see Concord. We went to Monument Street, first, and saw the Old Manse, the battle ground, the battle monument, the North Bridge, and the minute-man statue where "the embattled farmers stood." On our way to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery we passed a house which was built in 1644. Sleepy Hollow Cemetery was reached at last, and here we saw the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts, Elizabeth Peabody, Samuel Hoar, Sherman Hoar, and the late Senator Hoar. We all wished we could have staid here longer, because it is so interesting to see the graves of these noted people.

We then started for Lexington Street. Here are the homes of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Samuel Prescott, Louisa Alcott, the Orchard House, where "Little Women" was written, School of Philosophy, and the home of Ephraim Bull, the originator of the Concord grape; and in the yard near by may be seen what is claimed to be a part of the original vine. After driving some little distance down we came to Merriman's Corners, where we found a bronze tablet partly embedded in a stone wall that marks the spot where the retreating British soldiers were surprised and attacked by men from Concord, and driven toward Charlestown.

We next visited Main Street and here we saw the homes of Sherman Hoar, Jane Austin, Thoreau, the Alcott house, Margaret Fuller house, and Block House. When we returned again to Main Street we all alighted, using exclamations such as: "Wasn't it great!" "I wouldn't have missed it for all the world." We had a few minutes left, so most of us enjoyed a soda or visited the bakery shop. At last one of the girls spied our car, and it was a sight to see seventeen girls run for it. We changed twice on our homeward trip, and it was a rather tired lot of young girls that went to bed at dear old Rogers that night.

HARRIET E. DAVEY.

PARSIFAL.

Now that the copyright on Wagner's great religious drama, Parsifal, has run out, it seems natural that the first thing should be to produce it in America, and the second to translate it into English. It certainly loses by translation, but still it is a thing from which one can learn so much by even listening to the music that we can overlook some of the awkwardness of Mr. Savage's English production.

Mr. Francis MacLennan gives us, I think, an entirely new idea of the youth Parsifal. I, for one, had always thought of him as the beautiful, dreamy boy-knight of Watts' picture of the young seeker of the Holy Grail, but in this new Parsifal we see a person sinless, because he knows no wrong, but full of passion, and animal in both looks and instincts. Nothing could be more typical of this side of his nature than the way in which he throws himself in anger at Kundry's throat, when she tells him of his mother's death. In this one act we can see what his previous life must have been. He has lived in the dark forest and never known any will but his own. This you could tell by his appearance. He has conquered the wild animals by force when they crossed him, and he sees no reason why he should not force back the words that cause him such strange emotions.

Mrs. Kirby-Lunn's Kundry is all that one could wish, and more. In the first act, where she appears as the mocking, harsh witch, we can think of nothing more repulsive. When she stands before her master, the sorcerer Klingsor, she shows us her desire for freedom and redemption, as she struggles against his sinful power; and I am sure few of the audience will ever forget her wail of despair as, with the knowledge that she must try to tempt the guileless boy, she vanishes from sight. In the last act, where she has changed from the vile sorceress to the redeemed woman, she is truly beautiful. In her face and voice are depicted all the joy and peace of the purified soul.

Mr. Johannes Bischoff makes us feel too keenly the suffering of the unhappy Amfortas. In him, with his open wound, we are supposed to see suffering humanity, and his pain and sorrow are terrible.

Mr. Homer Lind as Klingsor is very fine, especially when he mocks Kundry with his awful power over her, and Mr. Putnam Griswold as the ancient Gurnemanz is good.

The great theme of the opera is the power of purity and compassion. With my poor knowledge of music, I am not capable of criticizing the music of so great a masterpiece. It seems as if in it one could feel the horrible suffering of Amfortas, the wild, fierce sorrow of Kundry, and in contrast to this the airy, fickle love of the flower maidens, the peace and joy of the world on Good Friday, and through it all the majestic, inspiring music of the Holy Grail.

At the end, when Parsifal is made king, and the heavenly dove descends on the Grail, it is very hard to have to turn from such peace and beauty to the world, where the wound of humanity still waits for the sacred spear in the guileless knight's hands to heal its pain.

POLLY S. B. SHELEY.

HALLOWEEN.

We had our Halloween festivities on the twenty-ninth of October in the old gym. The hall was decorated in true Halloween style. The light came mainly from Jack-o'-lanterns fitted over the gas fixtures, thus softening it. The dim nooks and corners were filled with cozy seats piled high with cushions, and the three alcoves were screened for those who might feel the need of a dark corner. One end of the room was used for the stage where the tableaux were to be given.

Every one represented some advertisement, and the costumes which the girls made were so attractive and true to the subject pictured, it was hard to believe some experienced seamstress had not been busy on them.

We were all to be in the gym by half past seven, and anyone who had looked in upon us at that hour would have seen a strange sight.

There was an Indian of the fiercest type, several Colonial gentlemen and dames, a demure Quakeress, a sweet and gentle Sister, two merry men commonly known as Sunny Jim and Jim Dumps, some airy, fairy maidens of about ten, unusually

tall for their ages, and many, many others who were perfect in their parts.

The tableaux were given from about eight until nine. As each girl came upon the stage we tried to guess what she represented. After the guessing was over we danced about six dances, and then to our delight were informed there was a supper waiting for us in the Art Room. When we had done justice to the supper we danced until half past ten, then said "Good night," and went to our rooms to dream of a Jack-o'-lantern dressed all in silks and satins asking for a dance.

HARVARD-DARTMOUTH GAME.

On November fifth, Miss Annable chaperoned eleven of us to the much-looked-forward-to Harvard-Dartmouth game. After a series of wild flights from one train to another we reached Cambridge, and eventually, our seats in the stadium. Much to the joy of most of us, our seats were on the Dartmouth side, the only drawback being that we couldn't get the full benefit of the fine spirit Dartmouth displayed in her songs and cheering. Both teams were cheered very enthusiastically as they came on the field and each side looked eagerly forward to victory, but their hopes were doomed to fall. In vain did we watch every play, hoping that one side or the other would score, but neither team brought the pigskin within ten yards of their goal. And at last, when the final whistle blew, it was getting so dark we could scarcely tell the crimson from the green. Still we went away feeling that a score of some kind would have been a relief, and each one was confident that a few minutes more would have made the decisive point.

D. NORTON.

BEATRICE HEREFORD.

Middlesex Hall was filled to its utmost on Monday afternoon, November seventh, to hear Miss Beatrice Hereford, the monologist. From the moment she came upon the stage until her exit

the audience was convulsed with laughter. She seemed to forget entirely herself and her hearers and become absorbed in the present impersonation. When she pretended to lunch at the restaurant you saw the coffee, the bread and butter and croquettes as plainly as though they were before your very eyes; and when, as the frivolous young lady, she ate candy it fairly made one's mouth water.

Her first sketch was "In a Restaurant." In this she acted the worried mother to perfection. She ordered the lunch, she talked to a friend, she lost her shopping list, all in one breath. "The Shampoo Lady," the next number, was fully as entertaining as the first. Here she represented the gossipy Irish hairdresser who amuses her customers as she works. The imaginary shampoo was performed in such an admirable manner that some of the girls experienced a sleepy sensation, as though they themselves had really undergone the operation.

The third sketch was one that we girls enjoyed most. "The Frivolous Side." Miss Hereford assumed the part of a gay young society girl just home from abroad. She loved this; she adored that; she "my deared" her friend at the beginning of every other sentence; she thought foreign art galleries terribly stupid; she had had at least fifty perfectly killing experiences; she thought the ship doctor too sweet for anything; and was awfully disgusted with mother because she did insist on going sight-seeing every morning in Paris before doing a bit of shopping.

Miss Hereford's closing piece was called "The Shop-Girl." One forgot it was the delicately bred English woman that was speaking, and saw in her place the "sporty" shop-girl who tries to carry on several conversations at once—one with her friends and the other with a poor, bewildered customer. She gossips with her fellow saleswomen, "jollies" a friend who has just returned from his vacation, and now and then throws in a condescending word to appease the neglected shopper.

We were all much surprised to find the programme ended here, for it did not seem possible that an hour and a half could have passed so soon. It was certainly a very delightful hour and a half, and we were sorry for the girls at home who had missed it.

LOIS FONDA.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AT ROGERS HALL.

On election day, November eighth, all the school voted for President. By so doing we felt that, of course, the man we elected would finally be elected by the people of the United States.

Five girls were chosen to look after the "polls," and three policemen to see that order was kept during the voting. The former were Grace Smith and Margaret Burns, Democrats, and Ruby Abbott, Florence McDuffee, and Dorothy Norton, Republicans. The fearless policemen were: Hilda Talmage, Dorothy Wright, and Polly Pew, who succeeded in keeping very good order. The gym was transformed from a recitation room into the "polls" by using the alcoves for voting booths, and Ruby Abbott's cake-box for the voting machine. Mrs. Underhill had had some ballots printed for us just like the ones they were using all over the State of Massachusetts.

On entering the "polls" the first people we saw were the policemen, looking very official. We then passed these and marched up to the desk, where the name and residence of each were taken, by either Dorothy Norton or Grace Smith, who handed a ballot to each voter. Then we went, one by one, into the privacy of a booth and made out our ballots. Afterwards we dropped them into the cake-box voting-machine. Here our names were checked off to prevent using unfair means and voting again.

Much enthusiasm was shown over the election. After the ballots had been carefully counted it was found that Roosevelt had fifty-two votes and Parker nine.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Three birthdays were celebrated on Tuesday night, November eighth—Mary Easton's, Priscilla Howes' and Harriet Parsons'.

Toward the end of dinner it was a very pretty sight to see the maids each bringing in a cake prettily decorated with pink

candles and smilax. After the candles had been named, and each girl's future husband assured, by the one which burned the longest, the cake was cut and eaten.

We then went up to the gym, where we danced for about three-quarters of an hour. This was a special privilege, as we generally begin study hour at half after seven instead of quarter of eight. Here the birthday girls were in great demand, and if you hadn't engaged a dance beforehand it was almost impossible to get a dance with them.

Miss Henrietta Hastings, who had an enthusiastic class in dancing at Rogers Hall last winter, was Mrs. Underhill's guest at dinner on Friday evening, the eleventh of November. After dinner Miss Hastings went to the gymnasium with us, and we enjoyed several dances with her.

THE ANDOVER-EXETER GAME.

With a good deal of anxiety we looked forward to Saturday, November twelfth. Would it be a good day, and not too cloudy? For you see there were twenty-four girls who were going to Andover to see the Andover-Exeter game, and each one wanted her side to win.

Everyone wore a happy smile Saturday morning, as if the merry sun were reflected on each countenance. It certainly was an ideal day. We could not possibly have had a better one. We had an early "stand-up" luncheon, which is always great fun. Then, with a flutter of the blue and white, and red and gray ribbons and banners, we rode off, under the care of Mrs. Pillsbury and Miss Poole.

We went to Andover by train, arriving there in plenty of time to walk up to "Brothers' Field" and have the fun of watching people come in and get seated. The Andover students all marched up in a body, two and two, each boy wearing a blue band with a white "A" on his arm. The Exeter boys formed in the same way, and both marched onto the field and proceeded to try to drown the other's cheering.

As we were on Andover's side of the field, we could only partially hear the cheering, but we certainly enjoyed the way the Exeter people cheered.

Soon a mighty shout went up from the Exeter side as their team trotted onto the field, followed very shortly by the Andover team, which was greeted with lusty cheers and loud hand-clapping.

After the kick-off, it was very evident that both teams were in for the very best there was in it; for they played fast and furiously, Exeter making great gains at each down. It was soon evident, also, that Exeter had the stronger team, although Andover held them bravely; and on finally securing the ball they made a quick pass and a run around the end and down the field, which looked at first as if they would surely make a touchdown; but the runner was tackled and brought down. Failing to gain, the ball was again in Exeter's possession. They went down the field for a touchdown; pandemonium reigned on the Exeter side; and as the ball was caught and kicked, they shouted themselves hoarse. But the kick failed to clear the goal, so the score was 5—0, in favor of Exeter. The teams lined up again and went to work with a will, but in spite of all Andover could do, when the time was called for the first half the score was 11—0, in favor of Exeter.

But no matter if things did look blue for their side, Andover kept up their hopes and those of their team by cheering heartily all the time.

When the referee's whistle again blew the teams went to work with even more determination than before. The ball was first in the possession of one side, then the other. Finally Andover, getting the ball up to Exeter's five-yard line, made a place-kick for goal. The ball went sailing over as nicely as could be, and the score was now 17—4; but Andover could not resist Exeter's terrific onslaughts, so down the field they went again for another touchdown, and still another. There were some very exciting runs on both sides, which made all rise to their feet with one accord, and hold their breath until the player was downed. Then the boys would let off some of their excitement by mighty cheers.

It finally became so dark that it was hard to follow the ball. Time was soon called, however, and the game ended 35—10. With one impulse the boys swarmed on the field to carry off their teams on their shoulders—Andover, although beaten, still valiantly cheering their team.

A good many of us saw friends of ours, which added to our pleasure still more, as several of the boys walked down to the station with us and saw us aboard the train. We all agreed that it had been a very fine game, even if both sides couldn't win.

EDNA JOHNSTON.

Sunday evening, November the thirteenth, the first House and Hall suppers of the year were given. The girls, in their dainty white aprons, presiding over the lighted chafing dishes, made a very pretty picture. The House and the Hall girls are disputing as to who had the better supper, which is a very good indication of the pleasant evening we all spent.

RUBY ABBOTT.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic side of the school life at Rogers is something that appeals to each girl, and everyone has entered it this year with a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm; whether it be basket ball, hockey, tennis, or golf, each girl has her own particular game. The splendid condition of the grounds, the various courts, and the running track adds to the general interest.

Basket-ball, especially, has been taken up with a great deal of interest, for Miss Nesmith, an old Rogers Hall girl who took an active part in basket-ball during her course at Smith, comes over on Wednesday and Friday afternoons to coach us. She has divided the girls into two teams, putting the best players on the first, which plays until three, the other coming on then and playing until four. There has been no definite school team chosen as yet, but Margaret Burns was elected temporary captain. We are lucky in having two courts, one indoors and

one outside, so that if there happens to be a stormy day now and then it does not interfere with our practice.

In hockey, too, on account of the fine weather we have been able to have plenty of practice. Having basket-ball on Wednesday and Friday, we can devote Monday and Thursday afternoons entirely to it. This game, too, is popular and Miss McFarlane always has a hard time to fill the requests to be "put in the rush." Occasional whacks count as nothing, and now and then you hear cries of "Hook her stick!" or "Stop that ball!" The usual House and Hall game has been decided upon for the seventeenth of November, and at a recent meeting of the Houses, Margaret Burns was voted captain of the House team, and Hilda Talmage of the Hall. The captains, with the aid of Miss McFarlane, choose the girls and place them in the way that will give us the best possible team play.

For those girls who prefer less active work, and those who like everything in athletics, there are the tennis courts, for which there is always a demand, and we see in many of the new girls future champions. Also, there are still the golf links, where one can get splendid practice in driving and putting.

Last but not least of the out-of-door sports is the riding. As before, Mr. Schlungbaum has been giving the girls lessons, and the new girls love it just as much as the old girls do. The foliage was so beautiful the first of the fall that the long country rides have been doubly attractive.

All the old girls were pleased when they came back and found a piano in the gymnasium, for to have music with which to use the chest-weights, clubs, and dumb-bells, makes them much more interesting; and we are sure that there is everything to make this an especially fine year for athletics, for we have not only splendid instructors, but good material in the girls for them to work with.

The Athletic Association has been started again this year, having for its committee:—Florence McDuffee, Chairman; Edna Johnston, Treasurer; Polly Pew, Priscilla Howes, Hilda Talmage. It is the duty of these girls to see that everything is in good condition, and that we have everything that is needed to carry on our athletics.

HILDA TALMAGE.

HARE AND HOUND CHASE.

On the seventeenth of November, instead of the hockey game between the House and the Hall, which had to be postponed because of the snow on the ground, we had a Hare and Hound chase.

At 2.40, Miss McFarlane blew her whistle and the four hares under the leadership of Margaret Burns and Hilda Talmage started off.

Never was there such a long five minutes spent as by the Hounds while they waited for the Hares to get out of sight. Then when the whistle blew again the race began in earnest, with Grace Heath and Harriet Parsons leading the fourteen Hounds.

The trail led through the south part of Rogers Fort Hill Park and into the woods. From there we followed along Fairmount Street and after climbing over a stone wall reached Rogers Hall only to find the Hares already back.

Hilda and Margaret had arrived at 3.1'40", Harriet came at 3.6'40", Grace 3.6'45", and Nella at 3.6'50", making the chase a tie, which is quite unusual.

DOROTHY R. MERCER.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Ten new girls to welcome. How long our Alumnae list is getting! But we are growing in other ways besides in numbers. In the first place, we are expanding all over the United States—there's not a State in the Union that has not had its representative at Rogers—and so are becoming broader minded. Our loyalty, too, is expanding, for we cannot help having loyalty grow firmer with the growth of the school. And last, but perhaps best of all, our interest in each other is increasing. I wish you old girls who were here at Rogers only in its infancy might pop in on us some day. You would find the same family spirit, the same welcome, but you could not help realizing that Rogers Hall

has outgrown its babyhood and become a big girl. If you can come to see us this year, do, for it is good for us to meet often. But even if we cannot meet at present, we can at least hear of each other through *SPLINTERS*. So send it what news you can. And let us as a whole extend a royal welcome to our ten new members.

Louise Hyde was the President of this senior class. Her home is at Massena, New York.

The Vice-President of the class was Mary Bard of Reading, Pa. From a recent picture she sent her Rogers Hall friends, we conclude that she has blossomed into a social leader since graduation.

Helen Pratt also is at home this year attending to social duties, but she finds time to carry on her music.

Ella and Rena Thomas are our Smith College representatives in the class of 1908. They are Lowell girls as well as Rogers Hall graduates.

Rogers Hall is represented at Vassar by Helen Adams, who has already distinguished herself on the hockey field, and has become a member of the Freshman team. She is from Sharon, Pa.

Juliette Huntress is giving her winter to music and German. Although she is living in Lowell she takes lessons in music of Pariband.

The old girls will be interested to hear that Alice Ramsdell is studying at the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School in New York. Her address is 338 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Mildred Wilson, who was graduated from Rogers Hall in 1903, has entered the Freshman class of Smith College. She is fortunate in having secured a room in the Morris House. Mildred was the first subscriber to *SPLINTERS* for this year.

The Emerson School of Elocution in Boston has a Lowell Rogers Hall representative in Edith Sparks, who is taking the full course.

Dorothy Ellingwood is following her avocation, and is taking a course at the Sargent Gymnastic School in Cambridge. All who remember her unusual athletic abilities feel sure that she will be very successful.

The one other 1904 graduate is Sibyl Wright of Montpelier, Vt. She is now visiting in Newton, and we hope we may see her at Rogers Hall before she returns to her home.

These are our new members, but there are many notes upon the older alumnae, and the greater part of them are matrimonial announcements.

Louise Taylor was married, June 29th, to Prof. Lynn Gerdine. Prof. and Mrs. Gerdine spent the summer in Chicago and at St. Louis, but have gone now to their home in Knoxville, Ill., where Professor Gerdine holds a theological chair.

On the day of Louise's marriage, Bessie Taylor announced her engagement to Mr. Carl Bruce of India.

Nellie D. Steele was married October 4th, to Mr. Marion Stuart Plumley of Buffalo. Her address is 203 Woodward Avenue, Buffalo.

On September 19th, Harriet N. Greenhalge was married to Mr. Laurin H. Martin of Lowell. Her winter address is 193 St. Botolph Street, Boston, Mass.

Florence Renne was married on June 22nd to Mr. Rufus A. Soule, Jr., of New Bedford.

Maud Davis also is married. Her marriage to Mr. Thomas Harold Morrison took place June 15th.

The girls who were at Rogers when Saidee Forrest was with us will be interested to hear of her marriage on September 14th to Mr. Edward B. Rathbone. Her address is "The Windermere," Chicago, Ill.

Louise Bellamy's is the last marriage we have to announce. She was married September 21st to Mr. Paul Loomis of Chicago.

Since the last issue of *SPLINTERS* Jennie Hylan has announced her engagement to Mr. William Herrick of Malden.

Margaret Richardson (R. H. '96, Wells 1900) has announced her engagement to Mr. Harry Gregg of Nashua.

The last engagement we have heard of is that of Marion Needham (R. H. 1902) to Mr. Frank Torrey of Boston.

We have heard various bits of news of the other girls.

One of our members, Marion Ashley, who is spending November in the Maine woods, has just shot a large moose. And she didn't take shooting at Rogers Hall!

Emily Ludlam is visiting in St. Louis. From there she is going to Ohio, and will be in Lowell again before Christmas.

Three other Rogers Hallers—Julia Stevens, Louise Ellingwood, and May Wilder—have gone together to St. Louis, and write home enthusiastic accounts of the Pike.

Mrs. William Fox (Maria T. Stevens, R. H. 1898) has moved to Newtonville, Mass.

Henrietta Hastings, who spent the summer in Europe, has returned, and has re-opened her dancing classes.

Mary Dewey is visiting a college friend in Louisville, Ky.

Sara Nieman will spend the winter in Boston Her address is "The Berkeley."

Florence Nesmith (R. H. 1900), who was graduated from Smith College in June, is coaching the Rogers Hall basket-ball team. She is well suited to the position, as she was on the Smith College basket-ball team, and was also one of the Sophomore coaches.

Eleanor Palmer (R. H. 1900), who was graduated from Radcliffe in June, is teaching Latin at Rogers Hall this year.

Belle Shedd has just returned from Tilton, N. H. She is to be in Lowell until December, when she starts for Jamaica and Nassau.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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This year four numbers will be issued.

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SPLINTERS.

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No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

"It is a vain idea that everyone is bound to be a critic of life," says Henry Van Dyke, and, indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that our school world is made up of too many girls who attempt to be such critics.

Each one, perhaps, when she is old enough to be sensible, is so vain as to think she is of great importance to the world, and that everyone is dependent upon her criticism. What a loss of time and energy! She finds fault with this and that thing, and with independence, becoming pretentious, she feels she can change certain customs, common to all, which she herself refuses to recognize. She has no use for diplomacy, and believes her knowledge of theology or psychology a little better than that of the greatest thinkers. She is apt to condemn her school associates, forming her opinion by their apparent little faults, perhaps overlooking entirely their good and substantial qualities that are underneath. She ought not to let her head go too high—surely she would not like to be called a snob, for then she, in turn, gives people a chance, justly, to criticise her. Sometimes she takes the silly, senseless gossip of an influential clique, and determines what she thinks precisely by what they say. Is that quite fair? Haven't we enough sound independence to be consistent in our own ideals? Is it because we are afraid? Surely no one of us wishes to be called a coward; we, at least, ought to have the courage of our own convictions.

We all admit that no one is perfect and, at the same time, human; but, withal, there are some little things a school-girl has to guard against. It would help her if she kept before her that epigram of Robert Louis Stevenson:—

“There’s so much good in the worst of us,
There’s so much bad in the best of us
That it scarcely behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.”

We should be truly independent without going to the extreme; observing, not critical; frank, but well stocked with tact, and ever willing to give our little share of sympathy; never confidential, except with our tried friend; full of womanly reserve and the desire to live up to the best within us each day.

PRISCILLA JEWETT HOWES.

GENEVA.

Of all the beautiful, quaint cities of Switzerland, to me Geneva is the most charming. From the first glimpse one catches of the lake to the last farewell waved, or kiss thrown to the beautiful Mont Blanc, one must love this dear, old city. I only wish I could have been the old lady who, when she saw the Savoyards trying to scale the walls of old Geneva, turned her kettle of soup on them, and by this unexpected and novel defense saved the town.

This brave act is commemorated every year on the twelfth of December, by the great Escalade, or carnival, that takes up three days of the Christmas season. This event changes the grave, dignified city into a mad, rollicking kaleidoscope. Then numberless clowns and other people, who, judging from their costumes, belong to every profession, age, and country, dance together in the streets, and shower confetti on each other until the end of the third night, when they disappear as suddenly as

they appeared; and by sunrise nothing is left to tell of the madness of the last few days.

But you must not judge from this that Geneva is more attractive at this time than at any other. There are, for instance, days in the late fall, when, as the sun goes down, the Jura to the west becomes a deep, rich purple against the gorgeous saffron sky; to the east, the snow-capped Mont Blanc throbs in the after-glow like a wonderful opal; and between, the blue lake, with the city at its head, seems to hold its breath until the glow has died away, and the mountains draw their veil and fall asleep.

Up by the "Bastion," which is now a park, is what remains of the old wall and the moat. The latter is now dry and the wall is, of course, useless, but it is very symbolic of what the stern, old Calvinistic city must have been. I am sure when one has attended a service in the cathedral, and sat for an hour or more on the block benches, which seem made to break your back, one realizes what this sternness must have been, for which so many brave men suffered. On top of the wall are the homes of the real Genevois, or what remains of these very aristocratic families, who seldom, if ever, mingle with the present population, and of whose past glories, wonderful stories are told. In summer, these same people go to the upper end of the city, and there, behind stone walls, live the life of story-books; for there is, as in fairy stories, as you enter the grounds, first the villa, then the beautiful green lawn, then, when you reach what seems to be the end, you find you are on the top of a hill which runs down to the river far below, and is covered by a forest, between whose trees you can see tiny summer-houses, which suggest the haunts of a flower-queen and her court. In all the trees the nightingales are singing. Do you wonder that they celebrate even the spilling of a pot of soup, when you think what it saved for them?

In the part of the city by the lake is another side of foreign life. Where the lake curves round, and forms a kind of basin, is the Jardin Anglais, all trees and flowers and music, where a continuous procession of gay French people, together with representatives from every other nation, mingle on pleasant

afternoons; and when they applaud, if you listen, you can hear the lake joining with them, for I know it loves the gay world that floats on its waters in all kinds of boats and launches, some called mouettes (they are so small and white), for it is never rough in summer, and that is a sure sign that it likes all the fun.

These people appreciate the lake, too, and have built long drives, or quais, all along the shores. There are also beautiful parks that have been given to the city, that everyone may enjoy their beauties. And then, at night, if it is the right time of the year, there are Venetian carnivals, when huge swans, butterflies, and numerous birds and flowers make the lake like a great Oriental jewel.

But in speaking of the lake, we must not forget the rushing, treacherous Rhône, which tears through the middle of the city. Just where this river empties out of the lake, it was bridged by Napoleon; and over the bridge, all through the winter, fly hundreds of lake-gulls, which circle around the heads of the people, and after much scolding and fussing, take food from their hands. Below is the island on which stands the monument to Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is an interesting fact, that when the city authorities wished to erect a statue in memory of this great man, on trying to decide on which side of the Rhône it should be placed, both sides claimed it, and, as proof, each showed a house in which they claimed he was born. To settle this dispute, an island was made exactly in the middle of the river, and on it was placed the statue.

There are endless other attractions I could tell of, but I think what I have tried to express is best summed up in the words of Monsieur Victor E. Francois when he says: "*... elle a toujours sa beauté d'autant plus piquante, d'autant plus réelle, qu'elle est toujours plus variée et plus nouvelle.*"

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

A DRIVE ON THE BOX.

It was in the little country village of Scytheville, away up in New Hampshire, where I spent two weeks of delightful fishing and rest. One beautiful morning I was at the village store, which was post-office, dry goods' and jewelrystore combined, as country stores usually are, and was impatiently awaiting the coach which was to bring the morning mail and receive the outgoing mail, and whatever passengers might be going "to town." "Wal," said one typical hayseed, deliberately chewing a wisp from a broom nearby, "guess Jim has run the coach into a ditch somewheres up the road! Twelve minits late naw!" Five minutes more dragged by, and then the rumble of the coming coach, with its four grey-white horses, was heard. Everyone flocked to the store steps, the stage-coach drew up abruptly, and the driver, starting to climb down with the mail-bag, nearly fell into the postmaster's arms. He was very white, and was trembling all over.

"What *do* be the matter with ye, Jim, old boy?" exclaimed the postmaster, as he helped the sick man into the store, and put him down on a crate of strawberries.

"Guess I'll have to stay here a spell," Jim gasped. "I been feelin' queer and faint-like all the way down from the turnpike and I——" With that he fell over in a faint, and the people ran around distractedly, nobody doing anything for his good.

"Wal, I reckon somebody's got to take the coach to the station," the postmaster said; "six miles to make in twenty-five minutes, to connect with the morning train."

He surveyed the people around. Two spinsters, with reticules and stiff, black "Sunday bests," had climbed out from the inside of the coach and were fidgeting around, asking questions nervously of their fellow-passengers. An old and very deaf

gentleman, with a small boy, and a scared-looking woman in a sunbonnet and faded gingham dress, were the passengers bound for the station that morning, and among these he did not see a suitable driver for the four-in-hand and lumbering old stage-coach. I began to scent a "lark," and before I knew it, I was calmly telling the postmaster that *I* would take the coach the rest of the way, and get there in twenty-five minutes, too. He looked at me over the tops of his glasses for a second and then said: "Where did you ever learn to drive a coach and four horses?" After a bit of arguing, I assured him that "in the city" it was a common occurrence for girls to drive, and in five minutes, the astonished passengers and the mail-bags, fruit, and other baggage were loaded on; and, with me on the high box, the coach, nearly twenty minutes late, started down the road.

On the seat with me was a farmer lad about sixteen years old, with bright red hair, freckles, and prominent teeth. His mouth had not closed yet from sheer astonishment at *my* driving the coach, and he had persuaded the postmaster to allow him to go along "in case anythin' happun'd."

I had driven a four-in-hand only twice before in my life, and I felt that I would need what little experience I had had. The road was downhill most of the way, rather narrow and stony; but the horses travelled it every day and all went smoothly for a while. I began to breathe freely again, and the red-headed farmer boy nearly convulsed me with laughter by his comments on my driving, and anecdotes of all kinds.

It was when we were about a mile from our destination, and he was in the midst of a wildly exciting tale of how he had captured a woodchuck the day before, that the "off" leader of my team bolted, then leaped sidewise to the left. A dog bounding out of a thicket by the roadside had frightened him, and he started to tear down the road in great bounds. Of course the other horses had to follow and soon became quite as excited as the leader, and we were rushing down the road at a furious pace, leaving clouds of dust behind us. The women inside and the deaf old man stuck their frightened heads out of the windows, and then screamed for all they were worth. The boy beside me did not stir, but his face was pale under the

tan and freckles, and when I motioned to him to jam down the heavy brake, I could see he was trembling.

Needless to say, my heart was in my mouth for several minutes, and when I found that by winding the reins around my wrists I could make no impression upon the excited horses, I braced my feet against the high dasher, and held on as firmly as I could.

The road was straight and through the woods, and as we plunged along I thought, "A team coming towards us can see us in time to turn out, as the road is straight," and I began to calm down a bit. I could hear the women inside moaning and the little boy crying, but the boy, holding the brake down with his two clumsy feet, said not a word.

In about five minutes we came to a long steep hill, where the dirt was new and soft, and at the sight of this I grew easier, because the horses were becoming tired and I knew they would not run to the top of this long hill. Sure enough, they slowed down, and before they were half way up, had settled down to walk, at first nervously and in jerks, but when we reached the top and were at the little station, they were on fairly good behavior.

We drew up at the station platform, dusty, creaking, horses steaming, and passengers well scared, but there was no time for explanations before the train pulled in with a great noise. I felt rather shaky in my knees as I climbed down to listen to the now loosened tongue of the farmer lad, rattling away the story of our adventure on the road.

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

THE EVOLUTION OF JAMESEY.

With apologies to H. W. Longfellow.

CANTO I.

Near the end of a Boston alley,
High in a tenement small and stuffy,
There resided widow Tegen,
Mother of our hero Jamesey.
Poor she was, yet ever thrifty,
Worked from morn to dusky even',
Washing clothes for wealthy neighbors
Yet, alas! ne'er washing Jamesey.
Freckled Jamesey in the alley
Sold the Globe and morning Herald.
Lo, his sweet voice ringing clearly,
Full of tones of deepest pathos,
Lured unto him passing merchants
With their coins of grimy copper;
Lo, his voice so fresh and reaching
Called unto him women also.
Maids there were of manners gentle,
But the one for honest Jamesey
Was the dimpling, dainty Saidee,
Daughter of the Subway Switchman.
Hair she had of solar brightness,
While her eyes' bewitching twinkle
Touched his heart to palpitation.
Thus he spoke, and meant it deeply,
As aloft he waved the Record:
"If I wuz singin' in de opera
Would yer hav' me, fairest Saidee?"
Slyly, slowly, came her answer,
"Noble Jamesey, I'd be willin'.
Whin yer dabut's made yer fortin,
Come thin quick and claim me promise."

CANTO II.

In the station stands our Jamesey,
Grown from childhood unto manhood,
Time has left him sad and careworn,
For his youthful aspirations
With his voice have left him hopeless.
Now no more he shouts the Herald,
Post, or Globe, or Daily Record,
But in voice of deepest basso
Calls the place of destination;
Calls the track, the time, the stations,
Speeds the traveller on his journey,
For the long and wished for tenor
To a bass degenerated.
So, no more his hopes of Saidee
Lighten now his life of calling.
Thus is proved the ancient saying
Time alone can give the answer.

HELEN DOWNER.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

California, the traveller's paradise! What a lucky child I thought I was when I learned that I was to spend a winter there! Although I was only twelve years old, I was a very enthusiastic little girl, and expected to have the very best time of my life.

We arrived in Los Angeles a week before Christmas. How funny it seemed to think of it so near Christmas with no snow on the ground! How I pitied the little children who could not have the legend of dear old Santa driving his reindeer over the roof covered with snow. It would seem so funny to have him come down the chimney if he were not white with snow, which he had to stamp and shake to get off.

The air was very soft and warm, and the flowers were all blooming in great profusion. How happy everyone ought to be with such lovely weather, and Christmas so near!

The older people of the hotel gave the children a Christmas tree on Christmas eve. I can see it now, all brightly lighted with candles, cornucopias, in fact all the trimmings of a Christmas tree; but it seemed unusually beautiful to us children. As we first caught sight of it, we held our breath and then shouted for very joy. We all got little toy animals filled with candy, and we thought there was never anything so life-like before.

The day before Christmas I was invited to a Christmas party at the home of one of mamma's friends. The tree was perfectly beautiful, all covered with pretty, sparkling things, and weighed down with mysterious-looking packages, while around the tree, on the floor, some more were piled. Santa Claus came in by the door and distributed the packages to a crowd of awe-stricken children.

It was great fun opening the packages and looking at everyone's presents. We were soon called from this pleasure to another, and, to childish minds, almost equal pleasure, namely, the table, which was spread with all conceivable kinds of goodies.

But what delighted me the most was the beautiful roses with which the table was strewn. Roses just out of their front yard! Just imagine picking such beautiful pink roses right by your front door on the day before Christmas! I could hardly get over my surprise.

After eating all we could of the good things provided, we played games until it was time to go home.

Then they picked one of the pink roses off the vine, and gave it to me as we were going out. After all, I did not think the California children were to be pitied as much as I had first thought, as they had roses instead of snow.

EDNA JOHNSTON.

YALE-HARVARD RACE.

The crews had been at Gales Ferry for over two weeks, and now the final day was approaching when the rowing of both crews would show for its full value. They had both practised faithfully, rowing twice each day, once in the morning and once in the evening.

Now the regatta was at hand, even the very day was here. Everybody on the yachts, boats, and observation trains was waiting with strained ears to hear the cannon report which would start the crews on their four-mile course. At last it was heard. Everybody kept looking up the stream to catch the first sight of the shells coming down the river. At length, tiny specks were seen away up by the Navy Yard, and the observation trains were slowly creeping down their tracks. The shells became larger and larger, until one could distinguish which was the Yale shell and which the Harvard. Yes, yes, that was Yale on the inside; but see, Yale was in the rear. Yale's men were pulling with their usual long, even stroke. The red oars were still in the lead until about a mile from the finish. Would Yale let Harvard win? The blue oars were working steadily, but not quickening their stroke a bit. It was plainly seen that the Harvard men were getting tired. Little by little the blue oars gained on the red ones and pulled 'way ahead. The Harvard men "spurred" and tried to gain on that fine stroke of Yale's, but Yale had already won the race by over two boat-lengths.

Such cheers and noises of whistles and cannon as arose from the yachts and the boats in the harbor! The long-looked for race was over, and the Sons of Eli had once more brought victory to Yale.

RUTH THAYER.

DAILY THEMES.

"So this is your first trip to the seashore, sonny?"

"Yep."

"Then you have never been swimming, or raced a dory?"

"Naw."

"Well, we might as well make the best of our day and go down to the shore to watch the thirty-footers come in."

Along the pine grove pathway they went, as man to man, one tall and well dressed, the other a thin, ragged little chap. When they reached the bluff, they stood for a moment to see six well-rigged knockabouts come rushing towards the pier. On they came, racing madly, the first two abreast, until just as they were to round the buoy an immense roller sent "No. 9" flying forward. Two seconds later it struck "16." The man on the bluff waved his straw hat frantically and uttered a wild cheer of enthusiasm.

"Oh, gee, look at the water hop up on the bricks," said a little lad who was gazing wonderingly at the stony beach.

And a tall man remembered his guest of the day.

HELEN DOWNER.

THE FACE IN THE PICTURE.

From its place in the dark oaken frame the face of a girl looked down on me and laughed. Laughed? I looked again; surely it was laughing, but yet its lips were perfectly calm and its eyes were serious, almost sad. But it was laughing, laughing mockingly and scornfully—and at me. Unconsciously I looked down, was I so ridiculous? I turned my eyes on the picture again. The face was infinitely sweet and sad. Dis-

gusted, I walked from the room, but at the door something compelled me to turn. The face was laughing triumphantly, and still it seemed to be pleading with me to stay.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

The wind blew freshly over the sea and the sails flapped gently as we lay anchored in the bay one summer afternoon. The little waves splashed against the bow as we rocked gently to and fro'. Now and then a flock of sea-gulls screamed overhead or dived into the water in search of food. Far out on the horizon the ships moved slowly seaward, while in the distance a bell-buoy was tolling mournfully.

LOLA M. STEVENS.

THE LAST BELL.

There is silence in the hall, then a door suddenly opens and a voice calls out, "Has the bell rung yet?" Another door opens and a girl in—well, we will not say what in, but let it be sufficient to say—in rather airy attire, appears, braiding her hair and saying, "I know I'll be late, but I can't help it. I was awfully sleepy this morning."

Then other doors open and other girls are seen, and voices are heard calling back and forth from the different rooms: "No, it hasn't rung yet, but I guess it's about time for it. You'd better hurry up, if you want to be down in time." "Oh-h-h—there it goes now." "Mercy, I can't find my shoes!" Then after much scurrying, one girl goes downstairs, whereupon the others scream out, "Oh, call up, will you?" "Are you ready?" "They're going in. Hurry up!" and so on. This takes place every morning, and shows what a great disturbance such a small thing as a bell, even, can occasion in a boarding school.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

A LAZY AFTERNOON.

Out in the open the sun is beating down mercilessly, but in my cool retreat behind the vines it matters not how it is without. A soft breeze gently stirs the leaves and brings me the scent of roses. I can hear the drowsy hum of bees and in the distance the voices of children. I swing to and fro in my hammock, and with the peace and quiet and the beauty about me, I lie in perfect content.

S. HELEN PRUDDEN.

MY FAVORITE ANIMAL AND WHY IT IS MY FAVORITE.

Think of the nice little curly snake, so slippery and slim. How delightful it is to feel him wriggling across your boot and into the grass at the side of the road! To watch him, coiled ready to strike, with his little forked tongue quivering. Surely he cannot be descended from that snake of the Garden of Eden?

MOLLY PILLSBURY.

A round, rosy little face, two big brown eyes, full of mischief and laughter; short, stubby yellow hair, tied at the side with a great bow of pink ribbon, and a determined mouth and chin, —such was this wee lady of five.

She was running towards me as fast as her little bare legs could carry her, and in her fat arms she held a big bouquet of daisies and butter-cups. She approached, stopped, and handed me her booty. In seeing my surprise she said sweetly, "Why, don't you remember dear, it's your birthday, and I didn't forget you, did I?"

PRISCILLA JEWETT HOWES.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SEA WOLF.

The first two-thirds of this book by Jack London seems very real, and you sympathize with the men as if the story was actually true.

Somewhere it says that to read this book one must have strong nerves. I do not think it is quite so bad as that, but it is a book with a great deal of horror in it.

The story is of a man who is on a steamer when there is a collision, and is saved from drowning by the Sea Wolf, and taken on board his ship. Wolf Larsen is a seal-hunter bound for the hunting grounds. Though he is just leaving San Francisco, he will not turn back for Mr. Van Weyden,—called Sissy Van Weyden by his friends—but keeps him, first as a cabin boy and later as mate.

Wolf Larsen is a man of remarkable strength, with which he defies the whole crew and curses them. This he does not do by strength alone, for he has a wonderful intellect and is almost a genius. With the learning that he has picked up by himself, whenever he argues with Mr. Van Weyden, who is a great scholar, he always gets the best of it. He also makes a discovery that makes navigation comparatively simple.

After the woman comes into the story, it is not so probable. She, with Mr. Van Weyden, escapes from the ship and goes in a small boat to an island. Here they build a hut and, in general, behave like other ship-wrecked mariners in books.

Then the ship comes ashore in a storm with no one on board except Wolf Larsen, who is blind and powerless. The ship strikes hard enough to throw all the masts into the sea, though not hard enough to spring a leak. Then Mr. Van Weyden lifts the masts back into the ship and sails away.

Wolf Larsen is a materialist who does not believe in any world after this. He receives a fitting reward for this, first by his blindness, and then by being paralyzed so that nothing remains to him in life except his own thoughts.

MOLLY B. PILLSBURY.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

AN ISLAND DANCE.

About the middle of July we received an envelope thus addressed: "Mr. G. O. C. L. and family, also friends and relations." After reading over this queer address once or twice, we proceeded to open it, and found a small square card with a gay pink border of about an inch all the way around it. Then in the centre the following invitation was printed: "La Comision que suscribe tiene el honor de invitar a usted. . . . al baile familiar que tendra lugar el Miercoles 3 de Agosto, en el salon de la quinta del Sr. W.; en el Arroyo Chana." And at the bottom of the card there were the names of about fifteen people, who were, I suppose, to have charge of the dance. All the invitation really meant was, that there was going to be a dance on the third of August in the dance-hall on the island of Mr. W., in the River Chana. As none of us had ever seen an island dance, we thought we would go "just for fun" and see what it was like.

When the afternoon of the third came, some of us walked, and the rest went in our little naphtha boat, the 'Takiteezi,' over to the saw-mill, and took dinner there. Then, about half-past seven we started. In a few minutes we were all seated in the "Takiteezi."

As it was a little misty, we thought we would take our search-light. I held it part of the time as I was sitting near the bow, but it was so hot that I soon passed it back to the stern, where my father was sitting, and gave him the pleasure of holding it. We had only a very short distance to go, and were less than fifteen minutes on the way.

When we arrived we found that several people had already come and that some were dancing, so we walked to the dance-hall which was just a few steps away. On the trees, along the path leading to it, were hung Japanese lanterns. The dance-hall consisted of a small place with a high slanting ceiling and

rafters, which went from one side of the room to the other just below the place where the ceiling slanted. Flags of different countries were draped along the rafters. Besides the United States flag, there were the English, the Argentine Republic, and several others which I can't stop to mention. Japanese lanterns also hung around the room and those, with a big lantern in one corner, made all the light there was.

In another corner sat the musicians on a platform raised several feet from the ground; the instruments were the flute, banjo, and a great number of others. The real dance began just after we arrived. The Argentine and Spanish dances are very slow indeed, and one of them, I thought, sounded just like a funeral march, it was so terribly slow and solemn; but when I asked, I was told it wasn't.

We stayed for about two hours, and then my father took us home in the "Takiteezi". It was still very misty and so it was rather hard to find the entrance in the "juncal." "Juncus" are a sort of weed that grows in the water, and to make the distance a little shorter, we cut a channel through them. We were at home in about half an hour, and the dogs could hear us coming long before we were actually there, as they were all awaiting us on the landing place. Such a noise as they did make, and of course they had to jump all over us. One of them, a big, great Dane, nearly knocked me down, he was so glad to see us back again; although we had only been gone a very short time.

After pulling the "Takiteezi" under the house, where we almost always keep it, we went to our own rooms. One part of our house is built over the river, and we use it as a sort of boat-house for some of our smaller boats.

GLADYS OLIVE C. LAWRENCE.

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS.

About a week before Christmas, Bobby was sent away to his grandmother's in the country. He was going to spend Christmas there. Of course he was very much pleased, because he loved grandma's pumpkin and mince pies. She was going to

have a Christmas tree for him and he was going to help her pop corn and string cranberries. They had a large turkey that grandpa had been fattening for four or five weeks. Bobby liked to watch him feed the turkey; it was so greedy, that it made Bobby laugh as it gobbled down its food. Bobby went to bed early the night before Christmas, because he wanted to get up early in the morning. I forgot to say that Bobby's father came the night before Christmas with a lot of presents.

Christmas morning Bobby was awake early. He hopped out of bed and ran to his grandmother's door and said, "Merry Christmas, grandma."

"Merry Christmas, my dear," she answered.

"Will you please come down and light the candles on the tree?" he said. She went down with him, and oh! how he screamed when he saw the tree with all those beautiful presents on it for him. He played with his toys all the morning and was very happy.

When he went to dinner he had two or three cotton animals under his arm. He stuck them behind him in his chair and forgot all about them until after dinner. He was very sorry because he had neglected to feed them, so he took them into the kitchen and dipped their noses into a saucer of milk.

Soon after dinner he went home, where his mother was. The minute he got inside of the door he began to yell "Oh! mamma, see what I have got!" He was confronted by a tall woman, who said, "Hush! Hush!" He was frightened to see this strange woman. She saw that he was frightened, so she stooped down and kissed him. "Now," she said, "if you will be very quiet, I will show you the best present of all."

"Humph! I bet it isn't as good as this," he said, hugging a big cotton dog very tightly. She smiled and said, "Well, you just wait and see what this one is." She tip-toed upstairs and in a few minutes she came down. What do you suppose she had? She had the sweetest little baby you could imagine, all wrapped up in a little white blanket. The minute Bobby saw it, he dropped his dog and ran to kiss the baby. "Oh! is it

mine?" he cried; "my very own?" "No, not all, mamma and papa own some of it," she said.

Bobby had been very lonesome until his little brother had come. When he went to bed that night, he decided that the baby was the best present of all.

SALLY HOBSON.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I grew in a deep forest overgrown with dark green moss. I was very small and was looked upon by the other trees as the baby of the forest. In a short time I was the only tree left, all the others being chopped down. The snow fell and I was very cold and lonely.

One cold December day a man came with an axe and cut me down. He dragged me through the woods and lifted me into his cart.

I then began a new life. I was tied to a cold iron pole in front of a fruit store. There were several other trees there; but before night, they were all taken away, and I soon wished I might go too. The next day a very nice-looking lady stepped out from a carriage, and I heard her tell the store-keeper that she would buy me.

In a few hours I was being whirled along the busy streets, until at last we came to a quiet street, on which a great, large, cheerful-looking house stood. I was carried up to the back door and hurried into the house. I was then taken into a large room into which the sunlight streamed, and warmed me up, for I was very cold. The door of the room was always closed, but this kind lady was continually coming in, and she never forgot to close the door. First she covered me all over with silver stuff, which reminded me of the snow that used to lie all around me in the forest. Next she put some little white sticks on me and then some great round balls, which were all colors of the rainbow. Lastly she tied some little paper bundles on and put a great many large bundles around on the floor.

About noontime this lady and her husband brought in some more trees which were about my size, and put them all around the room; but I was the centre one. It all reminded me so much of my forest home, that I grew a little bit homesick. I wasn't homesick long, however, for I kept hearing children's voices, and I am always happy where there are children. It seemed funny to me not to see the children; but when it grew dark, those little white sticks were lighted, the doors flung open, and in marched a whole party of children. It didn't take long for all those packages to disappear.

About nine o'clock the happy little children went home, and we trees had a Christmas party all to ourselves. In the morning we were stripped of our beauty and thrown away, but we didn't care, for we had spent the happiest time of our lives in that cheerful, sunny room.

EUGENIA MEIGS.

"BRAVE LITTLE JENNIE."

Little Jennie was out in the yard with her little brother. She was only eight years old. Jennie had the baby in a big basket and they were having lots of fun. Suddenly a carriage drove up to the house, a very unusual thing in those days, and whom should they see but their uncle. Jennie was very glad to see him, so she ran to meet him. She was not so glad when she heard the news he brought.

He had come for her mother to come with him, for his wife was very sick. When the mother heard this, she felt she must go; but whom to leave the children with she did not know. There were only two neighbors right near, and their children had the measles. "But I must go," she thought; so she got ready and went to the carriage. She told Jennie to be a good girl and take care of her brother. Jennie said she would, so they said good-bye. As her mother was driving away, she said to her brother she hoped there were no Indians around, for she had heard that they had come across the river. Jennie watched her mother out of sight, and then she took her brother and went into the house.

She looked at the clock and saw it was baby's nap time; so she put the baby to sleep and then came back to the kitchen and began to sew. It was all still except the ticking of the clock, when all of a sudden she heard war-cries, and as she looked out of the window, whom should she see coming but a band of Indians. "Oh, dear! what shall I do?" she thought; but the first thing was to lock the doors and windows, and then she ran to get her brother. Next, she went up a little ladder that led to the attic and fastened the door behind her. There was a long silence, then she could hear them pounding on the door. While she was going to the window to see if she could see them, she found the horn her father used when he wanted help, so she took it, and opened the window and blew as hard as she could, then waited to see if anyone heard. Her little heart was beating fast when she saw some men coming around the corner. "Oh, good, we are saved!" said Jennie. When the Indians saw the men, they commenced to run.

After Jennie had seen the last one out of sight, she opened the door and went downstairs. She told her story and afterwards they called her "Brave Little Jennie."

GLADYS BROWN.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The joys of the "Yale girls" and the sorrows of the "Harvard girls" were all forgotten in the fun and excitement of a lively auction in the old "gym." on the evening of November nineteenth. It was announced at dinner that all girls wishing to secure great bargains, and all desirous of disposing of their superfluous clothing, pictures, jewelry, and knick-knacks would have an opportunity not to be despised. Polly Pew, as auctioneer, presided over a great collection of "bargains" piled up on tables and the floor at one end of the "gym." The bidding was lively, and many articles brought neat little sums to their owners.

The scene was certainly a merry and exciting one; girls dashing around with a checkbook in one hand and a brass candlestick or wrist-bag, which had seen better days, in the other; a careworn expression, and in some cases we noticed even a trace of that spirit commonly found in the Hebrew race. Polly was enthusiastic and persistent, and found purchasers for everything in the heap. Everyone roared when Margaret Burns bought a small and well-worn white muslin dress belonging to Anthy Gorton, who gleefully received a dollar from Margaret. Priscilla got excited and recklessly bought an old felt hat, and an old leather belt which would go around her twice. The girl who is wearing a new winter suit this year sees her last year's suit on some other girl, and it was astonishing how girls blossomed out in new waists, very good-looking perhaps, but too small for the former owners; and we think Ruth Heath might realize that although the kimona she bought is new to her, the "House" girls, at least, have been obliged to see it a whole year already. Polly Sheley bid highest for a pair of silver scissors, which we are assured "cut beautifully"; and after all, it was such good fun, that probably along the last of May, or perhaps even after Christmas, another auction will undoubtedly meet with approval by all. MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS.

It would be hard to express everyone's joy when the Wednesday before Thanksgiving came, for there were to be four days of vacation. All but a few of the girls were going away, so that everywhere there was an air of excitement.

When we came down for dinner that evening it seemed rather deserted, though Mrs. Underhill's guests, Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Parsons, and Miss Mary Parsons, added to the number. That evening we arose to the occasion, and there soon appeared in the old "gym." a group of merrymakers, ranging from a continental officer to a ballet dancer. We danced and

sang for a while, and then all went down into one of the girls' rooms, where we told stories until time for bed.

The next day, some of the girls went to church and all appeared at the table for a very merry Thanksgiving dinner. The table was most beautifully trimmed with flowers, and at every place was a rose. Edna Johnston had two friends from Andover for Thanksgiving. Each of the guests received a Rogers Hall pennant.

In the evening, everyone was invited to a spread out in the gymnasium, for which we have many thanks for the senders of the Thanksgiving boxes. On Friday, Miss Cuendet and Miss Nicolay gave a very delightful tea, when we enjoyed listening to Miss Nicolay's many experiences. That evening we helped to empty another box.

On Saturday, many of the girls went to Boston to the theatre, so that when Sunday came we were glad to avail ourselves of the privilege of sleeping as late as we wished. The rest of the day we wrote letters, and when evening came we were very pleased to welcome the rest of the girls and to tell them of our happy Thanksgiving.

HELEN PRUDDEN.

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S PLAY—"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

The play "The Admirable Crichton," which some of us saw during the Thanksgiving recess, is something out of the ordinary, as plays run today. The character about whom the plot revolves is a butler, "Crichton" by name. He seems in the very first to be a man of ability. He doesn't approve in the least of the scheme of his master, which is to give an "afternoon" once a month, when all the servants are invited into the drawing-room and treated as the equals of the family. This scene is very amusing and absurd, but just as one would imagine it, if all the servants of a large establishment were entertained in this manner, for they stand around in awkward groups and don't know what to do with their hands and feet. It develops in this scene that the Earl, accompanied by his

three daughters and several friends, is going on a yachting trip. There being some difficulties with the maids of the young ladies and the Earl's valet, Crichton finally consents to act as valet, and Tueeney, a maid who helps the other servants, goes as the ladies' maid.

They are wrecked on an out-of-the-way island, and are in a very pitiable condition; but nature asserts itself, and the best man comes to the front and takes charge of the party. He is, of course, Crichton. The scene on the island when the others of the party rebel and refuse his leadership, and when they finally come straggling back, attracted by the smell of the supper cooking, is a wonderful piece of acting on the part of Gillette, for he holds the attention of the audience amid breathless silence for about ten minutes, without speaking a word and by hardly a motion.

The next act is at their home on the island after they have lived there three years. Crichton is still supreme. They run to do his slightest wish, and take pride in so doing. The interior of the house is wonderfully thought out and conceived. The things that were saved from the ship, such as the planks and doors, are used to the best advantage. Even the pilot-wheel is put into use as a chandelier. The chairs are hand-made, while the table utensils are very unique, being made of cocoanut-shells and all sorts of queer things. There is a sort of folding partition, which hides the stove from view while dinner is being served. There is even a sliding-door through which the dishes are passed. Then a piece of skin, stretched taut between two sticks and hanging from the beams of the ceiling, serves as an electric fan. Altogether, it is a wonderful piece of stage setting.

At the end of the third act, Mary, the Earl's eldest daughter, has promised to become Crichton's wife. Soon after, a ship is sighted and there is great excitement. Crichton has fixed, all around the island, a series of bonfires which could be lighted by electricity, the batteries of which he had brought from the ship. By a supreme effort of the will Crichton turns the switch; although he knows that if they are saved, the circumstances and positions will be reversed, and he will have to assume the rôle

of butler. As the others rush all over the hut in their mad excitement, Mary tries to tell Crichton that it will make no difference; but after an effort he snaps the cord which ties the cape on, which he has been wearing to show his authority, and takes the humble attitude of Crichton the butler.

The next act is in their London home again, with Crichton acting as butler and the others paying no attention to him in particular. Mary is to wed Lord Brocklehurst, to whom she was engaged before leaving London. Crichton's presence in the house makes them all uneasy, and his decision to leave them takes a load off their minds.

It seems too bad that the play could not have ended leaving them on the island. As it is, of course, it could not have ended differently, as it is very apparent that an Earl's daughter could not have married their butler, even if Crichton would have consented, which he would not.

The play is very well given and if you could come away without a little feeling of disappointment that it should have turned out as it did, you would like it even better, if possible. But as it is, you are very sorry for Crichton and wish it could have ended differently.

EDNA JOHNSTON.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The excitement of Thanksgiving vacation was hardly over when Mrs. Underhill suggested that we go into Boston on the following Saturday to see Sothern and Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." Needless to say, we were delighted at the prospect, and so on Saturday afternoon about forty of the girls, chaperoned by Miss Parsons and Miss Coburn, found themselves at the Hollis Street Theatre. Although early, it was with much elbowing and squeezing that we finally managed to pass through the good-natured crowd that thronged the lobby and get our seats; but when once there, what pleasure awaited us! From beginning to end we were delighted, charmed under the spell of

Shakespeare's magical words. It seemed impossible that what one saw was only acting and the actors people of our own time, and even of our own country. Mr. Sothern, as usual, was excellent, and Miss Marlowe completely won our hearts with her perfectly natural representation of Juliet. The part of Juliet's nurse was admirably taken by Mrs. Sol. Smith, who won much applause; kind old Friar Lawrence was very true to life. It was in the scene in his cell, after the decree of banishment, that Sothern did his best acting. The balcony scene is always important, but in this production did not seem so pleasing as some of the others. Why so ardent a lover as Romeo should remain standing below the balcony, with his sweetheart within such an easy climb, is more than our modern minds can conceive.

The ending of "Romeo and Juliet" is not at all cheerful, as everyone knows, and, naturally, had rather a subduing effect on the spirits of the girls, so that they seemed rather quiet on the way back to school, for which surely the chaperons must have been duly thankful; but when once the spell was broken and we realized it was only a very wonderful play, written by a wonderful man and played by wonderful actors, what a chatter: "Wasn't it perfectly great?" "Yes, and didn't you love ——."

LOIS FONDA.

THE GERMAN PLAY—DECEMBER 10.

Rogers Hall for the first time this year revealed its dramatic talent in the German play, "Ein Ruhiges Quartier." It was a clever burlesque in one act, and Fraulein Nicolay deserves very great credit not only for training the girls, but also for being the author of the play. The different parts were well assigned and capitably done.

Frau Nudelmeier, Witwe Zimmervermieterin

Marguerite Roesing

Frau Ratin Mottelich, sehr Laub

Anthony Gorton

Adalgisa Wupdich Schlachtenmaleim

Opal Bracken

Rosaura Donnersberg, erste Liebhaberin am Lari-Fari Lheater,

Marguerite Hastings

Signora Pironettis, Balletmeisterin	Helen Downer
Horalice, ilire Schulerin	Dorothy Norton
Selinde, ilire Schulerin	Lois Fonda
Pinchen, Dienstmädchen	Hilda Talmage
Krakel, Geheimsecretar und Dichter	Polly Sheley
Schlachtwurstky, ein edler Pole ohne Privatvermögen,	Gladys Lawrence
Blasms Posaunis	Hortense Colby
Patzig Schutzmann	Lola Stevens
Erster Expressmann	Harriet Davy
Zweiter Expressmann	Edith Harris

Frau Nudelmeier was the conscientious and worthy keeper of a boarding-house. She had many boarders and a corresponding number of troubles. Marguerite Roesing took the part well and made her quite the one character of dignity and pathos in the play. Her one staunch supporter in her house of bedlam was Frau Ratin, very deaf and, of course, entirely oblivious to the noise. Anthy did some very clever acting which made the deaf lady absolutely ludicrous. When Krakel the poet came to the boarding-house in search of quiet in which to give his muse full sway, the deaf Frau assured him that absolute silence reigned in the house. He was greatly pleased at that and sent for his trunk. Polly Sheley made Krakel a type of the fop and genius of the present time. She had force and her German was perfect.

While Krakel was still in Frau Nudelmeier's house, the other boarders came in: Wuppdich, a painter of battles, made all the noise possible in order, as she herself said, to get in the proper spirit. Opal Bracken surely got this spirit and carried the part off well. Soon after, Wuppdich, the leading lady of the Lari-Fari theatre, and the mistress of the ballet came in chattering and disputing. Marguerite Hastings made a very attractive leading lady, and she certainly put force into her argument. To settle the dispute, Helen Downer, as the ballet girl, gave an exhibition of her ability by a dance. It was graceful and pretty, and was repeatedly encored. Her two pupils were Dorothy Norton and Lois Fonda. They were dressed to form a contrast and made two very sprightly ballet

girls. More noise arrived in the person of Schachtwursky, a dapper Polish gentleman. Gladys Lawrence did this role to perfection. Schachtwursky stood with his arms around the ballet girls as naturally as though he had done it all his life. Hortense Colby as Blasius Posanist made a decided hit. He was small and sprightly, and strutted up and down, adding to the confusion with a trumpet.

Finally Krakel decided that Frau Nudelmeier's boarding-house was no place for a poet seeking quiet and inspiration. He called loudly for a keeper of the peace, and Lola Stevens appeared—a tall and stalwart policeman. He saw that his services were unnecessary, and, in true policeman style, made his way to the side of Princhen, Frau Nudelmeier's pretty maid. Hilda Talmage, who took this part, did not seem averse to his attentions, and in the same way each boarder found his congenial spirit. Krakel was persuaded by the charming Frau Nudelmeier to take rooms in her house. The expressman brought in his trunk, and the play ended with a song:

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedenten
Ich bin so lustig hier
Nun hab ich fur allen Zeiten
Ein ruhiges Quartier.

FLORENCE MACDUFFEE.

OUR GERMAN CHRISTMAS EVE.

Great excitement prevailed at Rogers Hall on December seventeenth, for the Christmas vacation was to begin in a few days, and we were to have a real German Christmas that evening. Everybody was busy all day long, some mysteriously working around behind closed doors in the "gym.," some buying their jokes to be put on the tree, and others doing Christmas shopping. From the confusion among the girls you would imagine that no one would receive good jokes; but they must have been inspired when they reached town, for they came back saying, "Oh, I have a joke for you!"

The girls worked until late in the afternoon, because it took much time and many hands to try to make the tree more beautiful than the year before.

The time arrived at last. After dinner we all formed in twos on the stairs and came up singing, "Oh, come all ye faithful." The tree was beautifully decorated; its candles were all blazing, and it was loaded with the jokes of all sizes. Around the tree were laid all the gifts that were too large to be put on it, and also a bank of oranges.

At first we circled around the tree and sang, "Mon beau sapin," and then, "Oh, little town of Bethlehem." As we were singing the last lines, we heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and to our great surprise in came Santa Claus. We all stopped and gathered around him while he laid down his big, interesting-looking pack, and began talking to all of us. He certainly was the same jovial fellow, an ideal "Santa." We could hardly realize that it was Polly Pew who took the part. He laughed and joked with us while he unloaded his pack, pulled out bundle after bundle, and read the name of the girl it was going to. In handing the joke to each girl, he gave with it an orange, a barley toy, and a candy cane from the tree.

There certainly was a loud shouting and laughing as the jokes were opened. Each girl flew around to see everybody's else. For one thing, we were all amused at seeing Mademoiselle Cuendet's thirty-five pencils; and the Harvard banner, with the three white beans on it, which was given to the Hall President, created a great deal of laughter; also the great number of angels that Marguerite Hastings received.

After eating the canes and our barley candy, and enjoying them like six-year-olds, we all sang the German songs: "Stille Nacht," and "Oh, Tannenbaum." Then we said, "Good Night," and all declared that in Germany they certainly have an ideal Christmas.

MARGUERITE ROESING.

MRS. PILLSBURY'S READING.

On Sunday evening, December eighteenth, Mrs. Pillsbury was asked to read to the House and Hall girls, since it was our

last Sunday together before the Christmas vacation. After a delightful stand-up supper, we gathered in the Hall drawing-rooms where the reading was given. Her first selection from the "Christ-child in Art," by Henry Van Dyke, was most interesting and contained many new thoughts for us. The legends of St. Christopher and St. Anthony were beautiful Christmas stories, and we all enjoyed them so much. After two of Phillips Brooks' poems, we sang several Christmas hymns. It was then time to say "Good Night" and we went to our rooms, with a purer and sweeter idea of the Christmas-time spirit than before.

CHRISTINE ROSE.

Although Juliette, Ruth and Carnzu have severed their connection with our class-rooms, still the memory of them is constantly brought back to us in a social way by their lingering friends at Rogers, and through their kindness and the kindness of Polly and Isabel, who are still at school with us. Some of us, on the evening of December twenty-second, were the fortunate guests at one of the most brilliant and successful dancing parties of the season

Two of us were staying with Polly, and after much fussing, prinking, and anxious waiting on our part, the carriage arrived at last. We three piled in and in a moment were off for the Vesper Boat Club. All the way such remarks as these could be heard: "Oh! I know I won't have the supper taken," and "Imagine sitting out all alone!" "Oh! you stupid, of course you will; who ever heard of Helen D.—sitting out alone?" etc., etc. Polly, poor child, was not troubling herself about the supper or even anything, for she was suffering from the effects of a long endured attack of La Grippe, and, at the most, she was to be allowed to stay through four or five dances; so she settled back and listened, while her two guests worried and fumed, and at last agreed to have the supper together.

This agreement reached, and the carriage having stopped, we looked out of the window, and with a gasp all cried in one breath, "Here!"

Having reached the Boat Club, we tripped upstairs, laid aside our party cloaks, hoods, etc., and after leaving Polly, who was hostess, joined some of our other friends, and with them made a bold dash to the hall, where we were met by a score of attractive young men. They ushered us to the matrons and then to the hostesses. After paying our respects to each one of the long line of pink-attired young ladies, we grouped ourselves in a small bunch in the corner, and there stayed until the music started, and one by one, each in her turn waltzed away with her respective partner.

After our small group had thus disbanded, the dance began; and soon the scraping of feet on the floor, the pounding of the big drum, and the chattering voices of the girls mingled with the deeper tones of the men. All harmonized, and gaiety, mirth, and merriment were at the full height.

Supper was announced, and I glanced around the room for Helen, only to see that poor unfortunate (?) unpopular (?) girl busily talking to a most interesting, light-haired, bright-eyed youth at her side; and I very much doubted if Helen remembered the previous supper engagement made on the way in the carriage.

That this dance was truly a grand success no one can deny. The hall, the floor, the music, the matrons, the guests, the *hostesses*, everything, as I heard one of the girls remark on leaving the hall, was "simply perfect."

As at most parties, the ideal dance was the last one, and oh! how good that orchestra was to give us so many encores. We thought this glorious time must last forever. But as all good things must end, so this was no exception; and at two o'clock, as the orchestra played the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," we bade an all around "Good-night," and left the poor old Boat Club to think in silence, while we rolled off homeward to spend the rest of the night in "talking it over."

ANTHY MATHESON GORTON.

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D. D., of New York City, talked on "The Citizen and His City," at the Middlesex Women's Club, on the afternoon of January thirteenth.

We, as school girls, could not help but realize how his every remark applied to our own daily lives. He clearly taught us that whether we would ever have power in city elections or simply, as at present, in our little world, Rogers Hall, "whatever is good for the hive is good for the bee." He proved decisively that city elections were carried by parties and how very wrong that was, and that money so influenced the people that they would barter their very offices, which, if only for their individual good, should be prevented.

We left the lecture feeling that whether we were citizens of a city, citizens of the world, or girls not yet realizing the power of what our influence can become, we are indebted to our country to act, not for the individual, but for the benefit of the United States.

MARGARET L. BURNS.

A HARVARD TEA.

"Harvard Square, the end of the route. All change!"

"Here we are at last!" cried one of us. Three very much excited girls, with their chaperon, piled hurriedly off the car, and began to look about for one special round cap and a long coat. Would he never appear, that man?

Three pairs of expectant eyes searched about the square and in the direction of the "yard." We were on our way to our first Harvard tea, and bitter would be the wailing if we should, by any chance, miss our escort—that man.

"There he is!" "Here he comes!" In truth he had arrived and was shaking hands with all at once. As we made our way across the square toward "Matthews" we rehearsed some of the difficulties of the journey: the icy winds of the corner before the car came, a blockade on the track ahead, the interminable wait on the train before the freight passed, and then the long ride to Cambridge.

But now we were really there and going up the winding stairway of old "Matthews," and finally into the cheerful room with its warm fire, bright banners, and immaculate order.

The others began to flock in until the rooms on both sides of the corridor were filled with a jolly, laughing crowd. When it was time to light the candles, one of us and the pretty chaperon served at a round table in the centre of the room. While we sat about chatting, one of the fellows played on the piano a well-known football song of his own composition.

The lights began to twinkle across the yard in "Weld," when with a regretful smile our chaperon reminded us that it was getting late. We bundled up in our furs and, after thanking our hosts for a splendid time, started again for Harvard Square. The time had gone by all too soon, but each of us had a trophy tucked under her arm as a souvenir of our jolly afternoon. On our way back to the "Hall" we had a merry time talking it over. Each of us was very enthusiastic over college life, but we agreed that it is, after all, much nicer to be Rogers Hall girls and go to Harvard as visitors, if all their teas are as delightful as our first tea proved to be on that Saturday afternoon in Matthews Hall.

HORTENSE COLBY and OPAL BRACKEN.

THE HEARTS PARTY.

The House Girls gave a most enjoyable card party, January fourteenth, to the Hall Girls. The game was hearts, a simple but cautious entertainment, and there were twelve merry tables: five in the parlor, two in Gladys Lawrence and Marjorie Sturges's room, one in the den, two in Grace Smith and Christine Rose's room and two in Ruth Heath and Molly Beach's. As the last two were on the second floor, there was a continuous train of chattering maids going back and forth, some telling how they had the queen of spades, which counted thirteen, and could not get rid of it, thus taking their own medicine; another saying what good cards she passed to her left-hand neighbor and what high ones she received in return, or vice versa. After playing ten hands, the score cards were compared, and we found that Marie Crosby had received the

lowest number of hearts, and Helen Prudden the highest. The prizes were a silver cologne bottle for first prize, awarded to Marie, and a drum, with the inscription "See if you can beat this," to Helen, who joined us in a hearty laugh. Then "eats," as we call them, were served in the laboratory, and the long table, bearing the House color, red carnations, sent by Mrs. Underhill, also cakes, candies, frappé and nuts, was most attractive. We were soon scattered about in little groups, discussing the game, telling stories and enjoying ourselves in general. When the clock turned its hands toward ten, the party broke up, and the Hall Girls reluctantly bade their hostesses "Good night," adding a few parting words and making dates for the coming week.

On Monday, January 16, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, lecture before the Middlesex Club. Those of us who heard Mr. Perry lecture on Hawthorne last year remembered him with pleasure, while those less fortunate enjoyed anticipating the pleasure in store for them. Mr. Perry's subject this year was "How to Criticise a Novel." Since we have been able to read books we have said, after we have finished one, "I like it," or "I don't like it," just as the book suited or didn't suit us. Mr. Perry said that this personal criticism is not what is wanted. We must first of all consider the mood in which we read it,—whether it is to pass away the time while we are traveling or whether we read it to gain something. If the latter is our motive we should know something about the matter in hand and the author's purpose in writing it. The three essentials to be considered in criticising a novel are: The characters, the plot, and the background. Mr. Perry likened these materials of the literary artist to the colors on the palette of an artist. We must consider the characters as to their reality, the plot as to the truthfulness of its development, and the background as to its vividness.

All writers have a message to deliver, and this they do in many ways. The one who has most successfully given his

message is the one who has thought least about his manner of delivering it, but has, in the words of John Wesley, "Delivered his soul."

I think that in the future when we read novels, whether old or new, we shall not forget the suggestions which Mr. Perry gave us.

GRACE M. SMITH.

THE HOUSE SUPPER.

Sunday evening, January 22, the House was the scene of a very successful supper, the second this year. In addition to a delicious supper there were two birthday cakes in honor of Ruth Thayer and Edith Harris. Just as we had finished naming the candles, to determine who were to be the lucky men, there came a messenger from the Hall with "greetings" in the form of potato salad. We immediately handed her the pot of beans as a thank offering, but they were declined, and after having a cup of chocolate she returned to the Hall and we went back to hear the "after-dinner speeches" of the two birthday girls. They were not long, but as it is quality more than quantity that counts, they were voted splendid, and the two orators retired with blushing, smiling faces. It was time for reading, so we left the birthday feast.

GRACE HEATH.

THE HALL SUPPER.

On the same evening, the second of the Hall suppers was given in the art-room. This supper was more "grand" than the first one, because the best part of it had been prepared at Page's. When it came time for dessert, the pretty girls at the chafing dishes were very popular, because they were serving fudge, which made a delicious sauce for the ice cream.

We Hall girls had not the pleasure of a birthday spread in addition to the supper, but, nevertheless, I am sure we were all well satisfied with the efforts of our committee.

BEATRICE LYFORD.

ATHLETICS.

THE HOUSE AND HALL HOCKEY GAME.

The Monday before Thanksgiving was the day appointed for the yearly hockey game between the Hall and the House. Everyone wore either a red or an orange ribbon, and there was much speculation as to the result of the game, as the teams were supposed to be pretty evenly matched. At half-past two the players were escorted to the hockey field by their cheerers, the Hall led by Polly Pew and Mary Whitner, and the House by Miss Annable. For a while nothing could be heard but the yells and cheers of the two sides, each trying to drown the other, but soon Miss MacFarlane's whistle blew, and the teams trotted out onto the field. The ball was started between Hilda Talmage and Margaret Burns, and from the beginning the evenness of the two teams was clear to everyone. Several times the ball almost reached the goal posts, but each time was driven back by the skilful playing of the guards, which called forth shouts and cheers from their respective sides. Each one kept her place remarkably well and there was very little bunching. All played their best and at the end of the first half the score was 0—0. After five minutes' rest the playing began again and it was hard for the spectators to keep their seats as the ball went from one goal post to the other, but never through them. Several changes were made during the second half, but when the final whistle blew the score was still 0—0, although each side declared they would have made a goal in a minute.

The line-up:

HALL.		HOUSE.
H. Talmage, Capt.	bully	Capt., M. Burns
M. Roesing	forwards	G. Heath
R. Abbott		D. Norton
M. Sturges		H. Parsons
M. Easton		H. Porter

E. James	}	h. b.	{	D. Mercer
H. Prudden				H. Davey
P. Howes				M. Beach
O. Bracken	}	f. b.	{	N. Pfeifer
B. Lyford				H. Johnston
F. Dice		guard		G. Smith

DOROTHY WRIGHT.

The winter term has come and brought with it all the winter sports: skating, coasting, and "punging" are favorite ways for the girls to spend an afternoon. The crust we have had lately has made fine coasting, and with a bunch of happy girls for each bob, you are pretty certain of having a good time.

Basket-ball we have only on Wednesday now, so that we may have the other afternoon to spend out-of-doors. Margaret Burns, who was the Captain of the basket-ball team, resigned in favor of Polly Pew who was immediately elected by the girls. Polly thinks that a House and a Hall team will be chosen soon and probably also a second team from each house.

Before Christmas, after our final game in field hockey, we reported to Miss MacFarlane for military drill, and for a few weeks we were taught the military commands and to obey them promptly, and found it was not such hard work and lots of fun. Since Christmas we have begun our fencing again. There are two classes: a class of beginners for the new girls, and the advanced class for those who have taken it before. Miss MacFarlane thinks that in about two weeks the advanced class should be able to commence assault fencing.

Instead of the rather uninteresting chest-weights and dumb-bells in the regular "gym. "work, we are having Indian clubs and parallel bars, and I think this term promises to be an especially interesting one as far as athletics are concerned.

HILDA TALMAGE.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

"Ranch life is very exciting, and when I tell you all that has happened in the last four days I know you will agree with me.

"Saturday I worked hard around the ranch, for there was lots to do, and I got so tired that I slept only three hours afterwards. Sunday my cousin and I took an eight mile ride to church. After dinner we washed the dishes and were just finishing when a crazy person of twenty-eight or so called and asked me to go for a ride. I saddled up and we rode twenty miles—a glorious ride. Really, I have never seen such a beautiful place as Colorado is, with its rocky hills standing out against the sky. You would simply love it, I know. When I reached the ranch I found a large pile of dishes, pans, and more pans to wash and scrub. As you may imagine, I was tired, so I hustled up my work and dropped into bed.

"The next day I slept until eleven, and I was just starting to get something to eat when auntie called me to come quickly. I rushed out and found the dearest old man in the road. He had broken his leg and had crawled down a hill to reach some house. Of course everything went wrong: Uncle had gone to the coal-bank, Beatrice and Jack had ridden to town and taken my horse with them. That left only one lame horse and a small colt on the place. The only thing to do was to watch for some one to come to help us, so I planted myself on a hill and waited. Strange as it may seem, the first person to come along was uncle. We hurried round, and at last I started off for the doctor on Julie, uncle's horse. It was a mighty hard ride for both of us. Poor Julie had been hauling coal for hours and I hadn't had a thing to eat. We rode hard, old Julie and I, and she didn't stop her horrible trot once, even up the hills. Uncle's little old saddle was very

uncomfortable and the stirrups were miles too long, so we were glad to reach the doctor's. The doctor drove me back and we led Julie, which was a blessing. At four o'clock we reached home and I had breakfast. Poor auntie, in the meantime, had had four men to breakfast besides the old man. Who says ranch life is stupid? I call it very exciting and very strenuous, don't you?

"One of the cowboys has shot a coyote and has just told me he would like to give it to me. Greedy thing! I am only too glad to have it, for now I can have a coyote rug of my own."

CLARA FRANCIS.

SPLINTERS wishes to make an appeal to the old girls for help in the Alumnae column. Many of you have been very generous in giving your time and energy in our interest, and SPLINTERS is glad to take this occasion to thank her contributors. This appeal is made especially to the Alumnae from whom we have not heard. We all have plenty of school spirit and we still are interested in each other, but as time passes some of our remembrances naturally grow dim. This is due not to a lack of a desire to keep up our friendships, but rather to the multiplicity of the demands of the present. There is one way, however, in which we may keep in touch with each other, and that is through SPLINTERS. To be sure, this seems an impersonal kind of friendship, but it is far better than silence. Let each of us, then, try to send whatever news she hears of the other girls to SPLINTERS. Through it we shall be able to realize that though time and distance may separate us, our school ties are not to be so easily loosened.

Lowell has been fortunate in having Jessie Ames (R. H. 1899, Smith 1903) here this winter, for she has helped to make it very pleasant. In December she had two evening "At Homes," and a very pretty cotillion, at which were many of the old Rogers Hallers. She is visiting in Washington now, but intends to return the first of February to be ready to go to Cuba with Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, R. H. 1895, Smith 1899).

Mrs. Edward G. Bradley (Annie Knowles) was in Lowell for Christmas.

Clara Francis (R. H. 1903), who has been in Colorado since July, has gone to southern California for several months.

Helen Coburn (R. H. 1897, Smith 1901), is in Quechee, Vt., visiting Mary Dewey.

Among the Christmas festivities in Lowell was a masquerade dance given by four Lowell girls, two of whom are Rogers Hallers, Ruth Coburn and Louie Ellingwood. It was one of the liveliest dances of the season, and it was noticeable that the prettiest costumes in the hall were worn by Rogers Hallers.

Another very delightful dance was given by Eleanor Palmer (R. H. 1900, Radcliffe 1904), and Rita Talbot at the Vesper Club House.

Lowell has lost one of her Rogers Hall Alumnae, for Betty Bennett (R. H. 1894, Wellesley 1899) has gone to Dorchester to live.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen), whose address has been Dutton Street, is spending the winter at her father's home on Rolfe Street.

Christmas week Edith Nourse gave a large dinner at which were seven of the Rogers Hall Alumnae. In February Edith is going to Montreal.

Dorothy Underhill braved the dangers of a winter sea voyage and spent her Christmas vacation at Monhegan.

Those who remember Mrs. Herbert Swift (Berenice Jocelyn), will be glad to hear that she has recovered from her serious illness.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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SPLINTERS.

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No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

The spirit of the present day seems sometimes to be to outlive that old maxim, "Haste makes Waste," for everything must be hurried through and scarcely anything is worth waiting for in this busy world. The quickest means of travel, although perhaps not the most convenient, is the best, as time is the first consideration. Thus midnight trains from one city to another are very popular, as a business man need not lose an hour of the day. Everyone knows the state of "frenzied finance," the mad rush for money, which does not tend to make the keen worker go slowly and with thoughtfulness for his competitors, and which may in the end hurry men to the point where Sunday is merely a day to stop and gather up for the coming week, the true old New England day of rest and worship becoming a luxury. In the literary world how the authors cater to this rushing, hustling public! Unless their novel opens with a dash and snap that looks promising it is thrown aside. The long introductory descriptions of a century ago would find a poor welcome in nineteen hundred and five. Some of the sharper writers start their books with a flood of conversation that excites enough interest in the reader so that he cheerfully runs through the more solid parts of the work to receive an explanation for all that has gone before. Considering the quantity of modern fiction that must be read to keep up-to-date, it is not strange that all stories are made short and to the point.

It is strange to note how almost everyone seems possessed to crowd into their daily life all that is possible to do justice to. Years ago it would have been impossible to accomplish in the same length of time all that the average person does to-day, but the improvements and inventions of the age facilitate all kinds of labor.

There is so much to learn and there are so many things to do that appear essential to the happiness of life it seems a shame that the chief obstacle is the lack of time. Those who can select one aim, one interest to expend their energy and enthusiasm upon, are above and beyond the crowds, for they can walk slowly through life enjoying its true pleasures.

To keep pace with this strenuous world and yet thoroughly appreciate the quiet moments that are given to thoughtfulness and the better things of life would seem the nearest to a happy medium.

HELEN DOWNER.

The Athletic Notes, which have been crowded out of this issue of SPLINTERS by the unusual amount of School News, will appear in the June number.

The letters of Edna and Helen Foster, who were at Rogers Hall last year and the year before and are now making a trip around the world, have been of great interest to the girls who knew them here. Through the kindness of Helen's room-mate, the readers of SPLINTERS have the opportunity of reading parts of nearly all of her letters.

All the Rogers Hall girls were very grateful to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons for the opportunity of hearing Dr. Greene's sermon on his seventy-fifth birthday at the Eliot Church, of which he is the pastor emeritus.

It was truly inspiring to hear his interpretation of the text, "Watchman, what of the night?" in which he gave us the true worth of living, good enjoyment, and sound faith.

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN FOSTER'S LETTERS.

CHESTER.

We left Southport about four and got here about six to-day. It is the quaintest place I ever hope to see. This hotel is very old-looking and has a court with a garden in it. There are a great many American people here and it seems so funny after Southport where there weren't any. Sunday we went for a long four-in-hand drive and had tea at the funniest old hotel. It seemed as if everything must be a thousand years old, the tea included. Last week we took another drive to a funny old-fashioned town, it was market day and the streets were filled with people selling anything from gingerbread to lace curtains. The drive back was by moonlight and it was great until towards the end it simply poured, which wasn't so pleasant.

LLANDUDNO.

Here we are in North Wales and it is perfectly lovely here. We stayed in Chester until last Friday, where I went through the Duke of Westminster's palace, and really it isn't at all bad. We also drove over to Hawarden Castle where Gladstone lived, and after that went through the Chester Cathedral. Yesterday we went on a twenty mile coach ride, it was perfectly beautiful. A long pier goes out right beside this hotel and they have band concerts in the pavilion. We went to two yesterday, and they had the sense to play some American pieces such as "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Onward", but the English people didn't seem to appreciate them.

THE CARLTON, LONDON.

London at last, and oh, it is great to be here! We left Llandudno yesterday and got here last night in time for dinner. This certainly is the dressiest place I ever hope to see, the Waldorf isn't in it. Last night we sat in the palm room and watched the people and really the low-necked gowns quite shocked me.

There wasn't a high-necked one that I could see from my seat in the dining room, and there were very few who were not painted, but some put it on so they look mighty well, and there are some very pretty girls, I must say. There was one who had lovely features but had paint on about an inch thick and a decidedly low-necked red velvet dress, and really she did look very swell. We went out to Slough today and saw the old Stoke-Poges Church, where Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is perfectly lovely here. We also went to see William Penn's old home.

The King is coming to town to-day, so he will probably drop in and see me this afternoon; it will be so nice to see him again after such a long separation.

THE HAGUE.

I started this letter at Amsterdam, and we are at La Hague now. We left London Thursday night, took the boat at Harwich and landed at the Hook of Holland the next morning. It was very foggy and horrid in Amsterdam, and I am not crazy about that town. One day we went to a small fishing village, Volendam, and oh, that is the most adorable place! All the people are dressed in their picturesque costumes and the little tiny houses are the cleanest places imaginable. It was Sunday when we were there, so all the fishing-vessels were in and the men were at home. We had dinner at a funny little hotel which is filled with paintings by celebrated artists who went there to paint the people. Edna had her kodak with her and wanted to take some of the children, so she got two little girls, and in half a minute she had about a dozen who wanted money for having their picture taken.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels is a most fascinating city, and I like it awfully well. Of course, we have been to a few art galleries, but we really haven't done much sightseeing; but they do have the most adorable cake shops here, the *éclairs* are simply perfect, and the chocolates are delicious. I want to eat them at all times of day, for I am always hungry. We expect to leave here Tuesday

morning for Paris, and we shall stay at the Hotel d' Téma until we see if we can find the French family we were with before.

PARIS.

We arrived here last Wednesday and went to the hotel and then looked up Mlle. Prévost, who taught us French when we were here before. She told us about this pension, so we came here Friday. There are about fifteen girls here, all English except ourselves and one other American girl. They, the English girls, are all so funny. If you tell them they look well, or anything, it is more than likely they will answer, "Yes, don't I?"

Wednesday night some of the girls took a dancing lesson from a man who teaches the ballet at the opera. We watched. I thought I should die laughing, he was the funniest thing I ever saw, just like a cat on hot bricks, as someone remarked.

Well, I will tell you what we were doing last week. Every afternoon, about four, we went out with Mlle. P——, and then came to the hotel for tea. In the morning we have our lessons and then go out for a little walk in the Bois de Boulogne. Thursday is our holiday, so we came over here early and went down street with mother, and after we had luncheon went to see the Louvre Art Gallery. That certainly has the most beautiful pictures; you could not help but love it. Great excitement!! Yesterday afternoon mother appeared with Mrs. Holmes and Marguerite. We had the grandest talk, all about Rogers. Oh, it did seem good to talk it all over. She said her fun at school was all over when she left R. H. Same with us. Really, it isn't possible to get any schools here like those we have at home. Really, the girls here are much nicer than I thought at first, but I honestly think I never could stand it if I were a French girl and had to be trotted around the way they are. Thank goodness, I live in U. S. A., the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Last Thursday we went to the Luxembourg. There are the most adorable paintings and sculptures there. Afterwards we had tea, and as usual I ate too many cakes; when I get started I simply can't stop they are so good. That night was the soirée,

just as stupid as last time. We leave tomorrow morning for Rome and from there to Naples. I am anxious to see what the sleeping-cars are like over here.

NAPLES.

It is Saturday night and I am going to start your letter now. I am tired tonight and homesick for U. S. A. There are a bunch of Italians playing pathetic tunes in the Palm court to help me out, and the waves are beating up against the other side of the street we are on, like fury. I can imagine how rough it will be when we start for Port Said tomorrow night. We left Paris last Monday and got to Rome Tuesday evening. It is great there, and there isn't any doubt about its seeming old. I like the Coliseum better than anything there, I think. We went to the Vatican and saw the Apollo del Belvedere. There was a great fête at St. Peter's the day we left, but we didn't dare go, as they say the crowd is very bad. I should have liked to see the new Pope, though. Yesterday we drove up to an old monastery and it was an awfully interesting old place, the views from there were perfect. You ought to see the things those old monks have made. The monastery has been suppressed and there are only about ten monks there now. I never saw such a dirty city as this is in all my life, the people go around in a few dirty rags in the narrow streets where the washing and macaroni are hanging out on the same lines. But the ragged little boys are adorable, they are so good-looking, with beautiful dark eyes, and they are always smiling in such a cheerful way whether they have anything to eat or not.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

Well, here we are in Egypt, and I am even more crazy about it than I thought I should be. As soon as we landed in Port Said everything seemed entirely different from any place. We had to stay there for lunch and all the afternoon, but the people amused us all right, bothered the life out of us, too, trying to make us buy their stuff. My "Peter Thompson" seemed to amuse them a good deal; they called me Mrs. Maybrick. This is a great hotel, a huge place and very Oriental-looking. The

waiters are Arabs, in their picturesque costumes. It has a terrace in front, where it is quite the thing to sit out and have afternoon tea, and there is a garden with a grand tennis court at the back. Oh, it is so lovely and warm and sunshiny, it just makes you feel good to be alive.

The first day we went to see the Whirling Dervishes and the Howling Dervishes. They are rather on the style of monks, only on their Sunday, which is Friday, they do their stunts. The Whirling ones go around at a great rate and they don't stop until one falls down. The Howling ones are the worst, though. They work themselves up into a perfect agony and groan and sway backwards and forwards like madmen. We have been to a few mosques, too. They are perfectly beautiful, but it certainly does seem awful to spend so much money on them when you see the way the poor people live. I never saw such dirt and poverty in my life. They really live out of doors, but some have little two by one rooms where they sleep, and such looking people! They nearly all have something the matter with them, so many are blind or have something the matter with their eyes.

We have been to the bazaars, too, and they are the funniest places, long, narrow (dirty, of course) streets, lined with little shops, and all sorts of funny-looking people driving or riding donkeys up and down. Our dragoman, who takes us to these places, is a very important man. His name is Mahomet Brown, and he has traveled in America, I want you to know, (with Barnum and Bailey, by the way). He is divorced from one of his wives and has two now, but they squabble so much he has decided to divorce them both. The women here, all except the very poor, cover up their faces all but their eyes, so we asked Mr. Brown how he could tell his wives if he met them on the street. He replied that they had no business to be on the street. We asked how they got air and he said they could have the window open. Imagine what a life to lead! America is the country to live in, all right.

We drove out to Heliopolis this afternoon. It was once a city, but the obelisk is the only thing left of it now. On the way out we stopped at a tree which is planted on the same spot where another one was, under which the Virgin Mary and her

Child rested. Yesterday morning we went to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx. They are so huge we didn't attempt to climb them or go in the Pyramids, but rode around on donkeys. In the afternoon we went to the Egyptian Museum and saw Ramesses II's mummy. Monday we start up the Nile, but we are only going as far as the first cataract.

ON THE NILE.

We spent one day last week at Assine, visited some more tombs (you can't get away from them), and then went through the bazaars. This is New Year's day, and it doesn't seem possible that a year ago there was such a thing as snow. I have read books on Egypt till I am blue in the face, and I am sick of seeing people running around with Baedekers, too, but I would say they are very useful. We left Cairo Tuesday, and the trip is great. The first day out we landed and rode donkeys all the afternoon to the ruins of Memphis and Sakharah. They were very interesting, especially the Serapeum where the Sacred Bulls were buried, but the best part of it all was the ride back through the tall date palms just as the sun was setting. I never saw such a beautiful sunset in all my life, the colors were so different from those we have at home.

We are now at the landing of Beni Hassam and everyone is going off to see some ruins. If you only could see the way those old ladies mount the donkeys. They all seem to think that the only way is to hang on to the donkey boy around the neck. I must say I haven't seen any yet that I have been tempted to hug. They are a pretty dirty-looking bunch. The donkeys have the most extraordinary names. "Whiskey and Cigars," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-a," but mine was plain Rosalie. There is a man down by the dock who has just taken off his shoes and spread out his cape and is praying. They go through all sorts of forms and are supposed to pray five times a day.

LUXOR.

This last week has been a very busy one, we have ridden donkeys to tombs and temples by the wholesale. At this place there are some magnificent ruins, those of Karnak, which are

supposed to be the finest in the world. But I liked Phylae the best. It is only an island covered with water, and it is splendid with the temples, colonnades, and palm trees sticking out of the water. We rode around the courts and halls of the temples in boats. We take the train from here back to Cairo, and the dust on them is awful. You can scarcely breathe; the desert is on one side and the Nile on the other.

Well, we are really going to India. We sail from Port Said about the middle of next week, and in about ten days we reach Bombay, where we land.

EN ROUTE TO BOMBAY.

We are on the Red Sea now, and I have my very thinnest summer things on, but this steamer is great, and they have every kind of arrangement to keep the steamer cool. Really, this is the best voyage, every day has been beautiful, the ocean (Indian) has been just like glass, and we have such good times playing games.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

India is awfully interesting and so different; but, of course, we haven't seen much of it yet. It is very hot here in the middle of the day, and no one (of the tourists) goes out from eleven until three or four, and we always drive, as you get very easily tired. We wear topees or helmets, and we certainly are a stunning-looking crowd.

The street scenes here are very interesting. Some of the natives wear very bright-colored costumes and turbans, and a good many are decidedly scantily clothed; the children, for the most part, go around adorned with a string of beads and a smile,—look just like little bronze images. I am thinking of taking one home to put on the mantel.

Now I want to tell you about the Towers of Silence. There are five of them upon a hill near here. As the Parsees hold the earth, fire, and water sacred, they don't believe they ought to be polluted by dead bodies, so they take their dead and put them on the top of these towers for the vultures to eat. These big, ferocious birds are always sitting around in a circle waiting for a

funeral to come, and a second after a body is put in there isn't a vulture left sitting on the edge. We went to the Hindu cremation cemetery, too, but I tell you I didn't stay in there more than a jiffy. There were two or three bodies ready to be put on the bonfires, and around these bonfires the friends and relatives sat to watch the body burn!

We go up north to visit a few cities on our way around to Calcutta. Among other places, we stop to see the Taj Mahal, which is considered the most beautiful building in India; and between the poor hotels, trains, plague, and poor stuff to eat, I think I shan't be sorry to get out of India. Thank goodness, we can get Peters!

We hope to sail from Ceylon to Hong Kong about the 12th of March with a lot of people we have met. If we do that we shall stop at Singapore for a few hours, then spend five days at Hong Kong, and then go up to Shanghai, get off there for a few hours, and then go on to Japan, and get there about cherry-blossom time. I am wild to see Japan! Then, if we stay there about four weeks, and sail for home, we should land at Vancouver about the tenth of May, and that is what I want to do.

HELEN FOSTER.

AN OLD LEGEND.

The Ocean murmured gentle lullabies and danced and glittered where the light of the full moon made a silvery path across it. It smiled up at the twinkling stars as it gently lapped against the old, weather-beaten cliffs. Once a playful baby wave ran up higher than its brothers and made a little splash before it returned. Out on the water an island was darkly outlined; from each end of which arose a stately gray light-house casting its golden light out into the night. All around stretched the vast and wonderful ocean. Could any mystery ever have been woven about this silent, beautiful scene? And yet, long, long ago, many years before the lights were built, perhaps on such a night as this, a Pirate vessel anchored off the cliffs and lay rocked by the waves for half the night. When the moon went in and all

was at its darkest little lights flashed here and there on the vessel, muffled sounds were carried across the waves with hoarse shouts, and the noise of a boat lowered down to the water. One by one figures clambered down over the sides of the pirate schooner and dropped into the boat, then a large, square dark thing was lowered and the boat pushed off. A short bulky figure stood in the stern and directed the rowers as the boat forged through the water at every stroke on towards the island.

Can we follow these pirates as they haul their boat onto the shore, with the short bulky figure leading the way, followed by the men with the mysterious black thing on their shoulders? They stumble along, from time to time making brief exclamations, till they reach the topmost point of the island. There they stop and hold a whispered conversation, but it is not a whispered conversation for long. Their voices rise into shouts, and all begin quarrelling at once, the short bulky figure hops around frantically, waving both arms and legs. Finally order is restored, some of them set to work digging, others to measuring and driving huge bolts into the rocks at certain points. Such a noise they make with their pounding, hammering, snatches of song and wild bursts of laughter that the gulls and sea-birds rise from their nests and hover overhead, screeching and calling. The whole island rings with noise. But at last the object of the expedition is accomplished, the men gather around the deep hole they have made, lower into it the big black thing, and cover it over. Taking a last look they start toward the shore, they push off and are soon seen climbing up the sides of the schooner. By this time the moon has gone and the sun, a huge red ball, is slowly climbing from the water up into the sky. It has been an all night job, this marking out the place and burying the treasure, and now the pirates must be off. The sails are hoisted, anchors hauled up, and the great ship soon gets under way. We have a last view of our short bulky friend, bellowing out orders, and pointing with his short curved sword. Then the ship sails off between the island and the mainland, and is soon a speck on the far-distant horizon.

Now the lights are built on that same island where the treasure was buried so long ago. Boat-loads of summer people

go over for picnics. Gaily dressed ladies and "just so" young dandies ride and drive along the shore and look across the water at the island. Sail-boats, yachts and tugs pass by all day, and all night lights twinkle over the water and you hear the sound of mandolins and laughing voices.

Oh, you all know of this short, bulky captain who buried his treasure so long ago; you all know his story and know that he never again came to the island he left on that bright, sunny morning. And most of you know of the island, perhaps many of you have been there. What a pity it is that you didn't know a treasure lay under your picnic ground!

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

A MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMP.

It is said that Ernest Thompson Seton, while preparing the setting for one of his books, went up into a northern forest to write a description of the woods he was to put into his story. "After I had been there two days," said Mr. Seton, in speaking of it afterwards, "I gave it up as a very bad job, and sent for my camera as the only way to describe those northern forests." Just as we have been taught in history or literature to study things from the beginning, so ought we in treating of subjects to start from the source, and in this particular instance tell of the woods themselves. But, as Mr. Seton advises so strongly against it, it would be better here to write of "those northern forests" after they had reached the mills.

In the northern part of Michigan, near the place called Wequetonsing, there is a narrow-gauge railway running back into the woods. As the cars are but "flat-freighters," you feel a bit foolhardy when you clamber up on them. But soon the engine shrieks, and you start. The road-bed is steep and very rough, and the little engine puffs along with a good deal of the motion of a trotting horse. Then you shoot out on a level space, with the black, high walls of the forest on either side, and you smell the sweet, cool dampness of the pine trees. On the right there is a rushing, busy brook, and further on you see it

widen into a large stream, where the "loggers," standing on rafts, are shouting to each other as they ply their poles. Now the engine whistles, and you draw up before a large wooden building. But first, as though hating to leave the woods and their cool restfulness, one looks back and sees the rock road stretching away like a narrow trail of sand narrowing into a mere chalk line as far as the eye can reach. With a sigh one turns away and enters the building. Here first are seen huge logs taken from the water into the mill by iron cables and spikes. Then, if you follow the career of any particular log, you will see it bolted on to a planing machine and its barky sides shaven off. This improves its appearance, and, as it is an extremely hard block of pine, the grim-visaged boss, whom the more daring of the men call "Binky," decides to have it put aside for the company. Now a really dapper little sapling comes along, and we rush to see what its fate will be. First it is sliced and then quartered, sawed, and at last thrown on the pile for what the men called splinters, — Splinters, yes, so it seems.

These sawing-machines were very interesting, and we were anxious to examine them more closely, but the cutter held up a maimed hand as a warning. He, too, had been impetuous, but it was long ago.

Just then our little engine began shrieking with great passion at our delay, and we were obliged to leave in haste. Timber had been all piled up on our freighters, and we had to be strapped on to the top as our only means of safety.

By this time it was getting very cold. We did not think so pleasantly of the damp forests on both sides, and we were most heartily glad to get to the bottom. We went down to the wharf with the train to see the lumber loaded on a huge barge which was waiting for it. It was fascinating to watch the longshoremen hustle the great piles of wood on to the boat with such ease and dexterity, and, after exploring the ship, I quite made up my mind to go as first mate, captain, cabin-boy, or something, to Milwaukee, the barge's next port. But on consulting with the rest of the party the idea was rather forcibly eliminated from my mind, and I decided to come to Rogers Hall instead.

FLORENCE MACDUFFEE.

A PIE SUPPER.

The summer that I went to the "Pie Supper" we were camping on a lake in southeastern Maine. While I was there Mrs. Jones, a lady who lived at a neighboring farm, invited me to go with her to a pie supper, and as I was very anxious to find out what a pie supper might be I gladly accepted her invitation.

At four o'clock the hay-rack which was to take us was at the door, and we started on our way. The driver was a very jolly man, who wore a tall, light brown beaver hat and persisted in talking and singing continually, while he danced a jig to the music. As we went along we stopped at every farm to take in every one who wished to go, grandfathers, mothers and children, even to the little babes.

As the hay-rack kept filling up the man beside me talked to me at times with a remark like "Have yer gut yer pie with yer, sis? Yer know yer can't go without yer pie." Yes, I had my pie, and á custard pie it was, too. How we were to eat them I found out when we reached the little two-by-four schoolhouse.

We went inside and found it a very plain, rough room without a chair or any kind of ornament. In one corner was a hand-made table on which we put our pies. They were numbered and a slip of paper with the corresponding numbers was given to the girls who carried them. Around the edge of the room were tree stumps which supported boards. These were used for seats. I sat on the edge of one and immediately found myself on the floor. As I got up and this time sat near the middle of the board, a beaming-faced, overgrown country lad came up to me carrying a pie in both hands. We found the number he had taken from the pie like the one I had, and immediately he thrust a fork, prongs first, into my amazed face. He was a good-looking but very countrified appearing boy without any self-possession. But looking around at the other men, I decided that if I had had my choice I would not have chosen another.

Having taken the fork I looked around to see what the others were doing. Young and old were coupled off, sitting with

their knees together, on which rested a pie, while both were eating, one from one side of the plate and one from the other.

When I looked back at my pie I found it already one-fourth gone. "Ain't yer going to eat?" my friend said, looking at me between bites. "Don't yer like custard?" I took one bite. Oh, I shall never forget it! I tried to take another. It simply would not go farther than half way to my lips. "I think I will let you eat it all, if you like it," I said with as much politeness as possible. Country people, as a rule, are very sensitive and I did not wish to hurt his feelings. I did not explain that when I came I had expected to eat at a table and in a civilized way.

But my apology was not needed for my pie had quickly disappeared. When all had finished eating, if so it may be called, the people took away the seats on which we had been sitting, except those in one corner on which the babies were left to sleep. Then they all joined hands in the center of the room to play games. The first one was "Supper," in which they took turns in slapping each other on the back and then playing catch around the circle. The next game was, "Will you chase me?" During this very queer game I had four or five men point fingers at me and ask with a grin, "Will you chase me?" I declined each time and wished I might drop through the floor and find my way back to camp. Other games they played were "Skipped-a-Moll-You," "Bingo," and "Clap in and clap out." All the time they were playing these they all sang and screamed as loud as possible.

An evening playing these games is to these people like an evening at the theatre to us, so we cannot judge them too harshly for enjoying themselves in this way. Still, we cannot help laughing at them as I laughed while watching the games that evening. But I was very glad to be back home again among those who do not know what a pie supper is, and who wonder that I do not like custard pie.

ALICE BAILEY.

A BUNCH OF ORCHIDS.

The long, straggly line was creeping slowly through the state dining-room to the blue room, where everyone would shake the famous hand, look into the renowned eyes, and hear the familiar "Delighted to meet you" of President Roosevelt. By way of explanation to you to whom this scene is not familiar, I will say that this is the Army and Navy reception at the White House. Moving slowly along in the line was a young lady accompanied by a very good-looking young man, who was distinguishable from many other young army and navy officers only by a large bunch of orchids he was carrying, and by an opera hat under his arm, which unquestionably he had neglected to leave downstairs.

It is no wonder at all that the young man was a trifle surprised when a man, whose plain blue uniform showed him to be of the secret service, standing at the entrance of the blue room, remarked in the most confidential tones, "A pretty bunch of orchids you have there." But he merely remarked, "Yes, they are rather nice, I think myself," and calmly started to move on; but that apparently impudent officer continued: "Better let me see those flowers!" The young man drew himself up, then his better sense came to his rescue, and determined to avoid disturbance and attention, which are at best very embarrassing, he handed the flowers to the man. To his dismay his flowers were rudely shaken, then returned to him with a smile and the words: "Beg your pardon, sir, but we have to be careful about those things on account of the President, and a bunch of orchids is a fine place to carry a revolver, sir."

The straggly line moved slowly on carrying with it an indignant and bewildered young man, with an opera hat under his arm and a bunch of orchids in his hand.

DOROTHY DEWEY NORTON.

MADAWASKA.

Madawaska is the name of a little village of fifteen houses away up in Canada, and also of my uncle's camp, where I go almost every summer. Madawaska village is about two hundred miles from Ottawa, and to get to the camp you have to take the Parry Sound train up to Egan Estate, a little telegraph station about three miles north of Madawaska village. There some of us leave the private car to get to the camp that night, and the others, who are too tired to take the thirteen mile journey into camp, stay in the car all night and come in in the morning. At Egan Estate there are four big wagons waiting for "*le Gouverneur et sa compagnie*," and these do not remain empty long. For ten miles we drive through the woods to Lake Victoria, where a little steam launch is waiting to take us across to Camp Madawaska.

The camp is situated on a clearing, looking across Lake Victoria and all around is the dense forest. It is so peaceful and quiet there that if you speak through the megaphone you can hear the echo for five distinct times. The woods are full of deer, moose, wolves, bears and wild-cats, and it is never safe to go very far from camp without a gun and a guide.

Two years ago I went on an all day trip of about thirty or forty miles up to the Big Opeongo, which is a large lake directly south of the Hudson Bay. Most of the journey was made in the canoes through a chain of small lakes. About ten o'clock at night we reached a long carry of six miles. At first I was a little bit shaky about entering the gloomy looking forest, but I had to or else sit alone on the shore all night, which would not have been very pleasant. We had been walking for about three miles and my fear had changed almost into joy at being in such a cool, dark, beautiful spot, when suddenly the forest seemed almost alive with the cry of the wolves. Well, I must confess I never wanted so much to be out of such a cool, dark, beautiful spot in all my life. We kept our course, peering from the right

to the left and back again, and at last when we arrived at Little Opeongo I think we were all pretty thankful.

The guides met us on the shores with the canoes and we made the rest of the journey in them to the bank of the Big Opeongo and there, over a large bonfire, we cooked our supper at about twelve o'clock at night.

Last summer I went "jacking" for deer, but that was not so much fun, as you had to keep perfectly still and besides, we did not get any deer, though we could have brought back a boatful of musk-rats if we had wanted to, as the water seemed to abound with "them darned little critters," as the guide wisely remarked.

ELIZARETH ARNOLD JAMES.

DAILY THEMES.

An excited, swaying crowd is eagerly watching the racing track, perfect swarms of people, with every eye intent upon the scene before them. Below, excited drivers are urging their horses back and forth. Among them is a little bay mare with shining skin, and showing her blue blood in every line.

The bell rings, the signal is given, and they start, but some unruly horse breaks, and back they go to try again. At last comes the signal to go, and they are off in earnest. They rapidly round the course. Now comes the crucial moment — they near the end. In the rear is the little mare, but, as she sights the last quarter, up goes her head, and, with a long, full breath, she gains upon the rest. Only two before her; one she passes, and is within the length of a head from the foremost. They are almost at the line; the driver gives his last call. And now her nostrils swell, she tosses her head upward, and with one spurt is leading. Every nerve is strained and quivering, the head stretched far out, while, with a steady stride, she is over the line, the winner by a length!

S. HELEN PRUDDEN.

HOW TO ROLLER SKATE.

People may talk of "Bicycle Faces" and "Automobile Faces," but the expression of a person trying to roller-skate is funnier than either. With a glassy stare and an apologetic smile you glide around a corner, never sure but at any moment your hands will fly over your head and your feet from under you and you will land with a hard thud on the floor. A person of a sensitive nature, who is afraid of being laughed at, will never make a good skater. The best way to learn is to pay no attention to the advice of others as to the best way to learn, but try any way you can to creep around the hall, and gradually your feet will stop feeling as if they didn't belong to you, and you will gain confidence. Another way is to cling closely to the arm of an admirer (if you have one), and let him pilot you around the hall. If this fails you, you had better follow some other pursuit.

PAULINE FARRINGTON.

I stood on the terrace and looked towards the sunset, which threw a pink light on everything around me. Nearby, among the bushes and on the terrace above me, moved the beautiful statue world. I knew them all, for I had seen them, or their doubles, in many art galleries ; but now, as the pink glow fell on them, the cold whiteness had disappeared, and they walked and whispered together, with the perfect tints of the master-artist replacing the stony hardness. The Medici Venus took my hand and led me where the other statue-folk were. They crowded around me like happy children, when suddenly from somewhere came a whisper, "The kiss, the kiss." Instantly the statues glided to different parts of the garden ; the figure beside me held out her hand as if for help, and murmured the words of the others, but, as the sun sank out of sight, she stiffened into the same position she had stood in for hundreds of years, and I was left alone.

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

Do any of you know how to tear your skirt? I do. It's the one thing I have learned to do without the slightest effort.

Whether I am walking sedately to church or endeavoring to master the art of roller-skating, I can get at least three tears in my skirt. Sometimes they vary between barn-door rents and straight every-day ones: As you go up stairs just quietly and unconcernedly plant your foot on the bottom of your skirt, and you will be well repaid with an enormous tear. Or, as you skate ungracefully around the rink, lift your foot a little too high, and another one appears. Play with a cunning little dog, and after he has left you send in returns; for your kindness he has clawed at least one or two holes or long slits somewhere about your skirt. I, for one, know by experience that any one of these things will never fail you, and I know there must be a hundred more ways of tearing skirts, if you are only bright enough to find them out.

HARRIET NESMITH.

The class in psychology was discussing oscillatory sentiments, when one of the girls asked, in an absorbed manner, "When DO we osculate?" This question was echoed by several other members of the class until we one and all were referred to the dictionary. We found it to be an expression of sentiment, but hardly the point of argument.

HELEN DOWNER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PROSPECTOR.

Someone has very truly remarked that "the best way to know a really good book is by the state your mind is in when you finish it." Some books simply make one want to start out and enjoy life—and nothing more. Another class makes one want to do something and be somebody. To this class Ralph Connor's latest book, "The Prospector," belongs.

It is the simple story of a young Scotch-Canadian who goes out West as a missionary to the cattlemen and ranchers. He is

so much one of them, so truly a real man that he wins their confidence and love, not for himself, but for his Master, who heretofore has had no place in their affections. He has great sorrows and trials while he is out there, the death of his mother and of the younger sister of the girl he loves. These only serve to sweeten his life and enable him to sympathize more strongly with those in sorrow. He seeks out all those whom he can benefit to such an extent that Pérault, an old Frenchman, calls him the "Prospector," a name which sticks to him in the West as strongly as his college nickname "Shock" does among his college friends. The Superintendent visits "Shock's" field of work and finds out, from his friends, the great work he has been doing. In a conversation he has with Pérault, the Frenchman calls "Shock" the "Prospector." The Superintendent inquires if he is prospecting for coal or gold. "Non," replied the Frenchman, "him prospect for de peeps."

The character sketches in the book are very vivid. Aside from the "Prospector," there is his stately, strong, angelic mother, Helen Fairbanks, the daughter of luxury, to whom he is afraid to offer the rugged life of the West, and her true-hearted, lively, and beautiful sister. Then there are Brown, the "Son," and Loyd, all college chums, who start in life at the same time under very different circumstances.

The contrasts between characters impressed me very much. Mrs. Macgregor, "Shock's" mother and Mrs. Fairbanks, Helen's mother, the one a stately Scotchwoman, with all the truth-strength and courage of her nation hidden under her proud manner, the other a scheming, worldly, heartless woman, whose one ambition is social power.

On the whole, the book is a good, wholesome story, which leaves one feeling better for knowing such men and women.

GRACE SMITH.

THE MASQUERADER.

The Masquerader, by Katherine Thurston, is one of the best novels of a time when the world is overflowed with novels of all sorts. The theme of the book is by no means a new one. It

deals with the possible, but by no means probable theory of two similar identities.

The two men in the story meet accidentally in a London fog and, by the striking of a match, each man sees his own features before him. One of them, Chilcote, is a wealthy club man and a member of the English Parliament. He is a victim of the morphia habit, which becomes stronger and stronger. Loder, on the other hand, is a poor but ambitious author, struggling against the odds of poverty. These two men and the alienated wife of Chilcote form the three leading characters of the book. Each character is very carefully drawn. Weakened by the morphia habit Chilcote wearies of the work which his position demands, and after meeting Loder conceives the idea of changing places with him so as to be free from care. Loder at first refuses, but later accepts the proposition. As Chilcote, Loder makes brilliant speeches in Parliament, receives the plaudits of the other members and enjoys the money of his counterpart. In this part he wins back the affections of Chilcote's wife and unwittingly finds himself in love with her. This discovery is so much of a shock to his sense of right and wrong that he resolves to reform Chilcote and restore him to his former position; but the habit has such a hold on Chilcote that he cannot give it up, and finally goes back to the poor quarters of Loder. A telegram written to Loder and left in his haste in the breakfast room reveals Loder's true identity, and at Chilcote's entreaty he returns to do what he can to rectify this fatal blunder. Finally Loder, unable to play his double rôle with Chilcote's wife, returns to his own quarters, where he finds Chilcote dead from an overdose of morphia, leaving Loder to keep his present place.

The book is by no means wonderful, nor is its plot unusual, but the characters are so carefully drawn and the pictures so vivid that they hold the attention of the reader to the very end.

BESSIE C. HAYES.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY TRIP FROM SOUTH AMERICA TO NEW YORK.

I left Buenos Ayres on the S. S. Thames the twenty-seventh of August. My father and cousin came to see me off, but we did not have very much time before the whistle blew for the visitors to get off, and at ten o'clock the steamer slowly pulled out from her dock. I came up alone, but fortunately found a lady who was going all the way to Boston, so I came on with her. We were a week on the "Thames," and of course we had to run right into what is called "The Santa Rosa" storm, which delayed us somewhat. "Santa Rosa" is one of the many holidays which are celebrated in that part of the country every year, and, strangely, every year it happens that on that day there is always a storm. It was very unpleasant in some ways, yet in others very pleasant for two or three days, as the waves were very high and it was very rough indeed; it also rained some, still I enjoyed it immensely. Very few of the passengers were seen on deck during those days, so it was not so jolly as it might have been.

We were on the "Thames" just a week, then on the second of September we arrived in Rio de Janeiro, which looked very natural. We found the S. S. "Tennyson" waiting there, and were very glad indeed when we saw the Lamport and Holt tug coming over from the "Tennyson" to take us back there. We sailed at two o'clock that afternoon and went steaming by the "Thames," which was supposed to sail at the same time, and it pleased us very much to get the start on her. We arrived in Bolivia two days later and so did the "Thames." But on the day before, which was Sunday, we saw something which probably very few on board had had the opportunity to witness before, and that was a sea burial. None of us had seen Mr. S., as he had come on board before any of the other passengers. He was going only as far as Bolivia, and it was very sad that he should have died just about twelve hours before arriving there. Nevertheless, he had to be buried at sea, as the rules of the line made this necessary. The service was at eight o'clock Sunday

evening and the captain, all the officers, crew, and passengers were present. The ship, of course, stood perfectly still during that half hour. He was buried under the American flag, which means that an American flag was laid over the box.

We arrived in Bolivia early next morning and almost everyone went on shore there. Pernambuco was the next stop, then the stop after that was Barbados, one of the West India islands. There was a space of six days before we arrived there, and it seemed very pleasant to see land again. Barbados is a very picturesque island and we all went on shore. It seemed very strange for everybody to talk English here, as we had heard only Portuguese spoken in the other places. Barbados is not a very large island, but very interesting and quaint. There is one very interesting store with curiosities of all kinds in it, tortoise, coral of all sorts, and various other sea products. We managed to get several things from there as souvenirs, then we returned to the "Tennyson," and were very much interested in watching the little boys dive for money. We found a boy who said he would dive right under the boat if we threw a shilling in. In a minute we saw him slowly coming up on the other side of the boat, much to our surprise. We left Barbados that afternoon, six more days and again we would see New York harbor.

After leaving Barbados we spent the next day in passing through the islands, which were very interesting. I spent most of my time on the hurricane deck reading and talking, also in other amusements; in fact one could most always find me up there. One day, when something happened to the engine, and we had to stop for about an hour, we diverted ourselves by catching a Portuguese man-of-war, as they are called. The ocean was just as smooth as glass and of a most beautiful color. It took us some time to catch this jelly-fish, but finally we did. He was a perfect beauty, and had the prettiest colors, which are really impossible to describe. One day we had a bull tournament, which, I believe, we never finished.

We had some of the most beautiful sunsets that I ever hope to see. The captain gave us a dance, which was just lots of fun. The night before arriving in New York we had the captain's dinner, and the dining-room was all decorated with flags, and at

each seat was a little Lamport and Holt flag, which the captain gave us as a souvenir of the trip. Then we all joined in a song which one of the passengers made up. It was to the captain and his officers. When we awoke the next morning we found ourselves anchored just outside of New York harbor, where we remained until the doctor came on board. Then we went slowly up the river and passed the Statue of Liberty, and finally tied up at the Lamport and Holt docks. We all hated to leave the "Tennyson," the captain, and all the officers; still, we were glad to be in New York again. There were lots of friends at the docks to welcome their friends home who had been away so long and had again returned.

It was the twenty-first of September, almost four weeks since we had left Buenos Ayres.

GLADYS OLIVE CROCKER LAURENCE.

AN EASTER EGG-HUNT.

At Easter time in Georgia everything is all in bloom,—flowers everywhere, the fields and gardens just loaded with beautifully colored blossoms, and nearly every tree and post covered with yellow jessamine. The Southern children celebrate Easter in almost exactly the same way as the Northern ones do,—a great dyeing of eggs, and afterwards hunting for them; the same kind of rabbits and little chickens peeping out their shells make up Easter for all. But, nevertheless, I went to a kind of egg-hunt in Augusta last winter that I don't believe many Northern girls have ever been to.

The place where the hunt was to be was in a graveyard of one of the oldest churches in Augusta. A ghastly place, surely, to hunt eggs in, but, just the same, I went, and also a friend of mine with me.

The darkey children in their new Easter bonnets were there in full force, and also a good many of the public school children. My friend and I were passing by and saw the crowd and decided to go and see what it would be like. So we paid our quarter and began to hunt. There was one golden egg, and the finder of it was to have a prize. Very soon a small, brown child, very much

bedecked with bright ribbons, came up, and in her hands was the golden egg! She immediately received a large plate of ice-cream and cake for nothing! The golden egg having been found, the hunt was over, and we all repaired to a tent to eat ice-cream, cake, candy, and to take fishes in the "fish-pool" for things we didn't want. At last, our money being all gone, we decided to go home; but walk we must, as we had spent our last cent.

When we got home we decided we had had a pretty good time, in spite of having hunted through gravestones for Easter eggs and eaten ice-cream with darkies.

MARJORIE STURGES.

POLLYWOGS.

One day Sally and I went out to find some pollywogs. It was a lovely day in May, and you really felt how good it was to be alive. We each had a glass bottle to put the pollywogs into, for we expected to catch a lot (and we did.) We walked along till we came to Mansur Pond.

As we neared the edge of the pond we saw that it was all black and we ran as fast as we could. "Pollywogs!" we gasped, and pollywogs it was. We took off our shoes and stockings, for the ground around the pond was very muddy, and we would rather have got our feet wet than our shoes. Then we took our bottles and tried catching the pollywogs. Soon, we had our jars full, and were watching the pollywogs in the pond, when suddenly Sally noticed a lot of white, wormy-looking things. "I guess they are the pollywogs' food," said Sally, so we put a lot in the jars and started off home. Then when we got to Sally's house, I left her, and both jars of pollywogs, and went home to lunch, promising to come down again in the afternoon.

When I reached Sally's she met me at the door to tell me that the pollywogs' food (as we thought) had turned out to be blood-suckers, and that the pollywogs we had spent the morning getting, were all dead; and the only thing we had learned was not to put blood-suckers in with pollywogs.

MADGE HOCKMEYER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

NICOLETTE.

Busy we were, and just in the midst of our mid-year "exams" when we heard with great glee that we were going to "Nicolette." We had heard from everyone that the amateur comic opera, written by Mr. R. A. Barnett and presented by the young society people of Lowell, had been a grand success, and was to be repeated on Tuesday evening, January 31, but, coming as it did in our busiest time, we little dreamed, or even thought that we should be allowed to go, so we were doubly pleased when at luncheon Mrs. Underhill, evidently believing that "all work and no joy makes Jack a dull boy," suddenly announced that she could get tickets. A grand flurry and tumult prevailed, and in less than ten minutes a large party of gay and merry girls were off for the Opera House.

Once more the dining room was comparatively quiet. We who had music lessons on this afternoon were truly disappointed, but happily not for long, for Mrs. Underhill soon told us that we were going in the evening—"The evening!"—"Oh! how grand that would be!"

The afternoon girls came home with such enthusiastic accounts that we felt at once that evening would never come. However, it did come, and soon we found ourselves rolling away in carriages to see "Nicolette." We occupied the four upper boxes, near enough to catch occasional side glances from the dancing chorus girls or familiar herdsmen.

The prominent young men of Lowell served as ushers, and Mr. Bowles, as policeman, sold scores and posters with the assurance of a typical "four and livenly." Bessie Chalifoux, Annis Kendall and others, were most attractive lemonade girls.

Many of the parts were taken by old "Rogers Hall girls" and other friends of the school, which made it doubly interesting. Mrs. Alexander Hobbs was perfectly charming as Cecile, a fascinating peasant girl, and Mr. Joseph Seabury as Chicot, high constable of Beaucaire, was, as usual, perfectly splendid. M. Aubriet, an eccentric rustic and brother of Cecile, we should hardly recognize as Mr. Rogers, who is so frequently present at our dances. Among the rollicking peasant girls were Miss Coburn, who was "perfectly dear," and "oh! so graceful;" Miss Nesmith, looking as much at home as on the basket ball field, and Miss Palmer, who wore the air of a natural born chorus girl; one would little think that she could be a Latin teacher. Everyone did extremely well, the costumes and scenery were unusually well adapted to the place and conditions, the music so pretty and catchy, that still on dance evenings one can hear Christine or "Hasty" playing "Twenty-one" in the gym.

That Nicolette was in every way a success, no one can deny, and Mrs. Julian Talbot, under whose kind and patient direction it was given, is truly worthy of all the praise and congratulations which are bestowed upon her. The proceeds were for the benefit of the "Children's Day Nursery," a noble charity in which Mrs. Talbot, as well as many other Lowell people, is interested.

ANTHY MATHESON GORTON.

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

"The County Chairman," by George Ade (the witty Indiana writer), was played in Lowell, Saturday afternoon, February 4. All who were going to the matinee came down to luncheon with their hats on, so that they wouldn't have to go without their dessert, as those who went to the Monday matinee. Nevertheless, we had quite a scare when, in the middle of lunch, Mrs.

Underhill announced that if we wanted to see the first act we must leave at once. Our dessert lost! What was that Mrs. Underhill was saying? The matinee girls could have their mince pie for night lunch, so off we hurried like contented children.

For two brief hours and a half many of us were at home again, especially those living in an Indiana town, for who of the girls has not followed many political parades through the streets, has not seen the town flirt, represented by the stylish milliner who had "met so many traveling gentlemen," captivating the poor traveling men, has not heard stump speeches, and known such honest, frank men as the County Chairman? Mr. Ade has portrayed wonderfully well the different town characters in the sneaking and underhanded Judge Rigbe, in the country store-keeper who can tell you, without looking, whether or not you have any mail, and in the old colored man who is always getting all he can out of everybody.

As soon as the play was over we hurried home to put on warmer clothing for the sleigh-ride in the evening, which was to finish our happy day.

RUBY ABBOTT.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Dinner, on the evening of February 5, was not a very "dressy" affair in the sense of light evening gowns, but in another way it was decidedly a very much dressed occasion.

We were going on a sleigh-ride at seven o'clock, and everyone looked hot and very much bundled up, and wished the dinner was over. There seemed to be a contest of piling up stocking caps, sweaters, furs, and everything to discourage pneumonia and colds, for the thermometer was fairly low. The big sleigh, with four white horses, came up to the gate at last, and Miss Annable and all the girls, except one or two with colds, seated themselves finally and we drove off, singing and happy.

We drove for two hours, out by the Textile School and beyond Christian Hill to Wamesit, and there turned back. We sang ourselves hoarse and cheered and told stories and had a general jolly good time. We got back a little after nine and found a delicious little informal supper served us in the art-room. Each House girl was waited upon by her own particular hostess and partner of the evening, and after we had eaten all we could, we adjourned to the "Gym" and danced for half an hour. The Hall entertained royally that night and everyone had the "time of their lives."

MARGUERITE HASTINGS.

OUR VALENTINES.

On the fourteenth of February the girls were surprised on going into the dining room by finding strings of hearts hanging above each table, and at each place a peppermint, in the shape of that same popular piece of anatomy, and a paper napkin besprinkled with cupids, bows and arrows and other things emblematic of St. Valentine's day. Each one also received a red paper heart, with something either quoted or original written on it. It was a great surprise for almost all of us, and a very pleasant one, too. After dinner, each of us had to read the verse on her heart to the rest, which caused a great deal of excitement. Several were so appropriate that they met with a great deal of applause and laughter, and showed evidence of no slight preparation on the part of the house girls, to whose thoughtfulness we owed the surprise.

Some of us decided that we would keep our peppermint hearts as souvenirs, but before dinner was over they "looked" so good, and, according to those who had already eaten theirs, "tasted" so good, that I guess by now there are very few left to "tell the tale."

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

FENWAY COURT.

Visited through the kindness of Mrs. Gardner, by the girls of Rogers Hall School.

I often wonder, when I read of the war between Europe and America, about the transportation of works of art, what the old masters would say if they could come back. Would they prefer to see their pictures in a gallery with hundreds of others, or have them hung where they stand out to so wonderful an advantage as they do in the rooms, built in special reference to them in Fenway Court?

I once heard a person telling about hearing a popular reader. She described his costume in full as being appropriate to the colonial story he was reading. The truth was that he was in very modern evening dress, but his reading produced such an effect that she fully believed that her statement was correct. This instance may be compared to the effect the beautiful home of Mrs. Jack Gardner has on one's feelings. Hardly a person leaves it without saying: "I feel as if I had been in a foreign country."

The first two rooms are wonderfully like some in one of the dear little old museums near Berlin, but instead of the walls being hung with pictures of bygone royalties, they are covered with a collection of original sketches, water colors, and etchings by such artists as Millet, Turner, Whistler, La Farge, and other equally celebrated men. Perhaps these rooms are intended to be simple in their effect, that what comes next shall be even a greater surprise than it could be in any other way.

As you pass through the door that leads from this room, apparently into a dark passage, you turn and face the loveliest thing imaginable: a true Italian Court, all flowers and statues, with cloisters running on three sides, and on the fourth a beautiful fountain. Instinct seems to prompt everyone to sit down and rest, for there surely could be nothing more conducive to

peace and quiet. No one wants to go farther, and no matter what else they see, they are always going back to the windows of the upper rooms and taking one more look at the cool, beautiful garden.

The strange part, and also the great charm of this home is that it is a home, and not a museum. In the Chinese room, with its rare scenes and great embroidered hangings from the Winter Palace in Peking, the fact that a Mancine portrait hangs near them, only makes one feel that they were put there by someone who loved them, without feeling that they were limited to one look. There are rooms dedicated to such artists as Raphael and Titian, each having as the great masterpiece among its art treasures a work by one of these men. These rooms make Italy not a dream, but a reality. The furnishings, the coloring, the whole arrangement, suggest airy fascinating Italian villas, overlooking flower gardens, or the more stately palaces of Venice.

In contrast to these rooms there is the quaint, stolid Dutch room. The walls are panelled with dark oak, the floor is tiled, and from their dark frames a "Burgomaster and his Wife," by Rembrandt, and other respected and placid citizens of some city of Holland smile down on you. Then there is the picture of Rembrandt by himself, when he was only twenty-two. He is the same smiling gentleman we have in later years, only there is but a faint suggestion of what is later to develop into the famous *tuois moustachous*. In speaking of this I will quote the Waagen Letter XIII, which says: "This picture is very advantageously distinguished from most of Rembrandt's portraits of himself by a subdued light golden tone, and delicate modelling." Is it better for these points to be brought out to their greatest perfection in the Fenway Court, or perhaps to vie for acknowledgement beside some of the pictures of the crowded galleries of Europe? At least, the American public owes a great deal of thanks to Mrs. Gardner.

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

For about two weeks before the dance, which was held Saturday evening, the eighteenth of February, the replies to our invitations came pouring in and almost a week before the great event we were assured of success.

As the eighteenth drew near the girls were anxiously awaiting the day when they were to fill out their programmes, and Thursday morning it was announced that we were to make them out at recess. It was a very solemn occasion as aisle after aisle filed up into the "Gym." When all the girls got there someone shouted "Start!" and then the fun began in earnest. Such cries as "Give my man the ninth!" "Double the third!" "What is his name?" etc., could be heard above the noise, and by the time for the bell to ring and everyone to be quiet again, we were all aware that the preceding half hour had been very exciting.

Friday afternoon, oh, how we worked! It did not take long for the decorating committees to turn the recitation rooms into very attractive places. Room A as a Persian room, Room B as a Japanese room (thanks to Harriet Davey's kimona), Room F as an Indian room, and the alcoves in the "Gym" as Harvard, Exeter, Princeton, Yale, and Andover respectively, were extremely popular. The center of the "Gym" was all green and white, and as the walls were covered with R. H. flags, there was no danger of the visitors taking the school for any other than Rogers Hall. The drawing-rooms, the school-room and the dining-room were prettily decorated with cut flowers and smilax, by Patten.

About seven-thirty Saturday evening, the guests began to arrive, and the ushers, Harriet Parsons, Anthy Gorton, Isabel Nesmith, Priscilla Howes, Ruth Thayer and Mary Whitner presented them to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons, while the rest of the girls eagerly awaited them in the drawing-rooms. Our

guests came from Harvard, Yale, "Tech.," Princeton, Exeter and Andover, besides a large number from Lowell.

The orchestra, which was in one corner of the school room, behind a screen of palms, started the first of the twenty dances, and before we hardly knew it we were whirling away with our partners as though it were the most common thing in the world for us to be dancing around the school-room and dining-room. The sixth and sixteenth dances were Dan Tucker dances, and they were left open for men's choice. The men favored the girls in the sixth, and in the sixteenth we favored the men.

At ten o'clock we all went up into the "Gym," where we were perfectly willing to eat the splendid supper that Page served for us. We were more than sorry when the last of the twentieth dance had come, and we had to say good night to our friends. After thanking Mrs. Underhill for our good time, and congratulating Marguerite Hastings for her success as chairman of the dance, we all went to our rooms feeling well repaid for our work.

ETHEL F. MERRIAM.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

We were all very much pleased when Mrs. Underhill told us that she had asked the Andover Musical Clubs to come to Rogers Hall on the evening of March fourth, and give us a short concert, after which we were to entertain them with an informal dance.

The recess on the day before the dance was somewhat like the one on the day before the "mid-year." Of course you were not plunged in such ecstasies of delight at the thought of the joys of the evening to come with your "own special man," still it was great fun wondering what this Howard, that Smith, etc., would be like. At recess Miss Parsons rang the bell and we filed up into the "old Gym," at the door of which stood a girl,

from whom we each drew a slip on which was the fatal name. Then came the rush and scramble of making out the programs, which was more or less mixing.

Saturday night at the appointed time, a High Street car stopped in front of the school, and from it came boys, boys, boys. The ushers were soon kept busy introducing them to Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons, and also finding their partners. Finally, all being mated, we lost sight of our partners for a time and made our way to the school-room where we greatly enjoyed the tunes played and sung by our guests. When no amount of clapping could bring another encore, the chairs were removed, the music struck up, and we were soon dancing the first with our allotted man. Judging from remarks that were heard shortly after the last good-byes had been said, and the boys had departed with a rousing cheer for Rogers Hall, everybody must have had a splendid time. And, I am sure, we are all very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for giving us the opportunity for such a pleasant evening.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

A few of the advanced English classes on Monday, March six, went to a most interesting lecture by Mr. Bliss Perry, upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." He told, in a very brief way the value, goodness, and teachings of the book. He expressed it as ranking with the best of the world's fiction, containing very few characters, practically no plot, and not loaded down with action, just a series of tableaux. He put his very soul into telling us how to appreciate Hawthorne's masterpiece. To read it with that same sacred feeling the author had in mind when writing it, to seize with warmth and ardor the wonderful, yet awful figure of hypocrisy in Arthur Dimmesdale; the womanly, and again the saintly Hester, endowed not only with physical grace but the pureness of her soul after her ignominy;

she stands now the supreme image of a Protestant saint in the early days of that old New England conscience. How wonderful and symbolic the character of little Pearl, the dreamy elf-like child, darting here and there, possessing few traits of human character, till at the very last where her father confesses on the scaffold his sin, she first shows the possibilities of the modest and heroic woman. He gave us a so much better and clearer conception of the book, and brought us back to the time in Boston when our Puritan ancestors lived, that in very prosaic Colonial Hall we were not aware of our surroundings but felt and became a part of the book, living and breathing that same atmosphere.

PRISCILLA JEWETT HOWES.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the eleventh, some of us had the pleasure of seeing at the Tremont Theatre the famous English actor, E. S. Willard, in "The Professor's Love Story." We were by no means to be disappointed, for the play was more than equal to our expectations.

Willard appeared as the absent-minded professor Good willie, his unconscious falling in love with his secretary leads to the denouement. for, on being told that he is suffering from this awful malady he immediately leaves for Scotland, perfectly innocent of the fact that by taking his secretary with him he is but adding to his trouble. When he finally realizes that he is really in love, he grows delightful in the joy of his discovery. But "as the course of true love never runs smooth," so in this the devoted sister and the ambitious matchmakers form an important part in proving the saying true. As usual, however, all ends well and the professor renews his youth in his happiness.

The role was especially adapted to Willard's remarkable powers of delicate humor and pathos. He was most excellently supported, and well proved the truth of his fame.

HELEN PRUDDEN.

LES HUGUENOTS.

To attend an opera is always a great pleasure, but to attend one that in every respect meets your expectations is more than a pleasure. You lack words to express yourself about it, just as much as if you could not speak at all. Perhaps if we did rise up and shout sometimes as we feel like doing, the performers might feel a little more how much we appreciate them. I am sure everyone must acknowledge that the performance of "Les Huguenots," presented under the direction of Mr. Heinrich Conried, was in every way satisfactory.

The opera itself is wonderful, and one forgets very gladly the historical inconsistencies which some people are very anxious to point out. You feel all through it what wonderful faith the Huguenot's was; that in the face of death even, they would sing their great battle song.

Madame Sembrick was, as always, charming. What else can one say to express one's admiration for a singer who combines with an exquisite voice every charm that the imagination could supply for the beautiful Marguerite of Valois? Then, next in grace and popularity with his audience came Mr. Scotti, as Comte de Revers. He is always the most delightful singer, the most perfect chevalier, and at the end the most splendid hero conceivable. Surely he proved himself a master in every sense of the word when, as he was called upon to take part in the assassination of the Huguenots, he forced the displeasure of his king, and the whole of Catholic France, and did it in such a way that you could feel the sympathy of the whole audience for him.

There are numerous others that deserve quite as much praise. Mr. Pol Plancon certainly upheld the splendid reputation he has always had, and perhaps added a few more laurels to his already very heavy crown. Mr. Saleza was the true Raoul

de Nangio, and Mr. Tournet made a most inspiring Norcel. I cannot enumerate them all, but each one deserves as fine a tribute as can be given.

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

ANNIE RUSSELL IN "JINNY THE CARRIER."

Saturday evening, March 11, found seven of us, chaperoned by Miss Parsons, at the Lowell Theatre, waiting for the curtain to go up and reveal Annie Russell in the first act of Israel Zangwill's "Jinny the Carrier." The scene is laid in Far End, about an hour from London, and depicts English country life very well.

In the first act we meet Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Flynt, a sweet, lovable old couple who live at Frog Farm. Their son, Will, comes back home unexpectedly to live on the old farm with his parents. About the first person he sees after he reaches home is Jinny the Carrier, of Far End, who is making her daily rounds. He is attracted toward her immediately, although he makes fun of her business, for a woman, and decides to go into a like one himself. Jinny's grandfather has been the Carrier of Far End for a great many years, and now that he is too feeble, Jinny has taken his place and supports him.

Will Flynt succeeds very well as a Carrier, and a great many people decide to leave Jinny and go to him. Jinny has been very absent-minded lately, getting everybody's orders mixed. For instance: carrying a box of "hair remover" to Mr. Skindle who hasn't a hair on his head. Flynt is sorry he has hurt Jinny so, and proposes partnership to Quaffer Quarles, Jinny's grandfather, who lets Jinny decide it. She thinks Will is asking her to be his wife, but when she finds out he is only proposing partnership, she gives him a decided "No." The grandfather and Flynt then quarrel. Flynt says he will never cross that threshold again unless Mr. Quarles carries him; and Mr. Quarles, on the

other hand, says he need never cross it again unless he crawls on his hands and knees. In the third act Mr. and Mrs. Flynt and all their neighbors, Mr. Skindle, Mr. Mawhood, and Uncle Burdock are cooped up in an attic because there has been a flood. Will has lost his horses and has broken his arm. Jinny comes along in the nick of time and furnishes them with food. Up there in the attic Will proposes to Jinny, saying that perhaps he did wrong her by setting up in opposition a coach. Jinny has loved him all the time, and now gives in. She tells him he must go to her grandfather, and he refuses on account of the oath he has made. He decides to go back to Canada. He and his father pass by her home the next day, carrying Will's trunk. Jinny says the trunk is too big for them to carry, and packs a smaller one for him. While she is doing this, Will stands outside the door and watches her. They hear her grandfather coming, so she pushes Will into the trunk. As the grandfather approaches, she says: "Grandfather, will you help me carry this trunk in?" He picks up one handle and they carry the trunk over the threshold. Jinny throws up the cover, and there is Flynt on his "hands and knees," carried in by Mr. Quarles. In this way the oaths are kept, and everything ends happily.

In this play Annie Russell shows us her many charms, the greatest of these, her naturalness. She speaks, acts, and laughs in such an unaffected way that one is immediately interested in her, and watches to see her pleasant laugh and her white teeth again. I think the best adjective for her is "sweet." After leaving the theatre we all decided that one girl in school was justified in being so fond of her. RUTH MOWRY THAYER

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is a musical organization founded by Mr. Henry L. Higginson, and has but few peers anywhere in the world of music. It is not only a pleasure, but a

benefit to be able to hear such wonderful music. Those of us who have attended some of the concerts this year have found it inspiring, and we feel it a great privilege to be allowed to go to Boston to attend the rehearsals. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is very original, daring, and intensely subjective. It is said that he is illuminated by the living flame of genius. Mr. Higginson's achievements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra have caused American music to be spoken of with respect and admiration by every European musician. There is generally some noted soloist each week. The five we have had the extreme pleasure of hearing this year are Mr. Eugen d'Albert, pianist; Miss Marie Nichols, violinist; Mr. Ernest Schelling, pianist; Mr. Giuseppe Campanari, baritone; Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

EDITH HARRIS.

DR. GRENFELL'S LECTURE.

One of the most interesting lectures heard by the students of Rogers Hall was given before the Middlesex Club, on March seventeenth, by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the medical missionary of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell started his work in 1892, coming from England to minister to the Deep Sea Fishermen. The object he came to accomplish was to preach the gospel of Christ to those who were ignorant of it, and who could in no way ever hear it, excepting from one who was willing to devote his whole life to this work.

Within the few years that Dr. Grenfell has been working along the coast of Labrador, he has erected three hospitals, in which there are only forty cots in all. He is able to go to only one place every six months, so it is absolutely necessary to have more than three hospitals along the great expanse of coast. The cruise which he makes every summer lasts from May until November, during which time he travels three thousand miles.

The mission field which he has to take care of lies along the coast where most of the people live, as a few Indians are the only inhabitants of the inland country.

The work that Dr. Grenfell wants to accomplish in the future is to start a school for the children, and a home for the blind and disabled fishermen.

Two women from New York have given themselves to teach these people in this home how to make homespun. Dr. Grenfell is now trying to get looms enough to keep all these people busy. The money that is needed to maintain this mission is twenty thousand dollars a year, of which one thousand five hundred is paid by the government of Newfoundland, besides allowing them to import things without duty. The rest is gathered by subscriptions. Dr. Grenfell illustrated his lecture by lantern slides produced from pictures taken by himself. The views that were given were very beautifully colored and very realistic, and almost made us feel that we were seeing all these things. We were very sorry when the hour to which Dr. Grenfell was limited came to an end, and many of us left with the wish that we could at some time, take a trip with him along those Labrador coasts.

FRANCES DICE.

THE SENIOR PLAY—"A RICE PUDDING."

On the evening of Saturday, March eighteenth, an expectant crowd of teachers, mothers and friends assembled in the "gym" to witness the production of "A Rice Pudding," by the seniors of Rogers Hall.

An altogether mysterious and tantalizing air behind the screens pervaded the north end of the room. Those audible smiles and just too indistinct whispers which always accompany amateur theatricals were not lacking. It would be tiresome indeed without them. When our excitement was keyed to the proper pitch the gentle tinkle of mandolins could be heard tuning up, which soon rang out in a merry little melody. This

orchestra consisted of Edith Harris, first mandolin; Ethel Merriam, second mandolin; and Christine Rose, piano. A few seconds after the music ceased a bell sounded, and instantly the screens were removed, showing two dainty housewives completely enveloped in gingham aprons, trying with but little success to put in order the house into which they have just moved. In the midst of their sad attempts a new cook arrives. She is one of the most verdant of the verdant Irish, with a spunky little bonnet tied under her chin, hair screwed into a knot at the back of her head, a green tie, short red mittens, and an apron that never comes off. Mrs. Richards, with the aid of her scientific sister, orders the first meal. This is very ludicrous, as they know as little about it as two people possibly can. Soon after the departure of Miss O'Shannesy, as she styles herself, for the market, a knock is heard, and a young physician, their new neighbor, comes to offer his assistance, which they gladly accept. He immediately becomes fascinated with Miss Richards, and a charming *tete-a-tete* follows, in which she is enthroned on a huge wash-boiler, and Dr. Thwaite on a preserving-kettle at her feet. The first meal in the new house is served on an ironing-board, supported by two kettles (a result of the genius of Miss Richards.) Dr. Thwaite partakes of this with the two ladies, but as a result of their inexperience, boiled rice is the only thing of which there seems to be an abundance. The ladies are called from the room, and Dr. Thwaite is left alone, meditating between mouthfuls of rice, when suddenly Mr. Richards himself, a pompous and gruff old gentleman, enters. He is much disturbed at finding the doctor so much at home, and bids him a chilly good-day. Before they part, a word is exchanged in regard to the ladies, in which Dr. Thwaite mistakes Miss Richards for Mr. Richards' wife, and hence leaves in despair. Mrs. Richards and her sister return, and fairly overpower the dignified Mr. Richards, at once telling him of their plans for a reception in their new home. He is in none too

happy a mood since Mrs. Richards has just been taken for his daughter, and declares if they have the reception Mrs. Richards must appear suitably dressed for her years; in fact she must wear her grandmother's dress, for he is tired of being taken for her father.

The next scene is in the dining-room on the night of the reception. Dr. Thwaite and Mrs. Richards have a most amusing tete-a-tete, he believing he is speaking to Miss Richards, and Mrs. Richards thinking that he is in love with her, not Miss Richards after all. She advises him to leave for the Sandwich Islands immediately, and hearing someone approaching shuts the unfortunate man in the china-closet. At this moment Miss Richards enters, quite upset with the world in general (the world and Dr. Thwaite.) Soon after that joyous young creature, Ellen O'Shannesy, opens the door of the china-closet while carrying out her duties as maid-of-all-work. Out of the depths comes Dr. Thwaite with a dish of rice pudding, a wonderful composition manufactured by the ingenious Marion, which proves to be better than it looks, for it aids materially in straightening out the tangled love affair. Explanations follow and Dr. Thwaite goes off to say good-night (not good-bye) to Miss Richards, who ran away at the moment of his discovery in the closet. As is usual with strong-minded cooks, Miss O'Shannesy has the last word, and gives notice in high disgust "not after coming to work where folks have gentlemen hid in their chiney-closet and jumping out at youse any minute."

The following is the cast of characters:

Mr. Richards	Isabel Nesmith
Dr. Thwaite	Priscilla Howes
Mrs. Richards	Anthy Gorton
Miss Marion Richards	Harriet Parsons
Ellen O'Shannesy	Helen Downer

Helen Downer, as Ellen O'Shannesy, was inimitable. As Helen claims to be of pure English descent, we must lay the per-

fection with which she carried off her part to her talent alone. The "abstracted" Marion was a part peculiarly suited to Harriet Parsons. Her dear little domestic schemes for once could have full play. Anthy Gorton made her second success of the year as Mrs. Richards, and it was little wonder the doctor was puzzled as to which was the wife and which the sister. Isabel Nesmith was splendid as the middle-aged husband; completely transformed by gray wig and whiskers we could hardly believe it was she. The gruff and manly voice which she assumed ought especially to be mentioned. Dr. Thwaite, philosophical and optimistic (until he thought himself in love with another man's wife), was acted by Priscilla Howes. We did not wonder that Marion fell in love with him at first sight. So realistic did she make the part that despite the funny little bundle of hair at the back of her head, we could hardly realize that some polished and charming man had not suddenly called at Rogers Hall for the purpose of taking that part.

We are all very proud of the result of the diligent work of both the seniors and Miss Coburn, and thank them not only for the pleasant time they gave us, but for the material aid to "Splinters" as well.

LOIS FONDA.

Among the guests at the play were Mrs. Gorton and Miss Thatcher of Laselle, a friend of Dorothy Norton, who spent Saturday night and Sunday at Rogers Hall.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Jessie Ames returned from Havana the middle of March.

Ruth Burke has gone to Bermuda for six weeks.

Ruth Coburn is to be married in April to Mr. Herbert Linsley, of Kansas City, Missouri.

Ruth Dutscher (R. H. 1901, Michigan University 1905) has a short story in the March number of "The Red Book," called "The Trustfulness of Beckwith."

Louise Ellingwood has announced her engagement to Mr. Daniel Swan, of Lowell.

Jennie Hylan is to be married in April to Mr. William Herrick, of Malden.

Edith Nourse has returned from a two weeks' visit in New York.

Belle Shedd will return to Lowell the first of April, from Nassau, where she has spent the winter.

Marion Stott visited in Cincinnati and Pittsburg during February and March.

Mrs. Percy Warner (Brenda Tweed) has gone to Phoenix, Arizona, to be present at the marriage of her brother to Miss Bertha Howe, of Lowell.

The old girls will be interested to hear that Alice Ramsdell, who is studying at the Stanhope-Wheatcroft School of Dramatic Art, in New York, has made her first public appearance at the Garrick Theatre. She took the part of "Hele" in "A Bachelor's Wife," and was very well received.

Ruth Wilder, who is a Vassar Sophomore, went to Washington for the Inauguration.

Carolyn Wright (R. H. 1903, Radcliffe 1907) has been prominent in Radcliffe plays. In February she took the part of "Dame Mehitable," in "Cicely's Cavalier," presented by the "Idler Club," and made a great success of the part.

In April, "The Taming of the Shrew" is to be given at Radcliffe, the one Shakespearean play of the year, and Caroline Wright (R. H. 1902, Radcliffe 1906) is to take the part of "Curtis."

Mrs. John F. Vaughn (Ellen Batchelor, R. H. 1896, Radcliffe 1900) has a son, George Batchelor Vaughn, born March third.

RALLY DAY.

Rally Day, the twenty-second of February, was the most exciting day that we have had this year. The Freshman team had been chosen a week before, and this was the first day they appeared as a team.

The day began with exercises in chapel, a short speech by the Mayor of Northampton, a prayer by Bishop Vinton, and an address by Congressman Littlefield. The exercises were concluded by an ode on Washington, written and delivered by a Junior. The scene in chapel was very pretty, as we all wore white dresses, with our class colors in some pretty design.

After chapel was over, we all swarmed over to the gym. to sing our Rally Day songs that we had been practising for weeks. Each of the four corners of the gym. was decorated for a class, and in each corner a tier of seats was built up for the girls to sit in.

The Seniors wore wreaths of yellow daisies in their hair, and carried sprays of yellow crepe flowers. Their corner was brilliant with yellow and green flags and bunting. The corner opposite was filled with Juniors, who made a very martial appearance with their red cockade hats and red staffs. The Sopho-

mores had green paper collars and hats, and carried spears with green streamers, and the Freshmen wore wreaths of violets and kept tune to the music with big purple flowers. The songs went beautifully, and it was really a very inspiring occasion. It was the first time that we had all been brought together as a class in just this way, and I think there was hardly a Freshman who did not feel that she must help to make nineteen hundred and eight one of the finest classes that ever entered Smith.

After we had sung all our songs, and were quite exhausted and breathless, we crowded down on the floor around the stage, at one end of the "gym," and listened to a musical take-off of "Julius Caesar." It was awfully funny and we were kept in gales of laughter by the ludicrous struggles of the Roman soldiers to keep on the inverted tin pails which served them as helmets, and the warlike way in which they brandished the wash-boiler lids which had been pressed into service as shields. After that came a hurried lunch and then the real event of the day, the two basket-ball games.

The first game played was the Senior-Junior game, and of course we were ever so anxious for our sister class to win and not a little disappointed when the Seniors came out ahead. Still, the playing was perfectly fine, and the game was a most exciting one to watch. After the last half the Freshmen came running in carrying their captain, whom they had just elected, on their shoulders, and we all cheered and sang to them. The Sophomore-Freshman game was very exciting, and we fairly went wild at every bit of good playing which was done on our side. The score, 40 to 12, was very good for the first game. After it was over we all made a rush for the floor of the "gym" and carried the different members of the teams and the class presidents around on our shoulders. Then we all got together and sang to the team, to the coaches, and to everybody, and ended with "Fair Smith" sung with a will.

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Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

"Variety is the spice of life." Most of us go pell-mell, head over heels, to get some little change for the sake of varying the monotonous humdrum of our existence. The little street urchin saves up the pennies he earns by his papers and buys a big, juicy orange, or, perhaps, goes on a whizzing trolley ride through the country. The business man, on the other hand, is so absorbed in his work, that he neglects his health in his feverish desire for wealth. He is warned, and goes to the doctor, who requires an immediate change of surroundings. After a very short stay in some quiet spot he returns home well, invigorated, and full of life.

This applies also to the student at college and the girl at school. The winter term is long, hard, and full of the dreaded "mid-years." Soon, though, spring is here, and unexpectedly Easter comes, and then it is she realizes the value of her winter confinement and is overjoyed at her success in her studies. She has truly "concentrated her mind" and obtained what she longed for: her right to enter college in the fall. Yet the other girl, who has faithfully followed her academic course, is content with her achievement, and delighted at the thought of being at home the coming year.

Nature is soon decked in all her best and escorted by the bright summer days. This is too much for the school-girl, now she looks forward to her vacation. She thinks it all over, it's been a hard year, such problems in "math." and so many endless pages of Greek and Latin, but she has mastered them all and is impatient for a change of air, of life, of pleasure. It's to the mountains and the forest, to the sea and its wonders, or the wild excitement of crossing on an ocean liner.

The bits of pleasure we have after our work, the harmless amusements we derive from time to time, help to make the stuff which gives us the spice of our lives.

The summer months are too short, the autumn returns, that's why we can't travel on and on. Still, by our long rest we are enlivened in mind and body, and ready to renew or begin the task before us, because the whole secret of "true success is persistency to purpose."

Priscilla Jewett Howes.

We all regret that prolonged illness prevented Edna Johnston's return to school after the Easter vacation. She is greatly missed, and has our sincerest wishes that she may soon regain her good health.

Both old and new girls were glad to welcome Miss Eastman on May seventeenth, and were only sorry that her visit was so short. She made a very charming little address at the opening exercises of school, in which she gave us some helpful advice which everyone of us is anxious to follow. It is to be hoped her visit will be repeated many, many times.

CHILDISH IMPRESSIONS OF CUBA.

Early one morning I was awakened by the hurry and bustle on board the "Orient," and from the calling back and forth, I concluded we had reached Havana harbor safely. At the time it quite slipped my mind that a few hours ago, when we were being tossed carelessly about the sea in a storm, I had determined that we should never see land again. Immediately curiosity prompted me to gaze out of the port-hole. It was fortunate that something reminded me there was else in this world than to feel comfortable inwardly, or I should have missed a pretty sight. Across the bright blue water I could see rows and rows of houses, all of delicate colors such as blue, pink, yellow, and white. They chanced to be clean that morning, thanks to the rain storm of the night before. As the steamer did not dock, we were much interested to see how we should land, when a lot of men, chattering and yelling, attracted our attention. They had come in small boats to take the passengers ashore, and it took some faith in our guide to persuade us that it was safe to clamber down in those cockle-shells which were bobbing nonchalantly about. Finally we found ourselves seated in what I termed a hencoop, at least a dory half roofed over with lattice-work that caged us in. At the pier we were greeted by a hundred murderous-looking Cubans, who each and all stared interestedly at us. From that moment until I sailed away from the island, I was an object of curiosity, for a small girl with light curls and blue eyes was quite à wonder.

After we were once settled at the hotel we found that the front balcony, which overlooked the Plaza down to the shore, was the best place from which to see what was going on. During the morning a continuous file of donkey carts, loaded with live poultry, came into the city; venders wandered up and down, and not infrequently amongst the passers-by was there a little brown cherub, in nature's garb, following his mother as she

carried a basket full of fresh vegetables on her head, to market. Many times when two men would stop for conversation we would watch them chatter back and forth, gesticulating and becoming more and more excited each moment, until at the crisis we expected to be eye-witnesses of a murderous scene; but instead they would throw back their heads and laugh over the rarest joke. Cubans certainly have excitable temperaments.

Everything took place on the Plaza,—the drill of the raw recruits, and one evening a band concert, which must have been considered quite fine, as it was attended by only the better class of people. One very sweet girl of eighteen seemed much interested in us, and at last rushed up to kiss me on either cheek, and lead me to her mother. They stood there talking excitedly in Spanish, and my mother and I answered rather hopelessly in English.

The two best streets of shops were so narrow that the carriages went down one and up the other. We, of course, went down Obispo and up O'Reilly, but, beyond pretty fans and such notions found very few things to purchase. Nearby we saw a large cathedral which we went into, and were shown over by the sexton. I never have seen so many images or such crude ones as there. As we were leaving, the sexton gave me a very tiny gold coin which had on one side the Lord's prayer in English, and in such fine lettering that it was discernible only under a microscope. During our week's stay on the island, we made several short trips out from Havana, one to a pineapple grove where we enjoyed the fruit as never before or since. In fact, our visit to Cuba was crowded with so many interesting experiences that I hope to return sometime, although on account of the war it will never be the same place.

Helen Downer.

“GIGI.”

Little Gigi sat on the steps of one of the pink stucco houses in the beautiful, sunny “Plazza,” and wept. Although a kind-hearted person may pity any crying child, still they are not filled with the admiration that one feels for a Raphael cherub, yet such was the effect of Gigi’s tears on at least one of the passers-by. It is doubtful if anyone could help but admire him. He was dressed in the picturesque raggedness of the Italian peasant, and his beautiful, dark-eyed, baby face looked at the strangers over a great bunch of yellow and red tulips, which nodded in sympathy with his sobs. One of the ladies, after resisting a wild desire to pick him up, coat of many colors, flowers, tears, and all, and run away with him, emptied the contents of her purse into his hand, and only wished that the coppers had been gold pieces, when the artistic cherub smiled his thanks and offered her a tulip.

Great was the joy of Gigi’s fond mother, who had been hiding around the corner watching the whole affair, for when she counted the money that the “innocent” gave her, it proved to be enough to give a magnificent supper to their relatives, with many more bottles of wine than they had ever dared to dream of. There was one coin, however, which puzzled her. Instead of having the head of a king on it, there was that of a creature, half man, half bird, and worst of all, all the merchants refused to take it. She finally decided that it was useless, and gave it to the bambino to play with, who in consequence ruled all the other “angels” on the street by threatening not to let them see it.

Gigi’s father was one of the most successful fishermen in the Bay of Naples. He owned a splendid red fishing smack, with a terra-cotta canvas sail, and when all the boats came in at night his always seemed nearer the water-line than the others. When his achieving friends or jealous enemies asked

him the secret of his success he would cross himself devoutly and answer that he always sold the largest fish in the catch, and spent the money for candles to be burned before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. Then he would add with great pride that he had a son whom he had destined for the church, and who would doubtless some day be Pope. The high ideal held constantly before his eyes did not keep the "angel infant" from wishing to explore what was to be seen on the other side of the bay; so, great was his joy when, after much coaxing and by being good for an interminable time, his father consented to take him with him the next day.

It seemed to Gigi, as he ran along by his father's side in the early morning, that the sun danced as it did on Easter morning, and he threw a kiss to it to show that he was just as happy as it was. Who could help feeling glad? Before him lay the beautiful Bay of Naples, flashing the most dazzling smiles at the sun, and all the fishermen on the wharves were laughing and singing and calling to each other. After what seemed to Gigi much unnecessary preparation, they started. He was nearly wild with excitement as he stood in the stern watching the distance between the land and himself grow broader and broader. He had heard many stories of the sea fairies, and he was not at all surprised when he looked down into the water and saw a shadowy form that kept beside the boat as if to protect it. He could not see exactly what it was like, but he thought that maybe if he made it a present it would come up and talk to him.

He felt in his pocket for something to give away. He knew there was nothing in it but his strange coin, but he hoped so much that he would find something else. Then he suddenly realized that if he did not hurry the fairy might go away, so he kissed his treasure good-bye and leaned far over the side, then suddenly there was a splash and a cry from one of the men.

When they unclasped his little, cold hand, the strange piece of money was clenched in it.

If you go to one of the very smallest chapels in Naples, one erected to the Holy Virgin, you will see an American penny hanging before the shrine of the "Mother of Sorrow." It was placed there by the hand of a broken-hearted father, for the rest of the soul of little Gigi.

AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Have you ever seen Lake Champlain? If you have, you, without doubt, think it much less beautiful than its sister, Lake George. Perhaps you are right, but to those who know it, it is just as beautiful, just as attractive, although they are so vastly different. In passing through Lake George one is at once impressed by the abruptness with which the hills rise from the sides of the lake. It is almost like a crevice in the mountains, while the banks of Champlain slope back gradually, at last disappearing against the horizon in those beloved green hills on one side and the Adirondacks on the other. The banks of Lake George, for the most part, are dotted with summer hotels and cottages; Lake Champlain boasts of few hotels. The shores form wonderfully fertile farms and for such are most often used. Let us hope that the worthy Samuel discovered it on a pleasant day, otherwise it must have presented a gloomy prospect, especially if it happened to be winter.

Such a terribly moody little monster you can hardly imagine. Once in particular I remember starting out for the New York shore on a bright morning in the late summer. There was a crisp breeze stirring, not a cloud in the sky, and a whole day of fun before us. But alas for our gay spirits, the crisp breeze became something more even before noon, clouds appeared, it was cooler and from across the lake we could see a gray line of mist coming nearer and nearer. A distant rumble

and a sharp fork of fire that disappeared in the water told all. At last the storm struck us, and how the little yacht rolled and pitched! It was impossible to keep our seats in the cabin. The waves crashed against the tightly closed windows with a fury that seemed as if it must break them. We went down, down, down; then up, up and over, and tumbled about some more. The pilot was very grave. He seemed to forget our presence and took his eyes away from the window before him only long enough to have a whispered word with the owner of the yacht. Then he opened the water-splashed window and stuck his head out. A great gush of water at once rushed in, and to add to our other miseries we were now all soaking wet. Gradually the fury of the storm passed over and grumbled on into the distance. You know how it feels to get on deck again after being in a stuffy cabin, to feel the breeze on your face, and breathe the cool air, and above all to see the sunshine again? We experienced these feelings.

Please don't imagine that all our pleasure trips are visited by such a tempest, for this was one time in twenty. One trip that is always hailed with delight is a corn roast on an island. The date for this excursion is always a difficult one to fix, as it must come early in the corn season, before the nights get too cold; there must be moonlight and, above all, it must be at a time when everybody can go. So the boat leaves the dock at about four o'clock on a late August afternoon, let us say. A merry party is on board, laden with baskets, pans, kettles, hatchets, and various other utensils. At about five the island is reached, and like the explorers of old, we land and take possession, though only for the time being. Immediately the chopping and hacking begin. The girls help, of course; they pick up little sticks and talk and look around to see that all is going as it should with the fire-making. Soon a blaze is kindled and the fumes of coffee gladden the hearts of the young

pioneers. Next comes the roasting of the corn and the lunch. The corn is usually terribly smutty and everyone looks so dilapidated after the meal that we are glad darkness is coming on. At a not too gentle hint from the chaperones we bid a fond farewell to the island and start out for the moonlight ride home. This is the time Lake Champlain appears at its best. Even Lake George with its crystal waters cannot be more placid and wonderful. A soft strip of light comes across the water to meet you, and you dream, and dream, and dream.

Lois Fonda.

THE TRIUMPH OF STYLE.

"A pretty girl,
A summer's night,
A moon serenely mellow,—"

And then there seemed to be something the matter, as the person who had been strumming on the banjo struck a discord. There was a short pause and then we heard voices.

"Now, say, doesn't it seem good to be 'way off here, absolutely alone without any worries?"

"I should say it does," replied a lazy voice, and then the song began again.

It was a beautiful afternoon and we had come out to enjoy the "beauties of nature." My chum and I had left New York, in its oppressiveness and heat, and had come up into the Adirondacks to find rest, peace, and quiet. And we certainly had found it in the little hotel which lay back from the road, near the most picturesque little lake imaginable. Our best fortune was that there was, as yet, no one else who had discovered this little retreat, and so at last we thought we had obtained our longed-for rest and quiet. We sent down to the city for our canoe, cushions, and mandolins, and then proceeded to consider ourselves "lords of the land." Well, as I

was saying, we had come out to enjoy the beauties of the afternoon and were lying in our canoe, with our books. We were in our favorite retreat, which was under some branches that hung down over the water and which completely hid us from view. I was almost asleep when I heard some chords on a banjo, and then the song followed by the foregoing conversation. I was simply astounded. I knew that our boat was the only one on the lake except old Joe's, and I knew also that old Joe didn't play the banjo or sing. I nudged my friend, it was necessary to, to wake her up, and then we made a little hole in our curtain of leaves and looked out. Such a sight as met our eyes! There, about twenty feet from us, was a trig little canoe, fitted with cushions, and two men. They were drifting rather aimlessly, one appeared to be half asleep and his companion was the cause of the sounds that had awakened me. Presently they aroused themselves enough to paddle over to the landing, and then we began to plot. Because, you know, it would absolutely and unconditionally spoil our summer if other guests remained at the hotel, and so we had to find some way to drive them out. I thought and thought but could not think the right thing. Suddenly my chum had an idea that made her seize the paddle and send the canoe out from under the branches and across the narrow strip of water to the landing. She hurried me to the hotel and up to our rooms by a back way. There she paused for a few minutes to catch her breath, and then she grabbed her trunk keys and began diving into her trays. I saw she was getting out the best dress she owned, and thought she certainly had lost her mind. Then I understood and went to do likewise. Pretty soon our dresses were on and we looked as if we were dressed for a hop at the shore instead of supper at a country hotel, miles from civilization. We went down and settled ourselves in the little parlor in such a position that anyone coming down the stairs could not help but see us. Soon we heard footsteps coming down-

stairs. I rose and went to the little mirror in which I could see everything that passed in the hall. There, on the stairs, stood our two friends of the canoe in outing suits. They looked, they saw, and were conquered. I could see them look at each other in blank amazement, and then they fled.

The next morning the farmer's wife said she had lost two good boarders on account of those dresses we had on, and that she wished we wouldn't wear them again. We didn't—till we got back to the city after a restful and peaceful summer without men.

Grace M. Smith.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTS.

Two years ago a bill was put before the Senate for the consideration of making the White Mountains a United States reservation. This bill did not pass, but it caused good results. The Forestry Department sent foresters over the whole state to report upon the conditions of the woods, both in regard to the damage done by lumber kings, and by forest fires.

All that now remains of Virgin Forest from 1,684,000 acres of forest land is 200,000 acres, and a much greater amount of second growth timber has been burned than lumbered. The area burned over in 1903 was 84,255 acres.

The larger lumbering firms, as a rule, hold their lands for second growth. At present no farmer owning a tract of burned lumber, very probably on a mountain side, worth only one or two dollars an acre, will replant his land. If Arbor Day were carried out as it should be, even that would help, if only as a lesson. It costs only eight dollars to plant an acre with white or Norway pine, and the income is enormous. More important still, in two years' time the summer visitors leave in New Hampshire the value of all the standing lumber in the State. Could the lakes or mountains attract the visitors, barren of forests?

It is recommended that a State Forester shall be appointed, to hold the office of Chief Fire Warden as well. He shall recommend for appointment district fire wardens from sections of the state, and these district wardens shall have the authority to call out for fire fighting any able man in the district in which the fire occurs. Under the direction of the State Forester, the State shall support a forest-nursery, and at cost distribute seedlings to farmers. In this way large areas of land only productive as forests can be utilized.

The woods will be better preserved, and New Hampshire will become a much richer State in beautiful residences, if the proposed State Road running from Boston to Lancaster and encircling the lakes is built. When the Boston man can easily run by automobile to spend Sunday with his family in the heart of the White Mountains, then the value of the forests will be realized, then the woods will be too valuable to lumber at all.

Margaret Burns.

WHEN YOU WENT TO CHURCH.

It was a beautiful day, that Sunday, when mother asked you if you would like to go to church. Of course you would! To that wonderful place where the angels lived and a being named "Minister" told you about the beautiful things that you would see some day if you were very, very good!

"Oh, I would just love, love, love to go to church!" you cried.

So, when the church bells began to ring, mother tied on your pink rosette hat and the "shiny button" coat and your really truly gloves and away you went holding tightly to mother's hand and walking very straightly, for had you not reached the dignity of "big" people?

Pretty soon you came to the church where lots and lots of people were going in. You and mother took your place and marched among them.

Oh, how dark and still it was in there! Mother led you down the aisle to a big seat in sort of a box. After you had sat down and mother had unbuttoned your coat you ventured to look around. There were lots and lots of people all around you in big, long seats just like yours.

You gazed in awe at the ceiling. Where were the angels? You felt a great sense of disappointment come over you and you stared blankly at mother. She was looking very straight in front of her and her face looked so still. You felt very little and all alone and shrank as far as possible into the corner.

Then beautiful music floated down from somewhere above and you thought that surely the angels were coming now. But it stopped and then a terrible man, with a big apron, jumped like a jack-in-the-box out of a big high place in front of you. He fixed his eyes straight on you and you clutched mother's hand and nearly screamed—not quite, because mother had told you it was wicked to scream in church. But mother looked down into your frightened little face, and smiled reassuringly. "That's the Minister, dearest," she whispered.

"Oh, mother, what is he going to do?" you asked, in a scared voice.

"He is going to talk to you, dear."

"Just me, mother?"

"Oh, no! to us all, sweetheart," mother whispered and hugged you up close to her.

Then you felt better and weren't afraid any more. You watched him closely and found that though he gesticulated wildly with his hands, he really wasn't very terrifying after all.

Then by and by you got tired of watching him and looked around. In the next pew an old lady was eating green lozenges out of a hand-bag. You gazed at her in wonder! You didn't know that people could eat in church. Then you edged nearer and leaned your cheek on the side of the pew and watched her. If she would give you one—just one!

She turned around suddenly, and saw your wistful eyes fixed on her. Her face grew red and she shut the hand-bag with a snap.

In the pew in front a little boy stared at you over the back of the seat, with big round eyes like mother's blue butter plates at home. He held up a cent solemnly and you held up yours.

"I got one, too!" you said, in triumph.

"Are you going to put it into the box that comes around?" the little boy whispered.

"I don't know," you whispered back, doubtfully.

Then a hand came over his shoulders and turned him around. But soon he was back again, his round blue eyes as staring as ever.

"I'm five," he announced, almost out loud.

You were just about to answer, for you had forgotten that folks mustn't speak in church, but mother placed her finger warningly on her lips. She leaned nearer and whispered in your ear: "You mustn't talk any more, dear."

Then she drew you up closer to her and you rested your head on her shoulder for a moment. Then you forgot.

"When's church going to get out, mother?" you asked anxiously, for it had been a long, long time.

"Soon, dearest!" mother smiled back.

Mother's arm was very "comfy." The music was playing softly and you shut your eyes for a moment—only a moment it seemed to you.

* * * * *

Mother's voice was in your ear.

"It is time to go home, now. Wake up, sweetheart!"

"Is it—time—to—go—so—soon?" you murmured softly, and then you had a sleepy impression that mother was buttoning your coat.

Then mother took your hand and you walked dazedly by her side down the aisle and out of the door.

Church was queer! It made you feel funny, you told father afterwards. But you really saw the angels! Oh, yes!

Hazel Chadwick.

SAINT ANN'S BY THE SEA.

Along the rocky coast of Maine there is a certain cape stretching far out beyond the rest, to the open sea. It is surrounded by great jagged rocks, over which the waves leap and dash themselves into foam and spray. In these rocks there are many queer formations, made by the endless beating of the waves. In one place this has worn away the solid stone and has made a deep cave into which the water rushes with a sound like thunder, only to be blown back into the ocean, foaming and hissing. Then there is the Spouting Rock, a small hole worn through a cliff through which the waves are forced and the water spouts straight into the air, sometimes twenty-five feet or more.

Away out on the point of this cape stands the little church called Saint Ann's by the Sea. In the distance you see its square belfry and the small stone cross sharply outlined against the sky. The church itself stands gray and solemn cut from the unhewn stone. Ivy vines partly cover its rough walls and moss has crept into the more sheltered places. It might have stood there since the beginning of the world. The background is the great blue ocean with its wild sea-birds and sparkling white-caps shining as far as the eye can reach.

The door of the church is open; it is cool inside and dark after coming from the brightness without. Dimly you see the rows and rows of dark wood seats, the stone steps leading to the chancel, which is cut from solid rock on which the lichens

are still growing. A plain cross stands on the altar, and rose light, falling through the colored window, touches it. Through the open windows can be seen the sky and ocean where sails silently come and go across the horizon. Far, far out, seeming almost a speck in the distance is the lighthouse, which has stood there for ages guiding ships safely past that rocky point.

Mary Easton.

A BIT OF A GIRL'S DIARY.

January 7, 18—

I made a New Year's resolution that I would keep a diary, but I don't think I'm doing very well, for here are seven days gone and not a word written. It's better than last year, though, for then I didn't begin till April, and by July I'd lost the book. I don't see the use of them, really, but mother says that they are fine to keep and after a few years it is a real pleasure to read them over. There is positively nothing to write about today except that at lunch Fred and mother were having quite a discussion as to whether I should go away to school or not. I only hope Fred will get his way. Wouldn't I make things happen!

January 8—

Teddy came over this morning and asked me to go to the hockey game up at Miller's Pond tomorrow. Teddy is a nice boy. (I guess Fred likes his sister, too.) But if she sent Ted to ask me I won't go, so there. But I guess Ted wouldn't do that even for her as it's after Christmas. He is a nice boy."

January 9—

Went to that game today and had the time of my young life. I knew a heap of fellows that played and I never was so excited in my life. The ice was just right. At least that is what the fellows said, so I guess it's so, though I don't know anything about the game. While they were playing I forgot

all about Ted, and now I come to think of it, I guess I had hold of his arm jumping up and down most of the afternoon. But then who cares? I don't, and Ted doesn't, I know. He's an awfully nice boy.

January 10—

It is decided that I'm going to school. I wonder if Ted will miss me? Chased all over creation this morning getting things. Some of the girls I met with the fellows that were there yesterday were sweet to me. I wonder why?

January 11—

Mother and I packed the trunks this afternoon. Awful bore. The crowd went down to Miller's Pond skating. I don't think it's good for me to be so confined. I look very pale tonight.

January 12—

Hurrah! I'm off at midnight tonight. Fred and mother are staying up till then to see me off. All the crowd came down tonight and spent the evening. We had heaps of fun.

January 13—

All day on the train. Awfully stupid.

January 14—

Got here. Hate school. It doesn't look a bit exciting. Just an old gray stone building with about a million windows. My room is horrid, a regular cell, but my room-mate is a dear. Guess we can liven things up a bit. Gracious, I hope so. Miss Ducé is awfully depressing. And I have to recite three studies to her. Horrors!

January 15—

Stupid place. All the girls aren't here yet. Just Caroline and I and a few of the younger girls. Carrie's a daisy, tho'. She's all right. I know Ted would like her.

January 16—

The girls all came today. I know which one I like best. She is tall, with beautiful yellow hair and brown eyes, and oh!

the most fascinating smile. Dear! I wish I weren't such a Gypsy.

January 17—

Her name is Leah, and we had a date through noon recess for Jane told her I had a "crush" on her. This afternoon Miss Ducé was furious at me for looking at Leah and writing poetry behind my geography. But I don't care. Leah is a nice girl and I know Ted would like her.

January 18—

I have committed my first sin. Carrie and I had a date in recreation hour this afternoon, and we took a walk up to the top of the hill in the park. Some boys and girls were coasting up there and there were two boys all alone on a double-runner, so we went down with them. But we forgot all about the time and coasted until it was dark and when we got back we were late for dinner. Gracious! Miss Ducé jumped on us. I guess we each got five demerits.

January 19—

Basket-ball began today. I love it but I can't play at all. Leah is a wizard at it. This team at school could beat ours at home, I'm sure. Horrors! We have a musicale Friday and I am doomed to play. I am surely going to fall sick and die before then. Had a date with Leah tonight. She's a dear.

January 20—

Had fencing in "Gym" today.

January 21—

Carrie and I walked to Brownville this afternoon, which is about five miles from here. We had lots of fun. There were two stores on the way, so we had enough to eat, but just our luck—we didn't get back till an hour after supper, and Miss Ducé was scared to death and had sent out searchers for us. But when she saw us she was mad. You would have thought she was sorry we weren't lost in the snow.

January 22—

Got a letter from home and I'm as excited as I can be. Fred is going to get married to Ted's sister and Carrie and I are going to be flower-girls. We start for home tomorrow and I'm awfully glad, for the new styles of ruching won't have got there, and Ted will be so glad to see me, and we are going to stay two weeks. "Goody."

January 23—

Wrote to Leah and Jane and Jenny, and one or two of the other girls till I got tired on the train today. Fred and mother met us at the train. Gracious, I'm glad to be home, and Carrie told me after we got upstairs tonight that she thought mother was sweet.

January 24—

It's grand to be home. This morning Ted came over and we three teased Fred a heap. This afternoon Carrie and I were rummaging about the attic and I found my last year's diary. That is farther along, so I guess I'll write in that instead. Diaries make me tired, anyway.

Ruth Hazen Heath.

"A BLOT ON THE 'SCUTCHEON."

Robert Browning's poetical tragedy, "A Blot on the 'Scu cheon," is, in itself, a fine example of the poet's genius, but it requires an exceptionally fine cast to show its true beauties. However, no one need fear disappointment in attending the performance by Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

Mrs. Le Moyne is, without doubt, a most charming and finished actress. She has all the ideal qualities for the part of Guendolen Tresham, and nothing could be more delightful than her brilliant rendering of the first act, her splendid indignation at her husband's hesitation in what she saw as right in the scene between herself and Tresham, Mildred, and Austin. Few

can forget the wonderful feeling in her voice, when looking at the late head of the house of Tresham, she said: "Ah, Thorold, we can but—remember you!"

Miss Grace Elliston made a very sweet and pathetic Mildred. The effect was greatly heightened by her personal appearance, which is very pleasing. It seemed impossible to believe that she was not a lovely child as she stood before her brother with all the terror and shame of his accusation expressed in her face. Miss Elliston was exceptionally fortunate in having for support John W. Albaugh, Jr., as Henry, Earl Mertoun. He was especially good as he spoke his sad farewell after having been mortally wounded by Mildred's brother.

The part of Thorold, Earl Tresham, was much less satisfactorily taken by Mr. William Beach. He did not seem the embodiment of a proud and aristocratic house, nor did his passion appear that of a man whose pride and heart were broken by disgrace. Not until the last act did he seem to rise to the greatness of the part.

The two lesser parts were taken by Clarence Heritage and Mr. Theodore Hamilton. Mr. Heritage, as Austin Tresham, brought before one very clearly his life of obedience and service to his wife and king, and his great devotion to both causes. As Gerald, the old retainer, Mr. Hamilton seemed rather older in appearance and in feeling than in voice, the latter sounding remarkably lusty for one of his advanced years. Nevertheless, it was, on the whole, a remarkably good performance, and it is a great pleasure and privilege to hear such an interpretation of such a well-known and generally admired play.

Polly P. B. Sheley.

DAILY THEMES.

"MIRAMAR."

You enter by a very common-looking green gate, considering where it leads to. If you follow one of the walks bordered with white daisies, it takes you to the door of a tiny bungalow hidden among the flowers and live-oaks. Everything seems made to fit its surroundings. The houses are all dark green and brown and the flowers, well, they grow as nature intended them to, so they need not be described. And at the foot of the cliff, the sea, hungry as ever, demands in a voice of thunder the sacrifice of the Queen of Montecito, this lovely play-city.

Polly P. B. Sheley.

MONDAY MORNING.

Ding! A scuffling of shoes, creaking of desk covers, moving of chairs, a last look into a book, a few whispers, one or two belated souls struggle to their feet, and all stand expectantly. Silence!

Voice: "You may try that again!" Back into the seats, some more whispers, more creakings, and sour smiles. Ding!

This time only the shuffle of shoes. Ding!

The classes file out, aisle by aisle, some girls giggling, some looking frightened, some absorbed in their dreams, others chewing pencils and glancing over note books, and still others looking sleepy, jolly, or cross as the case may be; nearly all go. A few settle themselves in the front seats, open books, plant their heads in their hands and peek out of the corners of their eyes to see when to cough or drop a pencil so as not to be pounced on by an unrelenting teacher. Silence again!

Voice: "How do you say in Latin: 'We surrender ourselves and all our possessions to Caesar?'"

Another silence! Why? It is Monday morning.

Mary Huntington Pew.

He is a strong, sturdy little figure as he stands reviewing his troops of gay tin soldiers, a brave little general with a serious look upon his rosy face. His blue eyes are stern and unwavering, as he utters quick, terse commands in his boyish treble, and in the flourish of the tin sword is the spirit of a conqueror.

Helen Prudden.

'Tis spring at last; the beautiful, glorious spring. The soft wind blows gently through the green grass, and the baby dandelions and the other spring flowers nod in the sunshine. The tulips are out in full bloom, and the crocuses have already pushed themselves out of their winter quarters. Everyone feels gay and happy. The song of the early bird chattering over the first worm wakes us to a world of joy and beauty.

Beatrice Lyford.

LOSING THINGS.

In every school do girls lose things as they do at Rogers Hall? It is safe to say that never a day passes without a loss "ad" on the school-room board. The losses are so varied and, to one outside of school life, quite unheard of—from wearing apparel to books, fans, and sofa pillows. School pins and jewelry seem to be the most popular articles on the missing list, while dress skirts, hats, and coats are a close second. We all felt bitterly for Alice Robinson this winter when her black beaver hat was absent for a month, and set an example of economy and cheerfulness to circumstances by doing without hats ourselves. There is only one thing, perhaps, that is not lost, and that is time—at least it has never been advertised.

Lois Fonda.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE."

"The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is a story of English politics and society in the early part of the nineteenth century. Lady Kitty Bristol, a very beautiful girl, having just finished her education at a French convent, comes to London to stay with her mother, Madame d'Estrées. She meets William Ashe, a young member of Parliament, with a great political career before him. He becomes madly in love with her and they are married, in spite of the warnings of his mother and of people in general.

For three years Lady Kitty is the belle and the sensation of London. She meets Geoffrey Cliffe, a journalist, a man who has led a very adventurous life, and who has been exciting a good deal of attention by his attacks in the papers against the political party then in power. She is fascinated by Cliffe, and shows her infatuation so plainly that people are scandalized. Ashe, however, lets all this pass by unnoticed except for a mild rebuke now and then, at which she flies into a rage. After this Cliffe goes away and she seems to have forgotten about him until she goes abroad and meets him in Venice. Ashe, who has been promoted to the office of Home-Secretary, leaves for England unexpectedly and she promises to follow him. Meanwhile she leaves Venice with her maid to escape Cliffe, and goes to some little Italian town. Through the treachery of a woman who is jealous of Kitty, Cliffe finds her there, and induces her to run off with him. They go to Bosina where he is very much interested in helping some peasant uprising. She is frightfully unhappy and suffers great privations. At length she leaves him and goes to her old friends, the nuns in the French convent, and then to Italy. The Dean, one of her old friends whom she knew in England, finds her there. He persuades Ashe, who has hardened a little towards Kitty

during her absence, to go to see her and bring her home. Ashe finds her in a little town in Switzerland, and none too soon, for she dies in his arms.

Lady Kitty is a most fascinating person to read about. She is very eccentric and her head is full of the wildest thoughts and fancies. She delights to shock her staid English relatives by reciting Alfred de Musset at their evening receptions, and almost ruins Ashe's political career by being rude to Lord Parham, the Premier, whom she dislikes. Frivolous as she is, however, she seems to realize her own foolishness, but, as she expresses it, there is some madness in her that will come out. She has fits of repentance when she begs Ashe to leave her unless he wishes to have his whole life made a complete failure through her. The only fault to find with William Ashe is that he is sometimes a little too patient. He was a very brilliant man, a great statesman, and above all a most devoted husband to Kitty through all her troubles and escapades. He is, by far, the strongest character in the whole book, and although you may get impatient with him at times, yet you cannot help liking and admiring him. The other characters in the book are very well drawn, particularly Cliffe,—hard, cynical, but with all the dare-devil in his character that would appeal to Kitty; and Lady Tranmore, Ashe's mother, whose ambition for her son meant more to her than anything else. Whether you have liked Mrs. Ward's other stories or not, you can but be entertained by this, for it is unlike her others and is intensely interesting.

Pauline Farrington.

“THE HOUSE OF FULFILLMENT.”

“The House of Fulfillment,” by George Madden Martin, is a book which no one could help but like. It is a charming story, told in a very charming way. The setting is laid in the

South at the time of and after the War of the Rebellion, but there is very little about the war in the book.

Molly Randolph, a beautiful Southern girl with a great love for society and the spending of money, marries into the cold Puritanical family of Blairs. She has a very attractive daughter, Alexina, who is the heroine of the story.

When Alexina is a little child her father dies and her mother marries again, so she goes to live with the Blairs. There are only two of them left, Austin and Harriet, her father's brother and sister. Austin Blair is a cold, calculating, miserly man whom no one can have a grain of feeling for, but Harriet is one of the finest characters in the book. Alexina starts up a great intimacy with little Willie Leroy, or King William, as he is called throughout the book, who lives very near the Blairs. His mother, Charlotte Leroy, is the most interesting person in the story; no one reading about her can help falling in love with her. She is the most attractive, generous, big-hearted woman imaginable, with her rosy ribbons, and big, near-sighted, dark eyes. Alexina's life is always closely interwoven with the Leroy's, and she eventually marries William.

The most pathetic character in the story is Alexina's mother, who finally, after her husband's death, comes to live with her daughter. She has terrible consumption, and as she is mortally afraid of death, lives in constant fear. To forget this fear she takes to drinking, but all along you feel that she is more to be pitied than blamed.

As a whole the characters are unusually attractive, and if parts of the book tend to make one feel morbid, there are enough pleasant parts to counterbalance this feeling.

Isabel Nesmith.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO WANTS A BUTTON?

"What shall I do this horrid, cloudy, rainy, wet day?"

"I'll tell you what you'd better do," said my aunt.

"What?"

"Get your clothes that need patching and darning, and come and sit by me here, and mend them."

It didn't sound very inviting, but as there was nothing else to do I got my "Gym" suit and sat down.

The fire was burning low in the grate, the rain was beating against the window-pane, my aunt was humming a little to herself, and I was busily sewing on buttons. It was really very "comfy."

Suddenly I felt a queer sensation creep over me and I couldn't imagine what it was. I looked up at my aunt but her chair was empty.

My eyes were wandering around the room now, but they saw nothing familiar. Instead of windows there were large cards of buttons tacked onto the wall. Never in all my life had I seen so strange a sight. Everything was made of buttons. Chairs, tables, book-cases, and even the books were changed into buttons.

I looked down at the cat who had been lying at my feet. To my astonishment he was a big black button! I looked at my feet, they were buttons, and my legs had turned into long black threads. My hair was like darning cotton!

Suddenly I heard a little tiny voice say: "Sew me on your skirt," and another, "Sew me on your shoe!" Then a thousand little voices spoke, each calling out a different thing to be sewed onto.

"Oh, I can't!" I wailed, "Oh, I can't sew you all on, why, it would take forever!"

Then I felt someone give me a gentle shake and a voice said in my ear: "Wake up, little girl, and come to luncheon!"

Dorothy Mercer.

AN AUGUST STORM ON THE MAINE COAST.

We went to bed the night before, feeling that there would be a storm before twenty-four hours, for the sky was a mass of angry-looking clouds, and the moon and stars were nowhere to be found.

And sure enough, the next day we awoke to the whistling of the wind and the mighty roar of the waves, and we knew a good northeaster was on. It was impossible to go out, even on the veranda, which was a good wide one, without getting drenched, and if you did venture out with coat and hat on, you couldn't walk, the wind was so strong.

But in the afternoon we were determined to go out, and down to the shore. We dressed in waterproof clothes and started with umbrellas, but hadn't gone more than a step before they blew inside out, so we abandoned them, and started again, battling against the wind. But when we reached the shore we felt well repaid for our labors, for the surf was truly magnificent. The water came almost up to the bathing houses, against which we stood as a protection from the wind, which howled like mad. The ocean was a roaring, seething mass, and together with the screeching of the sea-gulls, made a weird noise.

We started to take the cliff-walk, but didn't go far, for the strength of the wind made it almost impossible to keep from being blown into the ocean. When at last we reached the hotel again, dripping and panting, we didn't mind our discomfort, for we had seen a sight that we should not soon forget.

Natalie Conant.

THE JOHNSONS' CAPTIVITY.

It was about 1749, and people had been settling the land about the Connecticut River. At first it was rather dangerous on account of the Indians, but at the time of which I am writing there had been no disturbance of any kind for several weeks. Mr. Johnson, one of the settlers here, thought it might be perfectly safe to move his family to his farm, which was but a hundred rods distant from the fort.

In 1754, however, more trouble was threatened, and though war was not immediately expected, it was a very dangerous time. But Mr. Johnson risked the safety of his family and made a tour in Connecticut for trade. Just after he had gone, rumors were again about and people grew very anxious as to their safety, for the neighbors trod cautiously from one house to another, afraid lest some Indian should spring forth from the bushes and scalp them. Alarms grew worse and worse. But a few days later their fears were again relieved by the return of Mr. Johnson, who said that there was no immediate danger, and war was not expected yet awhile anyway.

A little later the Johnson house was visited by some of the neighbors. It was in the evening and all were very gay. After the people had gone, the family went to bed and were soon peacefully dreaming, when at about half past four or five the next morning they were awakened by a knocking at the door. Mr. Johnson slipped on his jacket and trousers and went to the door to see who it was. But when he opened it a horrible sight met his eyes! "Indians, Indians!" he cried. He rushed for his gun but forgot to close the door so that in an instant the whole house was filled with them. One had hold of Mrs. Johnson and four or five others captured Mr. Johnson and bound him. The three little children were driven out of bed, and when the Indians had gathered what little plunder they could find in the house they ordered them to march.

Presently one of the Indians caught up to one of the others with a look of fear in his face. The family were hurried along as quickly as possible. They suffered extremely, being weak from excitement. Thus they went six or eight miles, and then stopped for the night.

Thus passed many days. Their sufferings grew worse. After a while they arrived at Lake Champlain and then went on to Montreal. Here Mrs. Johnson and her youngest child stayed at a French woman's house, still captives, but not treated very badly. Then they were shipped to Plymouth and from there to New York. Mr. Johnson had escaped and enlisted as a soldier and was killed at Ticonderoga. Of course this was a great grief to Mrs. Johnson. In about a year afterwards, however, she was set free, and finally got to Sandy Hook, her native land, after having been a captive for three years, three months, and eleven days.

This is a true story, Mrs. Johnson being my great-great-grandmother.

Frances Billings.

THE THIRSTY FLOWER.

One very hot summer day little Ruth was watering her flowers in the garden. It was a large garden with all kinds of beautiful flowers in it. Ruth was a small girl and it was hard to keep getting water for them. She had watered most of them when she felt that she could not water any more. She fell down beside a large poppy whose head was drooping for want of water. Ruth did not notice it, however, but fell asleep. Pretty soon she saw a beautiful fairy walk through the garden, looking at the flowers and talking to them. When she came to the poppy she found it crying. "What is the matter?" said the fairy. The poppy answered: "The little girl watered 'most every flower except me, and I am so thirsty that I cannot hold

my head up, and I know I shall die." "Well," said the fairy, "I don't believe she meant to leave you, perhaps when she wakes up she will water you."

When Ruth woke up she looked at the poor little poppy which was almost dead. She remembered what the fairy had said, so she ran and got some water for the poppy. The poppy drank it and very soon she began to lift her head. She nodded to Ruth as if she were thanking her. After that Ruth never forgot to water every flower, if she watered one.

Sally Hobson.

THE SITTING-ROOM AT THE OLD LADIES' HOME.

One day we went to visit the Old Ladies' Home. First we went into the sitting-room where some of the old ladies were sitting. Some of them were sewing, others were just looking into the fire, and they looked very neat with their little white caps. The sitting-room is quite a large room, with a big fireplace. On the hearth sat the favorite cat purring very softly. As you stood out in the hall and looked in, it made a very cosy little scene.

Gladys Brown.

SCHOOL NEWS.

All the girls appreciate Mr. Billings' kindness in having the Loan Exhibition kept open Sunday evening, April the ninth, so that we might enjoy the interesting collection that was shown in the hall of the Lowell High School. Among the famous artists there represented, were Corot, Dettaille, Greuze, Sargent, Whistler, Monet, and several others.

On Easter Monday Mrs. Underhill announced at breakfast that all the girls might go to hear the Dartmouth Glee Club that evening if they wished. Strange to say, most of the girls wished to go!

That night, when we had settled ourselves comfortably in the hall, the girls began to look over their programmes to see if they knew anyone in the various clubs. First you would hear one girl say: "Oh, I know him, he is a stunner," and then another: "Yes, that must be the man I met last summer."

Finally the concert began. There were very good selections by the Glee Club, especially two Dartmouth songs which were sung with a great deal of spirit. There was one man who afforded a great deal of amusement by playing the piano with all kinds of flourishes and motions. After the concert Mrs. Underhill allowed us to stay and dance. As some of the girls knew men in the different clubs, they introduced them to their friends. At eleven we went home, well pleased that we had been given the opportunity to enjoy the concert and the dance.

On Saturday, April twenty-ninth, we had the great pleasure of entertaining the little orphan boys from St. Anne's. In the morning all the girls were hurrying around, some bringing out the basket-ball, base ball and bat, and such things as we all knew would please little boys; others were seen spreading a table under the trees.

After luncheon the girls gathered where they could see them arrive, and anticipated as much pleasure in having them as the boys did in coming. At about three o'clock thirteen came with their matron. As soon as they arrived, we all picked out the one we wanted and took them out and started all sorts of games. First, base ball was attempted, as they all decided that they would rather play that than anything else. But when they had started we saw that they were yet too young to know much about that sport which is the favorite among all boys, so we played ball and other things with them. The "Gym" was the greatest attraction of all to them, though; some took down chest-weights and others jumped, each trying to outdo the other, until there was so much noise that you

could hardly be heard, but we all knew from the sounds that our little guests were having a good time.

As soon as they found that there was to be anything to eat, the "Gym" was deserted and they all raced down to the table under the trees. All the girls were busy heaping their plates with ice cream and filling their pockets with candy. After this it was time to leave. They were going in the car; this was certainly a great treat for them and they all tried to scramble in at once. They got up in the seats and all waved their hands to us. We all went into the house thinking what a pleasant time we had had, and telling each other of all the funny things they had said.

Five of the Episcopal girls, dressed in white sailor suits, went up to Mrs. Burke's, on Nesmith Street, on the afternoon of April twenty-ninth, to serve at the fair given for St. Anne's Church. I am afraid that most of us did not sell many pounds of candy, but we were glad to be of assistance in passing the iced tea.

At about half past four we started home with a huge box of candy that Miss Stott had given us for the little orphans who were spending the afternoon with the girls, and we had great speculations as to what would happen to that box should the orphans have left before we reached the school. We found them just ready to leave but they had time to devour most of the candy, so we were relieved from further questioning.

Most of the girls were invited by Bessie Hayes and Nella Pfeifer to meet Bessie's friend, Miss Donnell, at a tea given by them on Saturday evening, April twenty-ninth.

That we all had a good time is needless to say. When we came in we were all presented with a clothes-pin and a sheet of colored tissue paper to dress the clothes-pin with. I think some of the dolls would have made even the most solemn

person laugh, while some of the others made you wonder how such little sticks of wood could be made so attractive by only a bit of tissue paper. After we had each dressed a pin we decided that the prize should be awarded to Hortense Colby's doll. Then we ate ice cream with fudge sauce to our heart's content, and after a very jolly evening the party broke up and we went to our rooms.

NANCE O'NEIL.

Thursday evening, May fourth, nine of the girls had the opportunity of seeing Nance O'Neil play in "Elizabeth." The play is not much like those seen on the stage at present, nor is it one of Nance O'Neil's strongest, but it gives one a very good idea of the character and peculiarities of Queen Elizabeth; and one thing it did for me, at least, was that it made her a living woman, who before had been a creature of the history books. Two things that were most amusing and clearly brought out were her vanity and great changefulness. In one scene I remember she banished some one, signed a death warrant for some poor victim, and then turned to Robert of Essex with the question: "Do you prefer my hair in French, Italian or English style, my Lord?"

Nance O'Neil was splendid in the part of the Queen. She must have studied the character very earnestly, to show such appreciation of it. In the last act, especially, she showed her power as an actress. She has to change from a strong woman in her prime to an old one suffering from illness, and bowed under the weight of her royal robes.

With the exception of her leading man, Nance O'Neil's support was very poor, which, of course, detracts somewhat from the production; but in spite of that, the play is an excellent one, well played, and worth an evening's attention.

Grace Heath.

On the evening of May sixth, which was Miss Rogers' birthday and Founder's Day, Dr. Greene came to the school to talk to us about Miss Elizabeth Rogers. As one of the trustees, and a friend of Miss Rogers, Dr. Greene could tell us many interesting things about her,—her unselfishness, generosity and large heartedness toward the school which she started, and what a pure, sturdy life she led. We were all delighted with the talk Dr. Greene gave us, and were also greatly amused with a letter in which Miss Rogers refused an offer of marriage from an unknown admirer. This letter was beautifully written, and showed us what a true and noble woman our benefactress must have been.

Among the guests at Rogers Hall this term was Miss Florence Clark, of Lynn, who visited Edith Harris on Saturday, May thirteenth.

In the evening Edith invited a few girls to her room to meet her friend, and enjoy a little "spread" from a box of good things which she had just received from home.

An informal recital was given on the morning of May seventeenth, by the pupils of Miss Johanne Glorvigan and Mr. Kittredge, in the drawing-room of the Hall. All the girls did exceedingly well, showing what can be accomplished under efficient teaching. The following is the program:—

- I. a. RomanceRubinstein
Frances Dice
- b. Fröhlicher LandmannSchuman
Gladys Lawrence
- c. Polish DanceScharwenka
Marguerite Roesing
- II. a. My Lady's BowerHope Temple
- b. SerenadeNevin
Priscilla Howes
- c. Good Bye, Sweet DayVannah
Polly Sheley

- III. a. Wild RoseMacDowell
 b. ValsePaldini
 Beatrice Lyford
- IV. a. Wake not, but hear me, love.....Osgood
 b. Snow FlakesCowen
 Harriett Johnston
- V. a. Venetian Boat SongMendelssohn
 Ruth Heath
- b. PiccicatoDelibes
 Josephine Morse
- c. CrescendoPer Sasson
 Lois Fonda
- VI. a. Tryste NoëlM. R. Lang
 b. Summer NoonM. R. Lang
 Harriet Parsons
- c. Ashes of RosesWood
 d. IdyllMacDowell
 Anthy Gorton
- VII. a. SerenadeBacker-Grondahl
 Marie Crosby
- b. PreludeRachmannoff
 Edith Harris

The songs between the piano solos made a pleasing variety, and we were all surprised when it was over. The music girls were in great demand at recess, for we were very proud of them.

Miss Glorvigan is to spend the summer in Europe, and we all hope she will have a lovely vacation.

Christine Rose.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Sir Charles MarlowGeorge Holland
 Mr. Marlow, his sonKyrle Bellew
 Mr. HastingsFrank Mills
 Mr. HardcastleLouis James

Tony Lumpkin	Sidney Drew
Diggory	A. E. Dodson
Mrs. Hardcastle	Mrs. Calvert
Miss Hardcastle	Eleanor Robeson
Miss Neville	Isabelle Irving

Those of us who went to Boston, Saturday, May twentieth, to see "She Stoops to Conquer," thought that we were lucky indeed to be able to see a revival of Goldsmith's famous comedy as interpreted by such a well-known cast. The difference between this, the latest production of "She Stoops to Conquer," and the first production, is well worth noticing. When Goldsmith decided to present his comedy he obtained the famous Mrs. Abington for the leading role. After three or four rehearsals she decided, along with Colman, the stage manager, that the piece was to be a failure, and that she did not wish to be connected with it. The leading man was of the same opinion, but notwithstanding these difficulties the play was produced and the audience decided its fate. And what a success it was! In the present presentation we find some of the best known actors and actresses of the time taking the parts, not only those which were considered "leading," but even the minor ones, and taking them well.

Through all the time that has elapsed since the first production during Goldsmith's lifetime and this one, the interest has never lagged, the wit has not grown dull, and the situations are as humorous, clever, and unique, as they were long ago. In all those things this comedy forms a strong contrast to the comedies of the present time, which last perhaps a season, sometimes not even that, and then are shouldered out of the way by some new and equally transient effort.

Grace M. Smith.

Some of us had the opportunity to go to a subscription dance, given at Fisher Nesmith's former home on Park Street. We had great fun, dancing to the tunes of a hurdy-gurdy, through the large drawing-room and halls. The mantels were trimmed with lilacs and sprays of fruit blossoms.

Supper was served informally, and at quarter before twelve we were on our way home, after having the best kind of a time. We want to add that it was most kind of Mrs. Underhill to allow our going.

On Sunday evening, the twenty-first, all the girls from the House and Hall went out into the Gymnasium and had supper there. We were to have had it out under the trees, but it was so cold and windy that it was decided that the "Gym" would be better, and it proved to be a good decision. So, at half past six, we all trooped over to the "Gym" and had as much of the salad, sandwiches, olives, and ice cream as we could possibly eat.

We always have a fine time at the different House or Hall suppers, but at this one, where we were all together, it seemed as if it was even more fun. The supper was very good, and as nobody hesitated about going up to get a second serving, the "Entertainment Committee" were kept quite busy. After the supper we walked around under the trees for a while, till it was time for reading, then separated and went in, having had a perfectly "great" time.

Josephine Morse.

Wednesday, May twenty-fourth, Miss Coburn gave a tea for the Seniors. That was, perhaps, the first time I realized the importance of being a Senior. For the last few years I have seen the jolly crowd of girls only from a distance, and could share neither in their good time nor in the delightful refreshments that they always had. This year's tea was, I think, an

especially jolly one, for we all were having such a good time that the girls found they were a little late in starting back. We all heartily thank Miss Coburn for our good time, and think we are fortunate in more ways than one in being Seniors.

There have been many visitors at Rogers Hall during May. Ruth Burns spent Sunday with Margaret, and Polly Pew's three sisters were here on Field Day.

Miss Katherine Baxter visited Anthy Gorton, and attended the subscription dance at Fisher Nesmith's.

THE SENIOR DANCE.

For weeks we had been anxiously watching the progress of the blossoming shrubbery, and for days the weather forecast. When the evening of May twenty-seventh arrived, happier girls could not be found. The grounds were at their best with the lilacs and horse-chestnut blossoms in their prime; and as for the weather it could not have been better. Surely Mother Nature did her prettiest this year. Warm almost to oppressiveness during the day, the evening was delightful. No wraps were needed, and it is safe to say that more time was spent out of doors than in the house.

At quarter before eight the men began to arrive. The first "bunch," the cynosure of all eyes, hurried up stairs with that oh-horrible-are-we-the-first-to-arrive expression. More soon followed; as usual the greater part came at one time, and swept down like an avalanche on the ushers. Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons received in the front drawing-room, and the entire senior class in the back. After the men had been presented they were at once hustled off to meet other girls and fill their dance orders. The dancing was from eight-thirty until eleven.

To return to the outdoor part, you will all agree that was best. The Japanese lanterns strung about the lawn gave it an

appearance of fairyland, and quite made up for the absence of the moon. The girls in their light dresses, moving about among the trees, the mere presence of the men, and the soft music floating out through the open windows completed the picture. The only trouble was like all good things, it had an end, and this end in particular seemed to come so soon.

Thanks to Betty's ability as chairman, the dance was, in all respects, a success. The music was inspiring, the dance orders were attractive and summery, and the refreshments, especially the strawberries, seemed well suited to the occasion. It was all so rustic and informal. We were glad that two of the old girls, Alice Ramsdell and Mary Bard, were here to enjoy it with us.

Lois Fonda.

We were very much pleased to be allowed to have supper out on the lawn last Sunday evening. As it was warm, and the lilacs were in blossom, the affair was an unusually pretty one. After supper we went up into the park and watched the sunset, instead of having our usual Sunday night reading. When we came back we sang on the back veranda until it was time for us to go to our rooms, and I am sure we all appreciated the happy privileges we had been given.

ATHLETICS.

INDOOR GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

On the Monday before we went home for our Easter vacation, the entire school gathered in the "Gym" to watch an exhibition of the work which we have been doing throughout the winter. Miss MacFarlane arranged the girls in different divisions, each having its own especial drill for which the girls had been practicing for a number of weeks. At 2.15 we all found places around the sides of the "Gym" to watch. A

graceful drill with the bounding balls opened the programme, which was as follows:

I. Bounding Balls:

E. Harris	F. Dice	H. Prudden	F. MacDuffee
M. Easton	D. Norton	R. Abbott	

II. Parallel Bars:

M. Pillsbury	D. Wright	G. Heath	M. Pew
A. Kendall	L. Parker	H. Parsons	P. Howes
H. Talmage	C. Tibbetts		

III. Three Deep:

IV. Dumb Bells:

M. Jefferson	E. Meigs	M. Sturges
N. Conant	G. Lane	S. Hobson
M. Hockmeyer	G. Brown	F. Billings

V. Clubs:

H. Parsons	E. James	G. Heath	R. Heath
M. Pew	L. Parker	D. Wright	H. Talmage

VI. Children's Game:

VII. Fencing Beginners:

VIII. Advanced Class:

{ M. Pillsbury	{ M. Pew	{ H. Talmage	{ G. Heath
{ A. Kendall	{ E. James	{ R. Heath	{ G. Smith

IX. Balance Beams:

F. Billings	N. Conant
G. Brown	E. Meigs
M. Hockmeyer	G. Lane

X. Dancing:

{ H. Downer	{ A. Kendall	{ E. James
{ H. Parsons	{ M. Pillsbury	{ M. Easton
{ E. Harris	{ R. Heath	
{ F. Dice	{ H. Prudden	

XI. Captain Ball:

Capt.

1st Team	2d Team	3d Team	4th Team
E. Merriam	D. Norton	F. MacDuffee	M. Pew

One of the best drills was the dancing. This dance was a military schottische with a number of pretty figures and steps. This is the first year we have had dancing in connection with the regular "Gym" work, and as it is something new we all enjoyed it. Everyone applauded the children in their drill, games, and especially their stunts on the balance beams.

The Advanced Fencing Class has made a long stride since last year. First they gave us some combinations that they had learned and then, donning masks and plastrons, went at it in earnest and for a few moments gave us some assault fencing.

Now every one can see what an addition to the "Gym" the piano is, for without it, and without Christine to play our accompaniments, half the pleasure would have been lost.

The Captain Ball Game made a lively ending and a lot of fun, the second team beating the first, the third the fourth, and in the finals the second being victorious. In the din during the game you could hardly hear yourself think, for each and every girl was yelling at the team she wished to win, or to some particular girl to "go it."

This term, since the spring vacation, has been a splendid one as far as athletics is concerned, for hardly ever have we had a rainy Monday or Thursday. When we came back we found everything ready for us,—courts, links, and base ball field. For the first few weeks we were working for the basketball game between the Day and House pupils, then for field day and the base ball game, and now for the tennis tournament, which begins on the 15th. Base ball, especially, has been taken up with more interest than ever before. Perhaps the

idea of the Hall and House game which was to come was a good incentive.

Hilda Talmage.

BASKET-BALL GAME.

At half past two on the seventeenth of April, the day decided upon for the annual basket-ball game between the House and Day scholars, all the girls crowded out to the field, for there was great excitement and much speculation as to which team would win the challenge cup. For two years the Day scholars had held it and the House team meant to try their best to break the record.

When Miss MacFarlane's whistle blew the game started in earnest. During the first five minutes Louise Parker made field 1 and foul 1, and although the ball went back and forth several times, no other basket was made during that half.

After fifteen minutes' rest the game began anew. Both sides were evenly matched and they played well. There was great excitement among the spectators. Would they score again? They did not! And at the end of the second half the score still remained 3 to 0 in favor of the Day scholars. This makes the third year they have held the challenge cup, and they well deserve it. Dorothy Wright was captain of the Day school and Margaret Burns captain of the House. The teams were:

Day School		House	
Homes	{ Louise Parker Annis Kendall	Guards	{ Dorothy Norton Opal Bracken
Guards	{ Isabel Nesmith Charlotte Tibbetts	Homes	{ Helen Prudden Elizabeth James
Centers	{ Dorothy Wright Bessie Chalifoux Madge Hockmeyer	c. c.	Margaret Burns Hilda Talmage Grace Heath Mary Easton.

FIELD DAY.

The sixth of May was the date set for Field Day this year, as Miss Rogers' birthday came on Sunday. It dawned as usual the hottest day of the season, but at ten o'clock all appeared on the hockey field, clad in their "Gym" suits and armed with cameras and programmes to watch or take part in the various events Miss MacFarlane had planned for us. We all looked forward especially to the hoop roll and throwing the base ball, as we had never had them before, and to the sack race, which is always so much fun to watch and which certainly fulfilled our expectations.

Everything went off smoothly and a great deal of credit is due to Hilda Talmage for the skilful way in which she managed the day.

The events were:

I. Fifty-yard Dash:

M. Beach	C. Rose	B. Lyford
D. Norton	J. Morse	N. Pfeifer
H. Parsons	D. Wright	H. Talmage
E. Harris	R. Heath	

Won by

First Heat		
1st, H. Parsons	2d, D. Norton	3d, E. Harris
Second Heat		
1st, D. Wright	2d, R. Heath	3d, J. Morse
Finals		
1st, D. Wright	2d, J. Morse	3d, R. Heath

II. Throwing the Base Ball:

N. Pfeifer	H. Johnston
M. Burns	M. Roesing

Won by

1st, M. Burns, 158 feet	2d, N. Pfeifer, 133 feet 8 inches
3d, M. Roesing, 129 feet 6 inches	

III. Three-legged Race:

J. Morse	E. Meigs	M. Beach
R. Heath	S. Hobson	C. Rose
H. Colby	F. Dice	H. Downer
O. Bracken	E. Harris	H. Parsons
H. Talmage	H. Porter	R. Thayer
M. Easton	R. Abbott	D. Norton
E. Merriam	F. Billings	G. Heath
M. Roesing	N. Conant	P. Howes
I. Nesmith		
M. Pillsbury		

Won by

First Heat

1st { I. Nesmith M. Pillsbury	2d { R. Heath J. Morse	3d { S. Hobson E. Meigs
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Second Heat

1st { P. Howes G. Heath	2d { H. Colby O. Bracken	3d { F. Dice E. Harris
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Finals

1st { J. Morse R. Heath	2d { S. Hobson E. Meigs	3d { I. Nesmith M. Pillsbury
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IV. Running High Jump:

B. Lyford	J. Morse
D. Wright	H. Talmage
I. Nesmith	G. Heath

Won by

1st, D. Wright, 4 feet 9 inches 2d, J. Morse, 4 feet 8 inches
 3d, G. Heath, 4 feet 7 inches

V. Potato Race:

C. Rose	H. Parsons	M. Pillsbury
M. Beach	H. Porter	E. Abbott
F. Dice	I. Fogg	G. Smith
E. Harris	B. Hayes	B. Lyford

Won by

First Heat

C. Rose

B. Hayes

B. Lyford

Finals

Harris

Lyford

Smith

VI. Putting the Shot:

N. Pfeifer

E. Merriam

H. Johnston

M. Roesing

P. Sheley

I. Nesmith

P. Howes

Won by

1st, M. Roesing, 20 feet 8 inches 2d, P. Sheley, 18 feet 9 inches
3d, Pfeifer, 18 feet 7 inches

VII. Hoop Roll:

M. Pew

A. Bailey

G. Lane

P. Howes

G. Brown

G. Lawrence

M. Burns

D. Wright

H. Downer

E. Harris

M. Pillsbury

N. Conant

H. Parsons

M. Easton

G. Smith

G. Heath

B. Hayes

S. Hobson

Won by

First Heat

Burns

Parsons

Harris

Second Heat

G. Lawrence

G. Brown

M. Easton

Finals

H. Parsons

G. Brown

M. Easton

VIII. Hop, Step and Jump:

N. Pfeifer

E. Merriam

G. Heath

D. Wright

M. Burns

P. Pew

Won by

1st, M. Burns, 26 feet 10 inches 2d, P. Pew, 25 feet 10 inches
3d, D. Wright, 25 feet

IX. Junior Fifty-yard Dash:

G. Brown	E. Meigs	G. Lane
F. Billings	S. Hobson	N. Conant

Won by

1st, E. Meigs	2d, F. Billings	3d, S. Hobson
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X. Seventy-five-yard Dash:

M. Burns	F. Dice	H. Parsons
D. Norton	R. Heath	D. Wright
		G. Heath

Won by

1st, D. Wright	2d, G. Heath	3d, R. Heath
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XI. Running Broad Jump:

M. Burns	P. Pew	D. Wright
I. Nesmith	P. Howes	

Won by

1st, P. Pew, 12 feet 7 inches	2d, M. Burns, 11 feet 7 inches
3d, D. Wright, 10 feet 7 inches	

XII. Sack Race:

B. Lyford	B. Hayes	H. Downer
P. Howes	M. Pew	H. Parsons
M. Beach	C. Rose	I. Fogg
H. Talmage	M. Easton	R. Thayer
J. Morse	E. Abbott	D. Norton

Won by

First Heat

1st, H. Parsons	2d, B. Hayes	3d, I. Fogg
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Second Heat

1st, P. Pew	2d, M. Easton	3d, P. Howes
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Finals

1st, P. Pew	2d, I. Fogg	3d, M. Easton
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XIII. Throwing the Basket-ball:

M. Burns	S. Hobson
H. Talmage	D. Wright
E. Meigs	

Won by

1st, M. Burns	2d, E. Meigs	3d, S. Hobson
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XIV. Relay Race:

First Team

D. Wright
H. Parsons
B. Lyford
G. Heath

Second Team

M. Burns
J. Morse
E. Meigs
R. Heath

Won by Team Two.

Points

M. Burns, 18	D. Wright, 17	P. Pew, 13
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When the Relay Race ended we took a needed rest, and then enjoyed a delicious lunch in the school-room before returning to watch the Base Ball Game.

The Committee in charge was:

H. Talmage, Chairman
P. Howes
M. Pew
D. Wright
G. Heath

Judges:

Mrs. Underhill
Miss Underhill
Miss Annable
Miss MacFarlane

Dorothy Wright.

THE BASE BALL GAME.

House, 16; Hall, 13

The Hall-House base ball game was played the afternoon of Founder's Day. The game was close and all the innings were well played. Hilda pitched splendidly, discouraging the

House Team again and again. Nella and Polly caught equally well, and batted finely. The only reason the fielders' work was not sensational, was, I am sure, because of our successful bunts and our unsuccessful flys. The game closed with the score 16-13 for the House, ending a very exciting Founder's Day.

HALL	Runs	HOUSE	Runs
M. Roesing, 3b.....	2	G. Heath, (Capt.) 2b.....	1
H. Prudden, 1b.....	3	H. Parsons, ss.....	2
M. H. Pew, c.....	4	H. Johnson, 1b.....	1
H. Talmage, (Capt.) p....	3	M. Burns, p.....	4
P. Sheley, rf.....		H. Downer, cf.....	2
F. Dice, cf.....	1	E. Harris, 3b.....	2
E. James, 2b.....		R. Thayer, lf.....	
M. Easton, ss.....		N. Pfeifer, c.....	2
J. Morse, lf.....		R. Heath, rf.....	2
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	13		16

Home runs—E. Harris, N. Pfeifer, M. Burns. Hit by pitched ball—F. Dice. Base on balls—H. Talmage 4.

Margaret L. Burns.

On Friday, May nineteenth, the second Hall vs. House base ball game took place—a five inning game. Up to the fourth inning the Hall was far ahead, but in the fifth the House made run after run, and when there were three out the score was tied. In the last half, when the game was called, the score stood 17-16 in favor of the Hall.

Entries for the Tennis Tournament were as follows:

{ E. Merriam	{ E. Harris	{ O. Bracken
{ M. Roesing	{ M. Burns	{ H. Johnson
{ G. Smith	{ M. Sturges	{ P. Howes
{ F. Dice	{ G. Heath	{ H. Prudden
{ E. James		
{ H. Talmage		

Semi-Finals

{ E. Merriam	{ E. Harris	{ G. Smith	{ E. James
{ M. Roesing	{ M. Burns	{ F. Dice	{ H. Talmage

Finals

{ M. Burns	{ H. Talmage
{ E. Harris	{ E. James

Winners

{ M. Burns
{ E. Harris

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Dear Splinters:—

It took me a long time to decide what to tell you about Vassar, for it would take volumes to give you any idea of it as it really is.

In the spring, this is the most attractive place one can possibly imagine. No one could dislike college now, in fact everyone adores it. This is the time when more college spirit is shown than at any other season of the year; the college as a whole meets oftener, and so do the different classes, so that now, for the first time, the Freshmen begin to feel that they are a class.

Every evening during the spring term the Seniors meet on the steps of Rockefeller Hall to sing their class songs. The Juniors, on the steps of Strong Hall do likewise. This privilege of singing on the campus is denied the Sophomores and Freshmen, so they can only assemble near their sister classes and listen. When the chapel bell rings at seven o'clock, the Seniors march to chapel singing, surrounded by the entire Sophomore class. From across the campus come the Juniors, escorted by the Freshmen. The effect of this procession is inspiring, and if a girl never has been enthusiastic about college before, she surely will be now. On Wednesday evenings the

entire college meets on the steps of Rockefeller Hall to sing college songs, and on these nights the procession of girls is even more impressive than usual. Imagine the scene, if you can,—the campus, beautiful as possible, with its broad expanse of lawn, its shrubs and trees, the college buildings in the background, and in the foreground the chapel and the long line of eight or nine hundred girls, their light clothes contrasting beautifully with the dark green foliage.

So far, I have told you of nothing but singing; but, believe me, we don't sing all the time, and if you are not tired of this musical tale, I will tell you of the Sophomore ceremonies which took place last week. Each Sophomore class chooses its class tree and holds dedicatory services. These ceremonies take place on some dark night, when, supposedly, no one but Sophomores are about. But, of course, all the other classes are filled with curiosity, and very unexpectedly appear on the scene just in time to see the proceedings. The Sophomore class this year has green for its color, so, of course, this color was used as much as possible. Their soft Grecian costumes were made either of white trimmed with green, or entirely of green. In their hands they carried green branches, which at intervals they waved frantically. They formed in line at a distant part of the campus and approached their tree slowly, singing a beautiful ditty which no one but themselves could understand. We had no idea which was their tree until they got near to it and lighted the green lights which surrounded it. As the Grecian maidens approached they went through all sorts of manoeuvres and gestures, at the same time brandishing their branches about their heads. Just what these gestures meant I suppose we shall never know, but they certainly made a pretty scene by the light of the green fires. After the participators had sung their unintelligible songs, they circled around the tree and locked their seal on it by means of a chain and padlock. While this was going on the speaker of the evening arose from a white coffin-

like structure nearby. This, of course, was our signal for retiring, for no one but Sophomores was expected to be present at the exercises.

Helen Adams.

Rogers Hall's matrimonial list is growing. Ruth Coburn was married on April twenty-ninth to Mr. Herbert Lindsly, of Kansas City, Mo. Among the bridesmaids was Louie Ellingwood, who has but lately announced her engagement to Mr. Samuel Swan, of Lowell. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsly are living in Malden, Mass.

Another marriage that was even more interesting from a Rogers Hall point of view was Jennie Hylan's (R. H. 1902). On April eleventh she was married to Mr. William Herrick, of Malden, and three of her four bridesmaids are familiar to most of us,—Lucy Walther and Alice Faulkner (R. H. 1902, Smith 1906), and Marion Nichols. It is said that they upheld the Rogers Hall dignity very successfully. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick have returned from Jamaica, and are living in Malden.

Henrietta Hastings has just returned from a six weeks' trip to Baltimore, Washington, and New York.

Another of our travelers is Juliette Huntress (R. H. 1904). She spent April in Philadelphia, and is now visiting in New York, Orange, and Montclair.

Mrs. Herbert Kaufman (Una Libby) has another daughter, Una Libby Kaufman, born in April.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen) leaves Lowell in June to live in Norwich, Conn.

Louise Hall (R. H. 1899, Vassar 1903) is fortunate in having secured a position as Teacher of Science in Miss Mittelberger's School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Belle Shedd is in Lowell after her winter at Nassau, and will be here until June fifteenth, when she will go to Tilton, N. H., for the summer.

In the Morris House play at Smith College this month, Lucy Walther is to have a prominent part. She will be the Queen in "The Royal Family," and, as she writes, she will "in one act wear a royal robe and a crown."

Rogers Hall is having much pleasure this month in welcoming the old girls who have come back to see her. Among those who have returned to her are Louise Hyde, Mary Bard, Helen Lovell, Lilian Marshall, and Marjorie Hitchinson. Mary Bard is coming back again for Commencement, and Mary Titus and Alice Ramsdell are expected also.

Margaret Richardson (R. H. 1893) was married in April to Mr. Harry Gregg, of Nashua.

We are all interested to know that a story of French-Canadian life, by Caroline Wright, is to be published in the June number of the Radcliffe Magazine.

Invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Ruth Dutcher to Mr. Nelson Austin Kellogg, on the thirteenth of June, at Mahtomedi, White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

COMMENCEMENT.

The first of June, which was chosen for Commencement this year, was as bright and sunny as anyone could wish. Miss Coburn and the under-graduates were well repaid by their morning of hard work in decorating the rooms, for Rogers Hall never looked so attractive.

The reception was at four o'clock. In the two drawing-rooms, which were filled with American Beauties, Mrs. Underhill, the Trustees' wives and the graduates received the guests, and after a short and delightful reception the Commencement Exercises began in the school-room. When the guests had taken their seats, Hilda Talmage ushered in the Trustees, followed by Louise Parker with the Trustees' wives, and Ruth Thayer with the school, who, as before, sat together in the dining-room. Then, last came Mrs. Underhill and the fifteen graduates, who were ushered in by Helen Prudden.

In the absence of both President and Vice-President, Dr. Greene and Mr. Richardson, Dr. Chambré presided, introducing Mr. Billings, who gave the opening prayer. Next came the speaker of the day,—the Hon. George H. Martin, who had for his subject "The Transient and the Permanent in Education." In the theme of his address he told us that knowledge was merely a factor of education; that the tastes and characteristics we acquired, and the ideals we attained, helped to complete it. After this, Dr. Chambré, with a few kind and cheery words, presented the girls with their well-earned diplomas. Then, as President, and in behalf of the Senior Class, Anthy Gorton gave to the school a handsome mahogany table for the back drawing-room. Her presentation speech was sweet and natural, and she gave it in her own charming manner. This gift was accepted amid much laughter by Major Stott, who spoke with

his usual good-natured humor. Last of all, the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Martin, and the class of nineteen hundred and five was made a part of the Rogers Hall alumnae.

As this is the largest class that has ever been graduated from Rogers Hall, it is but fitting to give a short sketch of each one:

Anthy Gorton, who has been with us for the past six years, is well elected President of the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and five. The girls surely appreciate Anthy's good qualities, as she has also been President of the Hall for the past year. The one thing we have to console ourselves in her loss is that Gloucester is not far from Lowell.

The next in the list is Helen Downer, the Vice-President of the class, who also holds the same office in the government of the House, and is one of the editors of "Splinters." Although she has been with us but two years, we have had ample time to realize her fine points.

Polly Farrington, one of the Lowell girls who has been at Rogers Hall so long, has been chosen the Secretary of the class. With Polly we always associate Isabel and Harriet Nesmith. They, like Anthy, seem a part of Rogers Hall. Polly's charming manners, Isabel's happy-go-lucky ways, and Harriet's ready wit and sympathy all will be dreadfully missed in the coming years.

Lola Stevens, another Lowell girl, after graduating will probably continue her musical studies. In this, as in everything else that she has undertaken, we know she will be successful, and we wish her the best of luck.

The last on the list of Lowell graduates is Alice Robinson. All her school-days have been spent here, and she has always been a faithful and earnest worker.

The girls who expect to continue their work in college next fall are Ellis Abbott, Dorothy Norton and Alice Bailey

at Smith; Helen Porter at Wells, and Hortense Colby at Wellesley. We know that they will be happy and successful at college as they have been here, as each possesses some good quality that will help her in her college life.

It will seem queer to come back next year and not see Harriet Parsons in her old familiar room on the top floor, where she has been so long, and held the office of President of the House. In saying good-by to Harriet we have not the consolation that we have with Anthy, as she goes from here to Jacksonville, Illinois, but we hope she will soon visit us again.

Harriet seems to be a favorite name with this class, as now we come to the third and last, Harriet Davey, from Amsterdam, New York. The House, especially, will miss Harriet's jolly disposition and her ever-ready willingness to help others.

Priscilla Howes, the other editor of "Splinters," at the close of the year goes to her new home at Watertown, New York. Indeed it will be hard to fill her place, for, aside from her being able to sing so well, she has those characteristics which make her loved by all who know her.

Mary Huntington Pew.

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Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

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SPLINTERS.

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EDITORIAL.

The American girl, who complains of the rules enforced in the average school in her own country, little knows what true restriction is, as compared with the restrictions enforced in the boarding schools of Germany. She never even appreciates the freedom of home until she is sent away to school, and she never can appreciate the freedom allowed in an American boarding school until she has its advantages and joys brought home to her by the strict discipline of some foreign "pension."

A girl in this country is insulted if she is not allowed to go out of the grounds alone; a German girl thinks it is a privilege to go out with a teacher or two for guardian. Few persons travelling on the continent have not been filled with glee at seeing one of the long "snake" processions of girls, especially if they know some poor unfortunate who is one of that solemn number. The girl is allowed neither to break line nor to speak to the cheerful friend, nor may she do anything but bow, even to a member of her own family.

The American girl's artistic domestic science, which consists chiefly of wearing delightfully short and fluffy white aprons, making puddings, and taking notes, passes from a charming plaything into a stern reality with the foreigners. It may spoil one's idea of a princess to think of her baking, but all princesses do know how to cook, as well as do their poorest subjects, and the subjects, especially those in boarding school, understand it

in a very practical sense. The girls are taught to wait on table and to do all the duties of the average good "haus-frau." They not only are taught by example, but they are obliged to take their turn doing the work themselves. An interesting instance of the value placed upon the thorough understanding of what true labor is, is the fact that every crowned head of Europe is proficient in some trade, the German Emperor himself being a cabinet maker.

Many are the girls, both foreign and American, who have wept at the strictness of the knitting teacher, for if their work is not perfect in every respect, it is unravelled and started again, until it is as perfect as the fabled work of Arachne. Friends may plead, parents may beg indulgence, but it is of no avail; the pupils are kept at whatever they commence, until, in its line, it is a finished work of art.

Should the American girl, with the freedom of her ancestors behind her, and the freedom of her home and school before her, complain of too many restrictions? In favor of this rather severe system the foreigners can say, "I have done more than my best." As a nation and as schoolgirls they are wonderfully happy,

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

Splinters wishes to express, in behalf of the many friends of Edna Johnson, its sorrow in her death, which occurred last July. She was a girl whose cheeriness never gave others an insight to the fact she was not as strong as other girls. Few of her friends realized how seriously ill she was when she left Rogers Hall, and it was a great shock to learn of her death. For her lasting example of girlhood dignity and strength we shall remember her, and we wish by this expression of respect for her memory to acknowledge ourselves her debtors.

THE COLLIER'S GHOST.

"Let's go out in the 'Giant's Armchair,' " said sister, when we reached the end of the Point.

As getting there meant some excited balancing on sharp rocks, I was rather surprised at her suggestion, but I agreed of course, and skipped ahead. To get to the "seat" of the "Armchair" we had to slide down the "back," a slimy drop of about five feet, but we managed it safely and arranged ourselves cross-legged, to watch the tide come in over the kelp. There had been a storm the day before, so the water was higher than usual. Everytime a wave surged in, it looked as if the seaweed would never get untangled. Mangled remains of jelly fish stuck on the barnacles, and now and then a dead crab floated by. Then out at sea a bank of fog appeared, rolling slowly toward us. Altogether the place was rather dismal, and I stood up to go, but my sister pulled me back.

"See those rocks down there with the brown kelp on them. They are the heads of the giant's wives. They were asleep with their hair all hanging when he killed them. See their glassy eyes," she pointed to the jelly fish, "on damp dark nights they come back to life and—"

A long drawn shriek, the wail of something in agony, cut her short. She clutched my arm, but I was too frightened to speak. Again came the awful sound, but sister had pulled herself together and turned to calm me. At that moment the startled look in her face turned to something worse. Her hand dropped from my arm and her eyes were fear incarnate. Terrified, I followed their direction. The fog had closed, and almost above our heads loomed the great black hull of a vessel whose rigging stood out with horrible clearness in the thick fog. She seemed miles above us and the next instant she would crash onto the rocks and carry us down with her.

The wild scream aroused us. We sprang up to climb the back of the chair, but the slippery stone resisted us. Off came our

shoes, and on our hands and knees we crawled to the top. Then, shoeless and breathless, we scrambled over the rocks, through bayberry bushes, and home.

When we were safe again, sister tried to laugh over our adventure, but I noticed she put some Rosaline on her cheeks before she went down to dinner.

When we reached the dinning-room we found everyone greatly excited. The first mirage of the season had been seen over by the Point,—one of the colliers from Portsmouth to Boston, as distinct as could be. A little later Father remarked that a new whistle had been set up in the quarry that afternoon.

"It sounds almost like a human voice," he said, "and is warranted to be heard all over the cape."

"Perhaps we'll hear it tomorrow," said sister calmly, but she kicked me under the table.

DOROTHY QUINCY WRIGHT.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The poet was surely right when he said, "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." If a man had no other virtue but loved music, in fact if he were bad yet loved music, there would be some hope of reform, some chance of forgiveness. There would be a corner stone, and on that corner stone other virtues might be built up.

By music we do not mean the popular melodies of the day. They are only short lived. "The Old Apple Tree" and "Tammany," will soon be forgotten and follow "Hiawatha" and their kind, and new ones just as briefly favoured will take their place. True music lives forever and is with us always. Perhaps you will say "But I don't care for classical music, it does not interest me." Then you have never tried to like it. Some of it is simple and easy to comprehend. Take, for instance, "Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," listen to it carefully. Cannot you fairly feel the soft spring breeze and see the damp, delicate green earth, and the flowers just budding? It needs no words to

convey its thought. Then, there are the still simpler melodies, the old Scotch and English Ballads and folk songs, "Home Sweet Home" and "Suwannee River" have been in the past and will be for many years to come deservedly dear to every American heart.

Music is another form of poetry. The measure is like the foot in verse, the phrase like the line, harmony like rhyme, and rythm is present even more noticeably in music. Yet music is greater than poetry. Poetry expresses thoughts and emotions through words, but music is emotion realized, its very soul and essence. It has power to uplift the soul, and can excite the deepest feeling, both joy and sadness. Nay, it is joy and it is grief.

An interesting experiment is being tried in one of our states now, to see what music can do toward reforming criminals. The girls are taught to play and sing, and, above all, they listen to beautiful music. This may be placing too high a value on the power of music, yet the experiment does not seem wholly impractical and visionary.

There was once a girl who loved above everything else her music. Often when she felt sad or depressed, sometimes even to tears, she would go to the piano and play out all her grief. Listening, one could tell exactly her mood. Again, when she was happy it seemed as though all the sunshine in her nature shone forth in joyous melodies. Have you never felt nervous, over expectant, so excited that not even an interesting book could hold your attention, and yet found relaxation and pleasure in music? It soothes the weary, it strengthens comradeship, it excites the dance, it inspires deeds of heroic courage, and is the voice of truest worship.

The ancients believed that the heavenly bodies revolving in their courses made a wonderful melody, but the people on this earth were so gross and wicked that its beauties were lost to their ears. Thus they were always striving to be better that they might hear "the music of the Spheres." They were not so very wrong after all, for everything in nature has its music. There are the brooks, the rain, the winds, the deep bass of the thunder and the ocean, the thousands of birds—even the frogs and crickets have their own humble songs; and last of all there is the music of the stars. This is the most difficult kind in all

nature to understand. It is like some of the works of the great masters that untrained ears like ours cannot appreciate. As we train our ears to enjoy earthly music, we should train our hearts, our very souls, to hear this deeper melody. It has so much to tell us, shall we not listen?

LOIS FONDA.

"ALETHEA BABCOCK CRABB" OF STARTLE HARBOR.

In the minds of all the spectators on the beach of Startle Harbor, the "Alethea Babcock Crabb" was as fine a craft as ever put to sea. In the minds of two people, one the proud little captain of the "Alethea" standing at the wheel, the other the captain's proud little Alethea standing on the beach, the "Alethea Babcock Crabb" was the finest craft that ever put to sea.

Of all the summer days that Startle Harbor had ever seen, this was the most beautiful, of all the well-managed schooners the Startle Harborites had ever seen piloted from the harbor this A. B. C. was the best managed, and of all the sea captains Alethea had known, he of the "Alethea Babcock Crabb" was the bravest, handsomest, and best. Small wonder she watched the dainty schooner as long as eye could see it and joined the others in wishing luck to the "Alethea Babcock Crabb" and to her captain. Also small wonder that Alethea's captain gazed at the receding shores, wishing he had the maiden Alethea with him. At least we suppose he wished this. We can only suppose, for the captain's face is as unreadable as if it were carved in wood.

All went well until, far in mid-ocean, a storm overtook the "Alethea Babcock Crabb," the high curling waves broke over the deck, and——the crew? Alethea's brave little captain? What were they doing? The little captain is true to the last and stands by the wheel, but all is over, a huge wave——and Alethea? Alethea, at home in Startle Harbor, can she know the danger to her captain?

Readers, never say again you have seen no miracle. Alethea, the captain's Alethea, the meek, the gentle maiden rises nine,

ten times her natural height, stands on the cliff of Startle Harbor, brandishes a stick. She leans far out over the water and her stick descends plump on the hapless "Alethea Babcock Crabb." Captain and crew descend to a watery grave, but the A. B. C. is hauled, half in, half out of the water, to shore. Then the brave Alethea, leaving nothing undone pulls off her shoes and stockings, wades into the pool, one long brown arm descends into the water, and Alethea's captain is fished up and put on a rock to dry. The crew is left, for who cares for sticks and twigs?

Just then I felt a tug at my pole, and turning to my fishing, I saw no more of the captain's tragedy. His schooner and he himself had been saved by his lady-love, but I wondered if he did not feel mortified to lie on the cliff of Startle Harbor at which he had gazed scarce an hour before from the deck of the "Alethea Babcock Crabb."

Later I helped re-rig the A. B. C., but high tide must have disposed of the jaunty little captain, for Alethea and I left him forgotten, and wandered slowly across the fields for home and dinner.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

AN ALL DAY RIDE.

Just as the sunrise gun was fired and reveille echoed from the distant hill, we started on an easy canter through the woods. There were ten of us who started out on the great paper chase of the season. Our dogs, full of excitement and life, ranged from small fox terriers to large, gaunt-looking, gray hounds. Mine was an Irish terrier, a lively little fellow always ready for a good run, who kept up as well as the hounds.

Our course led us over a small stream in a valley, and then across country for about five miles. When we reached the stream, to our dismay the water was so high that it completely covered the bridge. We were not to be daunted however, and with dogs barking and horses dancing, we plunged in. In the middle of the stream my horse refused to move, until he was

pulled across kicking, his hind feet in the air, by the two riders in front.

After our little episode, we were soon well on the chase and were in hope of reaching Henderson Harbor by noon. We intended to lunch there, and then follow the chase homeward over the hills in another direction. We had not gone far before we noticed a black cloud in the sky, but thought nothing of it until we heard a loud clap of thunder directly over our heads, and soon the rain was coming down in torrents. Our comrades were scattered along the road for about a mile. Three others and I started our horses on a run for the first farm house.

We were met at the door by a good-natured farmer who invited us in, unsaddled our horses for us and shut our dogs into the barn. It looked very much as though we should remain for some time, as it was raining harder than ever. We knew that the chase was over for the day, and that the rest of our party was not far away, but in which direction they had gone we could not guess, as the road forked just in front of the house.

At noon we sat down to the table with the family to the funniest dinner I ever attended. Our host and hostess were most agreeable and seemed delighted to have company on such a dreary day.

About five in the afternoon we were able to mount our horses and start once more on our way. When we came to the fork in the road we turned to the right, as our host had informed us that we should come out by the half way house. This was midway between Henderson Harbor and Sacketts, and here we had intended to have supper. Our comrades had not yet appeared, we only knew that the best possible time must be made, as there was to be a large hop at the barracks at eight. We rode on and on, it was long after six and the half way house was not yet in sight. As the sun was fast going down, we asked a passing farmer, if we were on the right road, and to the dismay of all, found that we had taken the wrong one.

It was a hungry, tired quartet, but our jolly supper put us in good spirits, and made us ready for the rest of the journey.

As we came over the brow of the hill the flickering lights of the old stone barracks met our eager gaze. Over the cool September night came the soft, sweet notes of taps to welcome us

home, and from our lost companions, in the hop room, came the words.

"Fades the light, and afar
Goeth day, cometh night, and a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all to their rest.
Love, good night, must thou go
When the day and the night leave me so ?
Fare thee well, day is done,
Night is on."

EUNICE BAGG.

AMANANVILLE DANS LE BOIS DE BOLOUGNE.

The most beautiful place I have ever seen is L'Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in Paris. It is a continuation of the Champs Elyseés, where the carriages and automobiles representing the styles of Paris, drive. There are also dashing beauties mounted on fine horses, riding along the bridle path. On both sides are large shade trees, which extend back for miles. This is where the poorer class of people walk, and have picnics and sports, and here the French nurse-maids take their charges for an airing.

After driving quite a distance in the Bois, the road divides, one branch leading back to the Champs Elyseés, another on towards a lovely little lake, and the third leading to a pretty French restaurant, situated in the very heart of the woods, called Amanville. This is a popular place for people driving or riding through the Bois to stop and have a Coup Jacques, while the orchestra plays music which an American recognizes as rag-time that was popular over here years ago.

One afternoon, Father and I drove up through the Bois and stopped at Amananville for a Coup Jacques. At that time the Shah of Persia was visiting Paris, with a suit of one hundred and twenty-five persons, and everywhere we went we saw members of the royal party sight-seeing like ourselves. This same afternoon, as we were enjoying life generally, watching the beautifully

gowned Parisians, there suddenly seemed to be a commotion among the Persians, who were present. We looked, and there in a victoria, with his prime minister beside him, a mounted guard on either side of the carriage, sat the Shah. All the Persians bowed low, and the Shah in return, included us all in his salute. I was disappointed in him, because he didn't look any more impressive than any of the members of his train. After he had passed, the buzz of conversation was resumed, and the Persians went back to their amusements. Soon after this we left, and our only compensation was the lovely drive back through the woods.

No wonder such crowds are to be found at Amananville, for who in Paris could stay away from this attractive little restaurant in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne?

BEATRICE LYFORD.

MY FIRST RIDING LESSON.

It was about seven years ago when I had my first riding lesson, but I shall never forget it. I was given what seemed to me an extremely large horse to ride. It was in reality rather a small animal, but to me it seemed mammoth.

After walking around the ring for about ten minutes the riding-master started my horse at a slow trot. How I bounced! Up and down! I resolved within myself that I should never ride horse-back again. I lost my stirrup, the horse was stopped for me to slip my foot in. We did not trot again for several minutes, in the meanwhile I recovered my breath.

Suddenly without word or warning that horse began to trot once more. This time I made up my mind that I would stick on and try not to bounce as much as before. I got on better, only losing a few little minor articles, such as combs, hair-ribbons, and breath.

When my hour was up I was indeed glad to dismount. The next day, as all you who have ridden will know, I was horribly

lame. Those who have never experienced it may consider lameness a joke, but let me assure you that it is not. There are three in the school who will appreciate the full truth of my remarks.

Since then I have had horses of my own and have grown very fond of riding.

ELEANOR S. CUSHING.

A SUMMER ADVENTURE.

Yes, Patty had asked us all out to spend the day at her pretty home, just on the edge of the town, so Florence, Lottie, Frances and I were looking forward to a most enjoyable day in the country.

When the time finally came, Florence was good enough to take us all with her in her runabout. She and Lottie drove, while Frances and I sat behind, peacefully swinging our feet and eating apples. After a short drive, we reached the McConnell farm and then our fun began. Patty let us explore everything. We jumped off the rafters in the barn, we gave each other dizzy rides on the huge hay fork, which is to be found on almost every farm. We sampled all the delicious pears, apples and peaches, we ran the churn and, lastly, we found the wind-mill.

What a splendid wind-mill it was too, high and towering, one of the largest I have ever seen. We all agreed that it would never do to leave it unexplored, so up we went, Frances first, I closely following, and Lottie and Florence coming more leisurely. We found before we were half way up that the mill did not look one inch higher than it really was, so that when Frances reached the top, she deposited herself upon the narrow edge with a sigh of relief. Although I was very eager to get there myself, I unconsciously paused a moment to look up at Frances on her precarious perch.

As she sat there, her light hair waving in the breeze and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement, enjoying the adventure as

only a happy, fearless girl can, I felt that I loved her more than ever. Calling down to us to hurry, that the view was splendid, she shifted her position to look in another direction, when I noticed that slowly but surely the great wheel was pushing her off the ledge. Foolish girls! We had never thought that the wind-wheel could turn both ways until now, when we feared either that Frances would be thrown headlong into space, or that her hair would be caught in the cruel wheel itself, for now it was pressing hard against the poor girl's back, and it was only a question of how long her strength could resist the pressure. Frances, however, had courage as well as daring, and although it was a very white face that looked down at me, I knew her presence of mind would not fail her. As soon as I saw her danger I hastened down the ladder a few steps, so as to give her a chance to get off the ledge. I shall never forget how she looked as she carefully made her way towards the opening to reach the ladder, with the awful wheel at her back, holding tight to the edge of the boards. Finally she got her feet on the ladder, and then with a dexterous movement jerked her head out of the way of the wheel. She was safe, but her blouse was torn to shreds, as she came down the long ladder not quite so nimbly as she had gone up. We all stood at the bottom waiting for her with outstretched arms, and although we were gay, giddy girls, we were sobered for the time by a deep feeling of thankfulness for our companion's escape.

We have often laughed about it since, for Frances did indeed make a funny picture, coming down the ladder with her torn blouse waving to and fro in the breeze. Perhaps we never have realized how narrow an escape the dear girl had, but at any rate we have never forgotten the adventure.

OPAL MAY BRACKEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UMBRELLA.

The article in question was considered by some, very pretty, and by others, merely good-looking; but by me, hideous. The

very sight of an umbrella, and of this one, especially, is hateful to me, since it is the article of all others I am most apt to leave wherever I go, and to lose, outright; and this particular umbrella has long been the object of my particular aversion, for I was so absent-minded and forgetful (notice the past tense, please) that whenever I wanted or needed it most it was never and nowhere to be found. Everywhere I went I was sure to leave it behind, till at last my friends used to sing me, what they considered quite a bright little ditty, called, not the "girl" but "The Umbrell I left behind me." They sang it frequently, and, as I did not want to deprive them of any pleasure, I endured it.

How well I remember that unfortunate umbrella with its handle of dull brown wood, in imitation of a trunk, I suppose, with two bright red, shiny cherries suspended from one side near the top. Whenever I see a cherry I always think of those two very artificial ones I hated so. I disliked them more than ever after I discovered that that fruit was very capable of giving away its lovely color (which was so much admired), at times and places when least desired. One girl once found this out, much to her sorrow.

She had been asked to go to the theatre with her uncle, whom she scarcely knew, as he had been abroad a long while, and who was quite foppish and very particular about dress. It was raining hard when she left me, so she borrowed my umbrella and started off into the damp night, holding it tight in her white-gloved hands. When she met her uncle she noticed that he looked at her in rather a surprised kind of way, and seemed a trifle uneasy throughout the evening, but, as she couldn't imagine what was troubling him, she hardly gave the matter a passing thought. But she found out when she dropped into my room on her return—I led her to a mirror, and I never shall forget her look of horror when she saw herself as her uncle had seen her. She resembled a circus clown. Her face and hands were almost covered with bright red daubs. Can anyone guess the how and the why? I couldn't for a minute, but then I caught sight of the umbrella. And the scene that followed!

The poor umbrella told about it afterwards to an Indian-club lying nearby, with almost as many tears as were shed at the time it happened. "Oh," said he, "wasn't it enough for her to

rob my cheeks of their beautiful color and put it on her own, without hurling me with all her strength against the wall, and breaking two of my poor ribs and lacerating my body, which was always so strong and well? The wretch! the monster! And how sweetly she had talked to that uncle of hers, too. Oh, how I hate her for it! And think, if you can, what my mistress did. She laughed, that heartless girl, and afterwards threw me into this dark old closet in the attic, saying that 'I was no more good,' and she 'was glad of it.' And here I am, with no hope of ever seeing anybody again. Hard luck, isn't it?"

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

A VISIT FROM MR. SANBORN.

All who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Frank Sanborn's talk on Concord felt that they had been ushered into a different atmosphere from that of hurrying to-day, by an ideal "gentleman of the old school," who had only stayed behind to show us the way to live and dream.

Mr. Sanborn is the last of the Concord philosophers, but as he talks it seems impossible to believe that the little old building, the original school of Philosophy, is no longer visited daily by such men as Emerson, Thoreau, and all the others that constituted the first institution of the kind in America. He makes them real people, and tells, not the facts that everyone knows, but the little incidents that make great people doubly interesting, because we feel that with all their genius they were exceedingly human.

The "friend," whom I am sure everyone liked best to hear of, was Miss Louisa May Alcott. In fact Mr. Sanborn said, that when he gave his audience an opportunity to choose the subject of his talk, they usually chose the original "Jo." I am glad to say that, instead of explaining away the pictures we have all of us cherished of the "little women," he only made them more delightful by making them seem more real.

It was not only what Mr. Sanborn said, but the way in which he said, or rather told it, which gave his talk such unusual charm. You could see in his smile how much he enjoyed talking

of the by-gone men and women, who have helped to make dear, sleepy little Concord, and in fact our whole nation, famous. It was not because they were great that he gladly went back twenty or thirty years and told us some tiny incident or saying of theirs that made them far more clear to us than many biographers could have done, but because he knew and loved them, and wished to share with others the pleasure he felt so keenly in knowing them.

A splendid picture of Mr. Sanborn's personality is found in the lines dedicated to him by his friend Bronson A. Alcott, in the book entitled "Sonnets and Verses :

TO FRANK A. SANBORN.

Long left unwounded by the grisly foe,
 Who sometimes pierces all with fatal shaft,
 Still on thy cheek fresh youth did lively glow,
 And at his threatening arrow gaily laught;
 Came then my friendly scholar, and we quaffed
 From learning's spring, its sparkling overflow;
 All through the lingering evening's charmed hours,
 Delightful fellowship in thought was ours;
 He my poor verses oft did quite undress,
 Or kindly clipt my steed's luxuriant mane;
 'Twas my delight his searching eye to meet,
 In days of genial versing, memories sweet,
 Jan. 1, 1882. POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

DAILY THEMES.

MY DREAM OF THE OPAL.

Dido of Carthage lay dying, slain by her own hand. In her agony the suffering queen raised imploring eyes to heaven and lo! Iris floated gently downwards.

The goddess of the rain-bow alighted at the head of the dying queen and spread her tinted wings over her. Then in a voice infinitely sweet, she murmured "I free this soul from its

body." She cut the thread of life; and tears of divine pity, drawing changing tints from etherial wings fell softly, and as they touched the earth became scintillating gems of dazzling light—gleaming at the touch of every sun-beam, burning with every heart-throb of a sorrowing soul. FLORENCE E. WALDORF.

THE DOG HATERS.

Out in the field two cats are stalking a bird in the longgrass, oblivious of all else in the excitement of the chase. Behind them, silent and unseen, creep two large dogs. As they near their enemies, a snarl from the dogs. The cats whirl, and with a swish and a spit leap upon their pursuers.

In a minute it is all over, and the dogs run away with bleeding faces, while the cats, unharmed and undisturbed, resume their hunting in the grass. ANNIS KENDALL.

A DESERTED HOUSE

A little brook was singing merrily as it ran over the pebbled surface of its bed. It turned and turned its course, again and again, and it seemed to the one who was following it, that it must run on forever.

Absorbed in deep thought, the man who walked beside the brook, glanced up at one of its turns and found himself facing an old tumbled-down house. Part of the roof had been blown off by some fierce wind and the shingles were scattered about the ground. Moved by curiosity, he crossed the stream and entered the house. The door was unfastened and the old-fashioned bolt, which originally held it, was coated with rust. At the first step the floor creaked loudly, and the boards shook with the weight of our traveler. The walls were covered with dust, and the windows, which apparently had not been open for several years, proved a very satisfactory place for the busy spiders to build their homes. There were two rooms on the first floor,

connected by a narrow hall-way. A very rickety pair of stairs went up one side of the hall, but as the three top stairs were gone, one could not venture as far as the second floor. A bottomless chair was found in the darkest corner of the house and it was the only sign of habitation that the deserted home, had to offer.

ETHEL F. MERRIAM.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MAID OF JAPAN.

This delightful story, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, gives an interesting account of the lives and customs of the Japanese. The heroine, Himé, is an ideal type of the graceful and charming Japanese woman. As is the case with many heroines, Himé is left an orphan when very young, and is brought up by Sakura, a lonely old woman living in a tiny cottage on a small island near the mainland, and supporting herself by shell-gathering. Himé's mother had married a worthless Englishman, and forsaken by her husband, she had given the child to Sakura, and then thrown herself into the sea. Living in this simple way, apart from all the world, in close touch with nature, Himé knew little of life, or of men.

One night in a cave, in a lonely part of the island, she met a wealthy young Englishman, who soon became her close friend. When Sakura heard of this she was much disturbed and resolved to find out about the man, for she hated and distrusted foreigners. After many trials, she discovered that the stranger was an Englishman travelling in Japan, who had rowed to the island on a beautiful summer night, and had fallen in love with the attractive little Japanese maiden. Upon further investigation it was found that the Englishman, Charlie Barrington, was a nephew of the father of Himé, and that it was she, instead of Charlie, who was heir to the fortune of the Barringtons. So it happened that finally Sakura became reconciled to the Englishman, and Himé was allowed to have her way. The young couple were

married and went to Europe to live, where Himé enjoyed many comforts and luxuries of which the poor little shell-gatherer had never dreamed.

The author has made her descriptions so clear and vivid that we almost feel as if we were in the far away land of Japan. Her characters are strong and very true to life. and we wish that we knew the little maiden ourselves. Mrs. Fraser presents the hero as a strong manly type of Englishman, and the love-scenes between the two are very charming.

The ending, too, is very satisfactory, for not only are Himé and her husband happy, but Sakura, too, is given a pretty new home, where she spends a peaceful old age, free from every care.

ALMA SHEPARD.

THE BREATH OF THE GODS.

Very great has been the out-pouring of novels upon the public during the last few years. No sooner does an important event occur, than a dozen novels are written about it. Of the many that are now being forced upon us about the Japanese war, "The Breath of the Gods" bids fair to stand out above all others. In his book, Sidney McCall has scarcely touched upon the war, but has given us many pictures of Japan and of the manners and customs of the people.

Yuki Onda, the true heroine of the story, is a little Japanese maiden who has been sent to a boarding school in Washington by her parents. Here she meets Gwendolen Todd, the daughter of a western senator. The two girls become bosom friends, and in this way the Todd family and that of the Japanese minister, with whom Yuki stays, become very intimate, and it is this friendship which induces Todd to try for the ambassadorship to Japan. The story opens with the two girls just ready for their début. Gwendolen is dressed in a trailing gown of white, while Yuki wears her Oriental costume to please her friend and M. Le Beau, an artist of Russian and French parentage, who is deeply in love with the little Japanese. Among the first guests to arrive was Prince Hagané. To him, instead of the customary greeting, Yuki knelt, and kissed his hand, for in

Japan he was a prince and the protector and patron of her family.

After the appointment of Mr. Todd as Ambassador to Japan, Yuki returns with her American friends to her native land. On reaching Tokio she lives with her parents and does not see Gwendolen again for sometime, as her father has no desire to "see strange feet on his mats." It takes tremendous courage on Yuki's part to tell her father her love story, for in entering into an engagement without her father's consent she has violated every law governing family life in Japan. Yet in the stormy interview which follows her confession, in which her father tells her she is no daughter of his, she upholds her position, thus rebelling against the Japanese custom of centuries. Her father takes his trouble to Prince Hagané, his feudal lord and a man of great influence. Hagané sets him at ease, by promising to help him prevent Yuki's being sacrificed to a foreigner. Since Yuki, in her confession, did not tell the name of her lover, Hagané gives a dinner to which he asks the Todds and M. Le Beau. In the course of the evening, Yuki by a few words betrays her love for Le Beau. Hagané's next move is to offer to marry the girl himself, a great honor for her, since he is a prince and she only a samurai's daughter. Yuki is torn between loyalty to her family and her promise to Le Beau, whom she still loves. She hesitates long, but when Gwendolen advises her to marry Hagané she yields her consent.

As the wife of Prince Hagané, Yuki has everything that money can buy, and the prince is kind and gentle with her always. She tries to be happy and is learning to care for her husband, when one day Le Beau, delirious with fever, wanders into her garden, and she takes him to an empty room where she nurses him. While there, he steals a state paper of great importance, shows it to Hagané, and asks as the price of its redemption that Yuki be given to him. Hagané, believing that Yuki is faithless and has given Le Beau the paper, agrees to redeem it "with the body of Yuki." The next evening Hagané rides with Yuki to Pierre's house, and Pierre handing the paper to the prince, hastens to the jinrikisha to claim his reward, only to find Yuki dead, killed by her own hand. Hagané had kept his word, and Yuki had bought the paper, so dear to Japan, with her body.

In the book, every character is distinctly drawn. Yuki,

with all her pretty daintiness, and her absolute devotion to her country so strong that her "very heart seems knit of the fibres of that word Nippon," is as lovable a heroine as one could wish, and her life shows plainly the effect of American influence on the Japanese woman. Gwendolen is a very good type of the frank, good-natured and impulsive American girl. Her lover, T. Caraway Dodge, is the jester of the book and often lightens up some gloomy scene by a witty speech. M. Le Beau is a true Frenchman, but could hardly be called the type of hero found in the average novel of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are well drawn and are types often met.

Throughout, the book is pervaded with the delicate atmosphere of flowery Japan, and is well worth reading as a study of Japanese temperament.

BESSIE C. HAYES.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One day, about four years ago, two of my friends and I went for a drive in my pony-cart. As it was a very warm day, we decided to go out in the country, where everything was fresh and green.

After we had been driving about two hours we came to a very pretty little road, thickly wooded on each side.

We were laughing, talking, and having a good time generally, when one of the girls spied a cow standing in the woods. We drove on and thought nothing about it, but before we had gone very far we saw the animal rushing down the road after us.

I whipped the pony as hard as I could. As I had been over that road a great many times, I knew that if we could just keep ahead of the fearful creature, we should soon come to a little house. The bull, for a second look had shown him to us in all his cruel fierceness, was bellowing frightfully and was now but a few yards from us. We dared not look around, but leaned far forward, trying to help the pony on. At last, I really don't know how we

did it, but somehow we pulled the pony into the barn of the house. We ourselves, trembling with fear, tumbled into the hen-coup and shut the door. I think we stayed in there fully ten minutes listening to the bellowing of the bull as he went thundering down the road again.

Finally, an old woman came and asked us what we were doing. We told her, but she would hardly believe us. Then she persuaded us to come out and there, far down the road, we could see the bull. We pointed it out to her and she said we certainly had had a narrow escape, for the same bull had killed a little calf of hers about a month before.

We were still nervous and afraid to go back, so we went into the house and the woman gave us some cake and milk. We were sober little girls when we finally screwed up enough courage to start home, and we went a round-about way. I am sure I shall never forget that day, certainly I hope I may never encounter another bull on a country road with no shelter near at hand.

EUGENIA MEIGS.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT SAY "PLEASE."

Once there was a little girl who always forgot to say "please," and her mother tried in every way to teach her to say "please."

One day the little girl's father said that if she would try to remember always to say "please," he would give her a beautiful doll, nearly as tall as herself, with golden hair; but though the little girl tried very hard, she never could remember to say "please," so of course she did not receive the beautiful doll.

But one day a stranger, a tall man with a stern face and kind eyes, passed her gate. The little girl happened to be in the garden, the stranger looked at her and stopped and talked to her about many things. When he had found out what kind of little girl she was, he said to her "If you would like something very much, you may wish for it and you shall get it." So she wished for a large doll, but as she did not say "please," she did not get it. Instead, the stranger said to her, "Do you know where little girls go who do not say 'please'?" "Oh, No! No!" cried

the little girl. Then the stranger took her up in his arms,—she was very much frightened,—and walked down the road until he came to a large chariot drawn by four black horses with long tails and glossy manes. In this they drove a very long way, straight to the king's castle, for the stranger was the king's son.

Then the prince carried her down and down and down many stairs and put her in a dungeon and kept her there for a day and through a dark night, and then sent her home. After that the little girl never forgot to say "please."

GERTRUDE D. LANE.

THE RUNAWAYS.

One hot summer afternoon my brother and I were playing in the garden. My brother was four and I was two. He was very fond of trains and ran away whenever he could to see them. This afternoon, he wanted to see the trains very much, so he ran away, taking me with him. As I was such a little tot, of course I knew no better. It was quite a long walk, especially for my little legs.

My brother and I were always quite noisy in our play and this afternoon we had acted very much like wild Indians. My mother, noticing the sudden silence, looked out to see what we were doing. Not seeing us, she was very much alarmed and at once sent my oldest brother in search of us. Finally he found us by the railroad track, I was so tired that I had fallen asleep near the track. It was not so with my brother, he was very much awake, watching the trains shift. I was carried home and did not know anything more until I woke up to find myself in mother's lap. Although she was very glad to get us home again, she scolded my brother well for running away and taking tiny me with him.

SALLY HOBSON.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE HALL ELECTION.

On Friday evening, October twentieth, instead of dancing as we usually do on Fridays, we all went up into the Art room to elect the student-government officers for the Hall. Student self-government was adopted four years ago, and the girls have tried to prove true to the responsibility they then undertook, and to observe their self-imposed regulations.

Polly Sheley, who was chairman of the meeting, announced that we should first elect our president. When the votes were counted and it was announced that Polly Pew was president, the applause was deafening. The next vote was for vice-president, and that office was given to Betty James. Marguerite Roesing was elected secretary and treasurer, and the two counselors were Polly Sheley and Anna Gilmore. On the entertainment committee Lois Fonda was chosen chairman, with Hilda Talmage and Marion Chandler on the board.

We all decided that we could not have better officers for the coming year.

MOLLY BEACH.

THE ELECTION OF THE HOUSE OFFICERS.

On Friday evening, the twentieth of October, great excitement prevailed among the House girls, for it was the evening of the election of their officers for the ensuing year.

Immediately after dinner the girls assembled in the Laboratory, each talking excitedly and suggesting girls whom she thought would make suitable officers.

Frances Dice, who acted as chairman, called the meeting to order, and the election proceeded. The first ballots cast were for president, and Susan Price was elected by an almost unanimous vote. The deafening applause that followed only

feebly expressed the pleasure of the girls. The vice-president was then voted for and Opal Bracken was elected to that office. Grace Heath was chosen secretary and treasurer. The counselors are to be Agnes McDowell and Ruth McCracken for the House, and Grace Smith for the Annex.

Now all that remained to be voted for was an entertainment committee. Madge Mariner and Helen Watters were elected, with Frances Dice as chairman. These officers have control of the social affairs of the House, so it was necessary to have energetic and experienced girls.

Every one was satisfied with the new officers, and we expect the ensuing year to be decidedly successful.

PEARLE BURNS.

THE GREEK LECTURES.

Though it is still not long since the beginning of school, we have heard two lectures by Mr. Leotsakos on Greece, Ancient and Modern, as it was in the days when the Greek armies were warring about Troy, Æneas (that old friend of ours) fleeing to Italy, a little later at the time of the Stadium and Olympic games, and then Greece as it is to-day. The stereopticon views were fine and the one of the Venus de Milo was wonderful. The lines of the beautiful statue were very distinct and were shown to the best advantage. Some very good views were given of the old temples where the Greeks, centuries ago, used to offer sacrifices to Olympian Zeus, Minerva, and other of their mythological gods and goddesses. The costumes shown, that were worn by the "ancients," were very interesting with their queer-shaped garments and sandals. Mr. Leotsakos made us feel more familiar with Greece than ever before, and really "created an atmosphere"—a Grecian atmosphere—about us. One of the pictures we liked best was the parting of Hector and Andromache at the gates of Troy before that famous son of Priam went out to suffer death and dishonor at the hand of Achilles. The scene is very spirited and full of life.

Hector stands in his chariot in war attire, described in the *Æneid*, and Andromache is weeping at his feet.

In the second lecture, which was mainly on Modern Greece, Mr. Leotsakos talked of the country, the ruins of the Acropolis and Parthenon, and the present town of Sparta.

The stereopticon picture of Lord Byron, who helped liberate Greece, was the best liked, I am sure. And who could help liking, or admiring, that picture!

The recital of a part of the *Iliad*, in Greek, by Mr. Leotsakos, was fine, and when later some of the *Æneid* was given in Latin, it made one feel as though it would be worth studying a long time, if at the end of that time, one could read Latin and recite it the way he did. Mr. Leotsakos was intensely patriotic and loyal to his country and we could readily believe him when he said at the close of the last lecture, "I am glad and proud to say that even now it is still held an honor and a privilege to be an Athenian."

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

A WELCOME TO THE NEW GIRLS.

I know there is not a new girl who will forget the welcome given to her by the old girls in the gymnasium on the Saturday after we all arrived. We all assembled in the gymnasium and had a chance to talk with the new girls and become acquainted with them before the musical started. The musical consisted of a quartet of very fine players. The programme was of the finest selections and was as follows:

Carolyn Belcher	1st violin
Glenn Priest	2d violin
Helen Reynolds	Viola
Charlotte White	'Cello
Quartet. E flat major	Mozart
Cello solo Elegie	Laure.
a. Berceuse	D Ostern Lacken.
b. Polka	Liandow.
Violin Solo Romance & Ronda	Wieniawski.
Quartet F Major	Dvoraka.

There was not a person who did not feel a keen disappointment when the last quartet was played, although she knew the dance was soon to follow.

Refreshments were first served, and then we started to dance in earnest. Not one girl "sat out" the first dance. It grew quite warm, but all were thinking of the music and dancers and did not think of the heat. The girls felt sorry when the last two-step was played and all thanked Mrs. Underhill, Miss Parsons, and the old girls, for the extremely pleasant evening which was given to them as a welcome to Rogers Hall.

MARION CHANDLER.

OUR TRIP TO CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

The Saturday selected for our trip to Concord and Lexington dawned gloriously bright. The October sunshine had charmed the chill from the wind, leaving only that tang peculiar to a clear Autumn day. Every one unconsciously reflected the morning's freshness; and our forty-four girls were full of life, when we left the car at the first stop and trooped through the gates of the beautiful old cemetery, so fittingly named Sleepy-Hollow. In the heart of its soothing stillness and calm beauty, I found the graves of my favorite authors,—Emerson, Louisa Alcott and Hawthorne. The wild beauty of Ridge Path was very attractive, yet I was glad to get out into the sunshine again, for there is something chilling to me in the atmosphere of a cemetery.

The three large barges waiting outside were instantly filled with girls, scrambling over each other in their good-natured endeavors to secure the end seats. We rolled along towards Concord looking and feeling, I fancy, a trifle like a foot-ball squad after a victory.

The scenery grew more and more beautiful; the quiet was broken only by the rattle of our great wagons on the road. A brooding stillness hung over the old town and gave it the charm and novelty of one of Hawthorne's creations. The lovely Old Manse, the Orchard House—the home of the "little women"—and the Wayside, with the quaint little cupola atop, where

Hawthorne wrote his romances undisturbed, added to the picture. Old Concord seemed a dream city. One of the girls expressed the general feeling when she said with a sigh, "I believe I could write a book, if I lived here."

We crossed the Old North Bridge and stopped on the battle-field, where the minute-man stands. The river and its bridge, the white road between the trees and waving grass, formed a very beautiful landscape. It was hard to imagine this lovely spot the scene of a battle, and to realize how rudely its peacefulness was shaken on the morning the farmers gathered to defend their liberty, when the first shot was fired and the first American gave up his life for his country.

This visit to the old battle-ground gave Wright's Tavern, where we had lunch, a double interest; for here the Red Coats were quartered the night before their disastrous encounter with the Concord farmers; and at the bar, still standing in one corner of the little dining room, the British officers drank the toast proposed by Major Pitcairn. "In this way," he boasted, as he stirred his toddy, "we will stir the blood of the damned rebels before night."

After dinner, we started for Lexington to see the minute-man and the old belfry, where the bell that called the farmers from their plows once hung. I found these very interesting; but the town itself was not as charming as old Concord. Perhaps I misjudged it however, for by this time I was sufficiently tired to appreciate more fully the merits of our modern trolley than the historic associations of Lexington.—FLORENCE E. WALDORF.

MR. FRANK A. SANBORN'S ADDRESS.

On Wednesday evening, October eleventh, Mrs. Underhill took six of us to hear the Honorable Mr. Frank A. Sanborn, of Concord, deliver an address on Thoreau before the Lowell Historical Society, in Memorial Hall.

The discourse was a delightfully long rambling one on Thoreau's life and character and his journeys by boat on the Concord and Merrimac rivers. Mr. Sanborn and Thoreau lived near each other in Concord and were very intimate friends.

In his own town Thoreau was not very popular, especially with the farmers. They considered him an idle person who set their woods on fire and trampled down their tall grass. In the year 1842, with one hundred dollars, he provided a course of twenty-five lectures. This sum included the hall, lighted and heated. The list of lecturers was remarkable; there were Emerson, Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Alcott, Theodore Parker, Thoreau himself, and others. Of these famous men several received the munificent sum of ten dollars for their addresses, Theodore Parker received three dollars, and Emerson nothing at all.

On Sundays, Thoreau and Channing often came to Lowell through the Middlesex canal. As the lock-keeper was not supposed to allow persons to pass on Sundays, he must have been "a serene and liberal minded man," as Thoreau says, for they were allowed to pass through frequently. We all laughed when Judge Hadley, who was in the audience, passed to Mr. Sanborn a book containing an account of the lock-tender's meeting with Thoreau, and said "The lock-tender was my father."

Though we waited for a car until we were thoroughly tired, we agreed that the evening was a great success and Mr. Sanborn a fascinating talker.—HELEN F. WATTERS.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

One Saturday afternoon a party of us went to the Tremont theatre in Boston to see the "College Widow." Almost all of us had seen it at least once before, and I think none of us were disappointed in this production. "Stubby" was just as happy-go-lucky, "The Athletic Girl" just as athletic, and "Bub Hicks" just as seedy as when the play first made such a sensation in New York.

The audience was a large one and very appreciative of all the actors' efforts. When "Miss Witherspoon" began to talk to

"Billy," all the school girls in the building mentally "took notes," and when he smiled that beautiful smile of his, he could have had any heart among them for the asking!

And as for Flora's "mamar says—," with the accompanying gestures, that brought down the house.

When the afternoon was over and we had started for school again, there was not one among us that was not glad to be alive and there.

I heartily recommend those of you who have never been to the "College Widow," to embrace the first opportunity of seeing it, and to those of you who have seen it, I say just what I said to my companions in coming out of the theatre, "I simply love it! Don't you?"

RUTH HAZEN HEATH.

HALLOWEEN.

On Halloween, Kioté Jack and his world renowned troupe of circus performers visited Rogers Hall.

The first number on the programme was the chariot race between Ben Hur, with his coal black steeds, and Octavia, who drove the horses Dart and Gussie. The horses of Ben Hur were rather small but sturdy, whereas Dart and Gussie were the long, lithe, racing type so often seen at county fairs.

The tumblers first attempted many seemingly impossible feats, running up a board and jumping off, the most difficult part of which performance seemed to be to hit the cushion placed ready to receive them. Then they formed many graceful figures, tossing and chasing balls all over the floor, and completed their amazing work by turning somersaults.

The tightrope walkers were two Japanese maidens, who promenaded back and forth, balancing themselves gracefully with large paper umbrellas.

After them came the pony ballet which was superintended by Kioté Jack himself, who cracked his whip with great glee, and seemed to enjoy the danger into which the riders put themselves with their mad antics on their ponies.

Among the trained animals were two bears, Cordaylia and Bedaylia, who danced to the strains of an organ and had a wild boxing match in the ring.

The two trained rats were also both interesting and edifying. They were driven round the ring, stood on their hind legs, and emitted strange gurgles from their closed jaws. Professor de Kack-kack exhibited a trained lion, which was said to be perfectly harmless, but which knocked his keeper over just for fun. A little darky girl skipped into the ring leading a trained Lowell rooster, which crowed and cackled most fluently. Let me not fail to mention two jolly clowns and a donkey, also a dancing monkey, accompanied by a nimble tambourine girl and an organ grinder.

The two noted sisters, the bicyclists Hangonsky and Stickonsky, charmed the audience by their reckless courage and bearing. Kioté Jack told us that these two lovely girls, who are related to many noted persons, have given up all claims on their famous relatives because they prefer the simple and retired life of the circus to a strenuous society career. One can not help admiring such decision and common sense, so often lacking in the characters of the young.

Buster Brown and his friend Tige are still in the troupe, though Buster seems to have grown to quite a tall "little man" since we saw him last, and Tige looked as if he had diminished, but perhaps it was only Buster's increased size that made his boon companion appear so small.

Among the many notable dances which were a prominent feature of the circus were first, the chicken dance, which made us wish we could do the same, and which was speedily encored; then the Indian dance, which was executed by a full blooded Indian, and caused the spectators to quake with fear; the Dervish dance which made everyone dizzy, and a German dance that set animals and people hopping and skipping.

On that night the Siamese twins came to life again for the benefit of Rogers Hall, and the Snake Charmer and the Glass Eater set us all agog with wonder.

The final feature of the programme was a dance and a song composed by Kioté Jack and his friend, a gallant and extremely fascinating young Scotchman, and this couple were aided by two

negresses whom the gentlemen had met in the steerage on their way to America. The song contained many hits on several well known characters in the audience, which were received by the victims with exceeding good grace.

When "the show" was over we went to see the gypsy fortune teller and a two-faced woman, who constituted the two side-shows of the circus.

After the circus we danced until it grew late, and then we thanked Miss Parsons, and the chairman of the committee, and Kioté Jack, for having made possible such a successful circus and such a pleasant evening, and so we took our reluctant departure.

ANNIS KENDALL.

TANNHAUSER.

Tannhauser is one of the best known grand operas and is one which appeals to most people. The original in German is far beyond translation into English, nevertheless the change simply lessens its beauty and grandeur and it still retains its soul stirring power. The theme of the opera, the beauty and power of pure love, is one in which we never lose interest, and our sympathies go out to Tannhauser in his struggles as well as to Elizabeth and Wolfram in their disappointments.

Tannhauser is a knight and minstrel who, after having unconsciously won the love of Elizabeth, the daughter of the Landgrave of Thuringia, by his beautiful songs, leaves her father's court and falls under the debasing influence of Venus, an enchantress. She charms him for a long time until his better nature asserts itself, and after a hard struggle he frees himself from her influence and goes back to Thuringia, where he is warmly welcomed and told of Elizabeth's love for him.

Her father announces that on a certain day all the minstrel knights shall assemble and the one who sings the most beautiful song on a theme chosen at the time shall have Elizabeth's hand in marriage. The day arrives and all the nobles of the province are assembled to hear the songs. The theme is love, and it falls to the lot of Wolfram, a minstrel knight whose love for Elizabeth is pure and elevating, to begin the contest. His

song is very beautiful, however all expect Tannhauser to surpass it, but the influence of Venus comes over him, and he sings a song of love so debasing and terrible that the nobles threaten to kill him.

Elizabeth is present, and although her heart almost breaks when she hears Tannhauser's song, she intercedes for him so that he is allowed to go to Rome to seek forgiveness from the Pope.

Tannhauser comes back, prematurely old and broken in spirit, after an unsuccessful pilgrimage to Rome, and nearly returns to Venus, but Wolfram pleads with him and he is overcome with remorse.

As the vision of Venus fades, the funeral procession of Elizabeth, who has died in Tannhauser's absence, comes slowly down the valley. This makes him realize more than ever his crime and loss and he sinks down dead beside her, just as the blossoming staff, the token of forgiveness granted, is brought in.

After all, the words are a minor consideration, for we enjoy operas more for the music, as has been proved many times by persons who go when they cannot understand the foreign libretto. The music of Tannhauser, especially the Pilgrim Chorus, is familiar to many, and throughout the opera one can feel the passion and despair of Tannhauser, and the joy and grief of Elizabeth in the music, sometimes stormy and at other times so sweet and soft, and at all times so beautiful.

HELEN DOOLITTLE.

On Sunday evening, November nineteenth, the Hall girls assembled in the art room for the first Hall supper of the year. The entertainment committee were busy behind chafing dishes when we came in, preparing creamed chicken. Besides chicken, we had lettuce sandwiches, hot chocolate and whipped cream, potato chips, and the dessert was the best of all, vanilla ice-cream with fudge sauce. The committee did beautifully and a lot of praise is due to them. Everybody had a fine time, even the dish-washers, who were very busy after the supper was over.

ELIZABETH JAMES.

THE HARVARD—DARTMOUTH GAME.

"Have they come?"

"Yes, six of them. Isn't that great?"

"They" were tickets to the Harvard vs. Dartmouth Game, and up to the Thursday before the Saturday set for the game we had been kept in suspense, not knowing whether we could get tickets.

At last we were there. Opposite us the Harvard cheering stand was being formed, and across the field the great, dignified, glorious "Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!" came at intervals.

Then the teams trotted on to the gridiron, the substitutes with budding hopes of a large "H" or a "D" on the fronts of their sweaters at the end of the game. After a little preliminary "warming up" the line up was made, and the game was on. And such a game! The last one before the great Harvard-Yale. All were watching Harvard's eleven for a sign that would tell which way the big game was going.

Between halves we were kept from remembering how cold it was by the pranks of some of the students who were being initiated. The saying goes "Boys will be boys," but these looked more like girls to me, dressed up in lacy little dresses, bows and sashes, and other things which you rarely associate with a "boy."

When finally it was all over and we were rushing madly out of the stadium trying to catch a car, we were all so joyful that our own pet college had not been beaten by the other (the score was 6—6) that not one of us felt any pangs at going back to work.

R. HEATH.

On Saturday evening, November the eleventh, Miss Johanne Glorvigen and Mr. William Kittredge gave their much-looked-forward-to musical. Before the recital a reception was held, and Miss Fanny Reed, our guest of honor, received with Mrs. Underhill in the front drawing-room. Miss Parsons, with a group of girls, entertained in the back drawing-room, while some of the other girls ushered, and others entertained in the different reception rooms. After the reception we all went into the school-

room where Miss Glorvigen and Mr. Kittredge gave the following programme:—

Recitative and Aria from "Semele"	Handel
The Auld House	Old Scotch Song (Composer unknown)
May Morning	Charles Fonteyn Manney
Ballade (opus 23)	Chopin
Sur des Gants	Lenormand
Bonjour Suzon	Pessard
Es schrie ein Vogel	Sinding
Ach weh mie ungluckhaftem Mann	Richard Strauss
Romance	Sibelius
Love Poem	Sjogren
Tanz aus Jolster	Grieg
Nocturne	Kjerulf
Humoresque	Backer-Grondahl
Love will find out the way	Old English Song (Composer unknown)
The White Rose	H. Clough-Leigher
Oh! for a Breath o' the Moorlands	Benjamin Whelpley

Miss Glorvigen's playing was superb, especially in the Scandinavian numbers, while her accompaniments of Mr. Kittredge's singing were effective and not too pronounced. Mr. Kittredge sang with admirable taste. His selections gave ample opportunity for him to display all the different qualities of his voice.

Both Miss Glorvigen and Mr. Kittredge won instant applause from everyone. Mr. Kittredge closed the programme by singing "Drink to Me only with thine eyes."

After the programme was completed Miss Fanny Reed sang very delightfully to the accompaniment of Mr. Arthur Spaulding. Miss Reed's singing was enjoyed by everyone and very much appreciated.

When the music was over ices were served, and the chairs in the schoolroom were removed for dancing.

Our guests went home at half past eleven, and going up stairs we talked over the evening, all agreeing that we had never enjoyed a musical so much. ELIZABETH A. JAMES.

ATHLETICS.

The season of 1905 has opened with a great deal of interest shown in athletics, and the enthusiasm seems to be increasing as the days grow colder. Girls in whom there is any "get-up-and-go" are always anxious to have a good record in games, and perhaps this is the reason there is so much athletic spirit among the Rogers Hall girls.

Hockey, tennis, indoor gymnasium work, badminton, and horseback riding are the sports very much in evidence, just at present. We all owe our thanks to Mrs. Underhill, Miss Parsons, and Miss Lucas for making it possible for us to enjoy the new English game badminton. A number of the girls are learning it, and occasionally even some of the dignified faculty have been seen sending the shuttlecock over the net successfully. It is quite unnecessary to say much about the way the old girls play hockey, for under the excellent training of Miss McFarlane, the gymnasium teacher, they have learned to put up a splendid game. Among the new girls there is excellent material both in House and Hall for all the outdoor sports, and particularly for hockey. In the final hockey game between House and Hall there will probably be a great deal of excitement, as the two teams promise to be quite equally matched. Tennis is not at its height now, as hockey is the game before Thanksgiving time. The beautiful cool autumn days have made horseback riding an ideal sport and it has been very popular lately. A great many of the old girls have been riding, and several of the new girls have been learning. On riding days, by the time the second course at luncheon is over, the girls begin to look worried and excited, for they are anxious to see the riders mount and start, but at the same time, to go without dessert seems impossible! They generally decide that to go without dessert would be the greater loss of the two, so the pudding is swallowed almost whole, and then a grand rush is made for the yard to see the girls mount their fiery steeds, and start on their long, inspiring rides. The horses are easy saddlers, and as the roads are very good, riding is one of the most pleasurable pastimes at Rogers Hall.

Athletics has always been given a great deal of attention at Rogers Hall, and let us hope the girls will continue to realize its prime importance, and show the same spirit of enthusiasm which makes them to-day so thoroughly enjoy every moment of the recreation hours.

SUSAN A. PRICE.

ANDOVER—EXETER GAME.

On Saturday, November eleventh, the two great rivals Andover and Exeter met on the gridiron at Exeter for their annual contest, a game always anticipated by both sides with great excitement.

At two o'clock, promptly, the visiting team ran on the field and was shortly followed by the Exeter team. When the band had finished playing, each side of the grand stand stood up and cheered on their team to the contest which was before them.

In the beginning Exeter was thought the stronger, but in reality the two teams were very evenly matched; and although Exeter was beaten by a score of 28 to 0, the men put up a splendid game. It was a bitter defeat for Exeter to take but they would have scored if the first half had been just two minutes longer. The ball was a short half yard from the goal-line when time was called and the thought of making a goal that half had to be abandoned. This was enough to discourage any team, but they played right to the finish with just as much spirit and pluck as the winners showed.

It was an ideal day for a foot-ball game, and though it grew very cold late in the afternoon, that did not hinder the spectators from cheering loudly for the team which was slowly but surely losing ground, as well as for the winning team.

FRANCES DICE.

The first of the final hockey games was played on Thursday afternoon, November the ninth. The day was an ideal one, and both teams went on the field confident of winning, inspired by the cheers and encouraging words of their supporters. About a week before the first game was called the captains of the two teams were chosen, Hilda Talmage of the Hall and Grace Heath

of the House. Under the excellent training of Miss McFarlane, their coach, and their two most worthy captains, both teams were in very good condition. Rogers Hall ought to be, and is, proud of possessing girls of such athletic ability, a coach like Miss McFarlane and two such excellent captains of the House and Hall hockey teams. The score of the first game was 4—2, in favor of the Hall. The line up was as follows:

Hall		House.
R. Heath.....	B	G. Heath, Capt.
M. Roesing	F	R. McCracker.
P. Pew.....	F	G. Smith.
L. Fonda.....	F	D. Rice.
A. Gilmore	F	O. Bracken.
H. Talmage, Capt	H. B.	F. Dice.
B. Fischer	H. B.	M. Turner.
F. Waldorf	H. B.	A. Shepard.
A. Rogerson	F. B.	L. Crayzer.
B. Lyford	F. B.	M. Mariner.
G. Lawrence	G	M. McDowell.
		SUSAN A. PRICE.

The second hockey game was played Monday, the thirteenth of November. This game was an occasion of more excitement than the first, if possible. Both teams were prepared to play the game, having practiced faithfully and both played it splendidly. The line up was:

Hall.		House.
R. Heath.....	B	O. Bracken.
E. James	T	G. Smith.
P. Pew.....	T	D. Rice.
J. Morse	T	H. Watters.
M. Chandler.....	F	M. Mariner.
L. Fonda.....	H. B.	D. Darrale.
F. Waldorf.....	H. B.	M. Turner.
H. Talmage	H. B.	F. Dice.
A. Gilmore	F. B.	M. McDowell.
B. Fischner	F. B.	R. McCracken.
G. Lawrence	Goal	E. Hayes.

Score—Hall 2; House 0

GRACE HEATH.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

SPLINTERS once more greets the Rogers Hall Alumnae and asks for their support during the coming year. That, you will say, is what she did last year, perhaps the year before also; but it is because you have given her your help before that she feels she can call upon you to give it to her again. Do not think that she needs it less because the Alumnae Association is growing rapidly from year to year. The fifteen new members who came to us last June will not take the place of the hundred who have been away from Rogers Hall more than six months. What SPLINTERS wants is the support of every girl who has ever been at Rogers Hall. Now there are two ways of giving your support: one is by subscribing as soon as possible for the magazine; the other is by sending to the Alumnae Editor any news that will be of interest to the readers of the Alumnae notes. In other words, all that SPLINTERS asks of you is an outward expression of your approval of her and her work.

There are fourteen new members for the Alumnae Association to welcome this year—if we only could meet and become better acquainted! Of the fourteen, four have gone to college:

Dorothy Norton and Ellis Abbot have entered the Freshman class at Smith College, and are living at Miss Maltby's on Elm Street.

Hortense Colby is our 1909 Wellesley representative; her address is 18 Blair Avenue, Wellesley, Mass.

The fourth college girl is Helen Porter who has become a Wells' Freshman.

Alice Bailey was to have been a fifth college girl, but owing to a severe illness in September, she has given up her plans to enter Smith College and is at her home in Machais, Maine.

The other new Alumnae are supplementing their school work by foreign travel or domestic training.

Helen Downer has gone to Europe for two years. Her address is, Care of Brown, Shipley & Company, 123 Pall Mall, London.

Polly Farrington, also, was abroad this summer. She travelled in France and Switzerland and came back to Lowell the last of September.

The six other Alumnae are living domestic and social lives:

Anthy Gorton, the 1905 president, is still at Eastern Point, Gloucester, her summer home.

The Nesmiths, Harriet and Isabel, and Alice Robinson are devoting themselves to domestic and social duties.

Pricilla Howes has left Lockport and is settled in her new home in Watertown, N. Y. Her address is 4 Winslow Street.

Harriet Parsons is at her home in Jacksonville, Illinois.

The girls who have heard Lola Stevens play will be glad to know that she is devoting herself this winter to music.

These fourteen are our new members and in the name of the Rogers Hall Alumnae Association we wish to give them a hearty welcome and wish them every success.

The younger, as well as the older, Alumnae will be interested to hear of the marriage of Henrietta Hastings. On October third she was married to Mr. Stephen Young of Cambridge and Katharine Shepard was her maid of honor. Several Rogers Hallers were present at the ceremony—Mrs. A. W. Thompson, Florence Nesmith, Isabel Nesmith, Harriet Nesmith, Helen Nesmith, Mrs. Laurin Martin, Annis Kendall, Harriet Coburn, Elizabeth Bennett, and Molly Pillsbury.

Mrs. Alexander Hobbs (Louise Allen) is living in Norwich, Connecticut.

Mrs. Thomas Dwyer (Ethel Kline R. H. 1901) has a second daughter.

On August 22, Elizabeth Taylor was married to Mr. Harold Milton Bruce of India.

Clara Francis (R. H. 1903) returned from California in June and spent the summer in Lancaster. She has now gone to live in Philadelphia with her brother. Her address is Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Penn.

The engagement of Cyrena Case (R. H. 1903, S. C. 1907) to Mr. Howard Kellogg of Buffalo was announced in July.

Mrs. Laurin H. Martin (Harriet Greenhalge, R. H. 1896) has given up her apartment in Boston and is living on Huntington Street, Lowell.

Mrs. Albert W. Thompson (Hildreth Nesmith) and Florence Nesmith (R. H. 1900, S. C. 1904) have just returned from a month's camping trip in Maine, bringing back with them a large quantity of game.

Julia Stevens (R. H. 1897) has returned from England, where she has been visiting and travelling for two months.

Mrs. Herbert Linsley (Ruth Coburn) has left Malden to live in Kansas City, Mo.

It will be of interest to many of the girls to know that Alice Ramsdell is studying music in New York this winter. Her address is 32 West 38th Street.

Theo Newton, whom many of the Rogers Hall girls doubtless remember well, was married in June to Mr. Winthrop Sands of New York.

Ruth Burke went to Europe in July and will not return to this country until January.

Carol Quincy also spent the summer travelling in Europe.

"The Saffron Trunk," a play by Miss Tiffany, is to be given in Lowell the last of November and the principal girls parts are to be taken by Jessie Ames (R. H. 1899, S. C. 1903), Florence Nesmith (R. H. 1900, S. C. 1904), and Carnzu Abbot.

Ethel Tyler's marriage on October tenth was a surprise to all of us. Her husband is Mr. Rutledge Henderson of Kansas City, Mo.

Among Europe's summer visitors were Ada and Bessie Chalifoux. Ada is still travelling and will not be home until after Christmas. Bessie is in school near Paris and does not intend to come home for two years. Her address is Villa Leona, Boulevard Victor Hugo, Treuilly-sur-Seine, France,

Those who remember Florence Harrison's qualities as a business woman will feel that she deserves the confidence given her by the Smith College Seniors who have appointed her chairman of the committee to raise money for the new athletic field.

Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H. 1903) is fulfilling the prophecies of her Roger Hall friends. She not only has been chosen president of the Sophomore class at the Sargeant Gymnasium, but she also is captain of the basket-ball team and victor in the tennis tournament.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

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SPLINTERS.

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No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

A GIRL'S IDEAL GOOD TIME.

What a countless variety of events are summed up in those two little words, "good time," yet for nearly every girl in the world they possess a distinct meaning. Her mind at once recalls some happy hours passed, and, as is still oftener the case, happy hours to come.

Every type of girl has her own most cherished definition of these words, her ideal good time as it were. These types need no adjectives to describe them. The reader can use his own epithets.

First, there is the girl who cares only for "Society" and the attentions of men. Her ideal "good time" is an endless round of dances, theatre parties, teas, and football games. A number of pretty frocks are essential to her happiness. They must be faultless and becoming and in every case exactly what the occasion demands.

Then, at the other extreme, is the girl who dislikes all social affairs and especially those where men are concerned. She enjoys a frolic with a crowd of giggling girls. This type is often enthusiastic over athletics, and even a man may be tolerated for the sake of a game of tennis. Her ideal "good time" is a house party of girls where all kinds of pranks are played by the girls in turn on unsuspecting friends.

A less familiar type in these days is the stay-at-home girl. She devotes most of her time to sewing—she makes all her own

clothes and does wonderful embroidery, or she goes in for cooking, putters about the kitchen, and tries all manner of new receipts. Her ideal (we cannot say "good time" here) would include a little home of her own, which she could care for, arrange and re-arrange as her fancy or her mood dictated. In this home the kitchen would vie with the "parlor" in attractiveness, at least in its mistress's estimation.

Occasionally we find a girl who delights in books and fairly "loves" to study. (This type is, alas! too rare.) Her ambition is to go to college, to master all the intricate problems of science, to learn to appreciate the greatness and beauty of literature and art. She wishes to be as well read and as well informed on every subject as the men whom she respects. Her "good time," the end for which she has worked during all those four years of college, arrives when on commencement day she finds herself first among the honored.

And so we might go on for ever so long naming other types. Not all girls, you must know, fall under these four classes. Some are just enough of a mixture not to be easily placed under any distinct head.

How often does the girl of to-day think of the "good times" of her great-great-grandmother, or do we think they never had any? They surely did, though we should hardly care for what they called pleasure. "Very unexciting," do I hear you say? They were nearly all married at sixteen, and we wonder vaguely when they ever had a chance for a "good time," so occupied were they from their infancy upward with household cares and "daily stints," most vividly brought to mind by the gloriously and painfully wrought samplers that remain to us. It is true they rode horse-back, though moreoften from necessity than for pleasure; it is true they had their quaint harpsichords and melodious harps on which to play; it is true they had their stately balls, where maids with powdered hair and stiff brocade gowns danced courtly minuets with gallant gentlemen, but where were the girls' colleges, the athletics, the automobile trips, the brief tours abroad, the rollicking dances and countless social affairs of to-day? They were unheard of, undreamed of, even, many of them, in our grandmothers' youth.

Of course there can be no one ideal "good time," for everybody has her own; but, after all, the ideal "good time" is the one that suits the greatest number of people of all ages. It must include every kind of pleasure, from books, from travel, from athletics, from society, and from the quiet staying-at-home. It should be flavored with a variety of interests, but each one must decide for herself what the predominant taste shall be.

Do not confuse a "good time" with the time of the greatest happiness, for they seldom are one; and the latter is as far superior to the former as a beautiful diamond of the first water is to a cheap and tawdry imitation that soon loses its luster.

Lois Fonda.

THE LAW.

"As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk, the law runneth forward and back."—LAW OF THE JUNGLE.

A girl who thought, or liked to think, that she and the moon and the flowers were alone in the world, not alone, yet waiting for the Other One, who must come shortly to make her new dream creation a complete reality, sat and wondered if anyone had ever been as happy as she. As always, there was the shadow of the incomprehensible, for the awful story of the wanderings of Barabbas still haunted her, which this strong boy-man, with his harsh English name and soft foreign ways, the truly Oriental type she liked to imagine, had half told, half sung to her the night before. This also faded as she sat dreaming of her happiness, for was not the new creation waiting to receive them, where shadows were but a remembrance? She smiled at the thought; if there were to be but two persons in the universe, why should they trouble themselves with the sorrows of an alien, one who would not so much as dare to touch the hem of her garment, for was she not of the whitest of the land, the world, the universe?

She heard him coming long before he reached her, and

when the formal part of the first moments was over and he had become a part of the dream-reality, the girl said "sing," because, for all the certainties, she was frightened. Ever so softly, as if hushed, that something might not be disturbed, came the song :

"Allah gives light in darkness,
 Allah gives rest in pain,
 Cheeks that are white with weeping
 Allah paints red again.
 The flowers and the blossoms wither,
 Years vanish with flying feet,
 But my heart will live forever,
 That here in sadness beats.
 Gladly to Allah's dwelling
 Yonder would I take flight,
 There will the darkness vanish,
 There will my eyes have light."

For an instant everything seemed to wait breathless, and then suddenly, as if determined to break the charm, the man said in a slow distinct voice:—"Did you ever go to school? Not the kind where only people you know are admitted, but the kind where black and white, rich and poor, all meet on the same ground, and where you learn that all your favorite stories are lies?" He seemed to expect no answer, and the girl, startled into silence by the strangeness of the statement, gave none. After a minute he continued in the same monotonous voice :

"I went to just that kind when I was--well, before things changed, and I was sent away with a tutor, to be taught to forget my former state. We lived in a little town where everyone knew everyone else, not only knew each person himself, but knew all his family history. You understand, they didn't just guess at it, they KNEW it. I had curls, great long black ones, and all the other boys were fair and had cropped heads, and I hated them for their right to be real boys, but worse for other things. They used to follow me home and sing as loudly as they could scream :

'Take a piece of pork,
 And put it on a fork,
 And stick it at the curly-headed Jew.'

"It was true, but it made them no less hard to bear, the curls and the taunts, and I was powerless against both."

She still remained, and the moon and the flowers, but the Other One had stepped out forever. Could the whitest of the land, the world, the universe, trouble herself with the sorrows of an alien?

Polly P. B. Sheley.

THE JOLLY EIGHT.

"You may as well open it, dear," I said.

"But I'm afraid to, Constance. There may be something awful inside, a snake or a mouse or an ——."

"Elephant? Why, yes, there might be," I suggested sarcastically.

Madge frowned, "Really, Constance, I *am* afraid."

"Give it here then, and I'll open it, if you are such ababy!" I held out my hand for the little box which was causing so much worry.

But Madge drew back and refused to give it up. "He said that I was to open it and so—so I'm going to."

I laughed, "Well, do it then."

Madge seated herself on the bank beside me and placed the box on her knee. Slowly she put out her hand and started to open it, when with a little shiver she jumped up and dropped the box on the grass.

"Open it, Constance, I simply can't."

I picked up the box and put one hand on the cover. Little chills went up and down my back and in some queer way my hand seemed to be stuck to the lid so I could hardly raise it.

"Madge, this is positively uncanny. Let's leave the box here and go home."

After a little arguing on Madge's part and a good deal of urging on mine, we placed the little box at the foot of a tree and began our long walk home.

Madge and I had left there exactly two hours before to seek for an adventure, and we certainly had found one. On passing a queer little broken-down house, a very old man had come out and greeted us in some foreign language. After a great many queer sounds and a good bit of gesticulating, he had given Madge

the box, and had told her in very good English to open it when she was two hundred steps. Before either of us could say a word, he had run into the house and closed the door.

It had seemed so much like a fairy story that though we were both "dying" of curiosity, we had faithfully counted two hundred steps before sitting down on the bank to find out what the box contained. Then, as I have related, our courage failed and we left the mysterious packet behind us, trying to think no more about it.

We had not gone far, before a little old woman stepped out from the bushes, with something in her hand. She held it out toward us, and began a rapid fire talk that sounded much like the old man's jabbering. Then she said in English, "Go one hundred steps and then open the box," and she gave us the *same box which the old man had given Madge*.

Neither of us could find our tongues until she had hurried away into the bushes. I plumped myself down right in the road and slowly raised the cover. Inside reposed another box, in design the same as the outside one. I gingerly lifted the box out and placed it beside me in the dust. Then I got up and taking Madge's arm we grimly set off once more toward home. What *could* it mean? Who were the queer little people who insisted on presenting us with boxes?

"If another person gives us that box I'm going to hang on to him or her until they tell us what it all means!" Madge always was more heroic in words than deeds.

We had to walk across a tiny bridge which crossed a beautiful stream, noted for its pure water and for the lovely flowers which grow along its bank. We leaned over the edge trying to reach a lily, when a voice said, "I'll get it for you." And a light canoe flew over the water from nowhere, it seemed. A man reached over and picked the flower. He held it up to Madge with a smile and then swiftly glided away. I stood watching him until he had turned the bend, then I turned towards Madge. She silently held out her hand. In it was the flower *and* attached to the flower was *the box*.

We both were really frightened and sat down on the bridge to talk it over. The box in some way slipped from Madge's

hand and went floating gaily down the stream. While we were talking I peeped through the rail and saw the canoe glide toward the box, and the young man stooped over and picked it up; and, yes, I am quite sure I saw him smile.

"I wonder if any of the boys are in the cave," Madge said. "Let's go and see, and if they are, tell them about it. Perhaps they could suggest something."

I was glad enough to go. When we got up we had to laugh at each other as both of us were white and shaky. Silly things !

The cave was a place that the boys had found hunting one day, and since then they had decorated it and used it as a summer club house. "The Jolly Four" had decided some time before to take four girls into the club. Two had already been invited to join, and every girl had on her prettiest smile when any of these boys were around. For who of us didn't want to be one of the chosen ones ?

It took only a few minutes to reach the cave and tearing aside the bushes which helped make the door we rushed in. What a sight met our eyes ! Five boys, two girls, and the mother of one of the girls were seated around the club table eating the daintiest of lunches. Hanging from the lamp which was suspended from the roof was *the box*.

I heard a far away sound of voices ; I saw nothing but that awful box and then it all faded away.

My head was in a whirl. How did that box get there ?

"Here, take a sandwich," I heard one boy say, and I meekly took one, not knowing or caring what it was.

I shall never forget that luncheon. The five boys laughing at us, teasing us, and feeding us, and the girls with funny smiles in the corners of their mouths. When the last crumb had been eaten the president raised his hand. There wasn't a sound except the awful squeaking of the box as it swung back and forth, and giggles from the girls.

"Young ladies," the president began. "You have been rude enough to thrust yourselves upon us during a meeting. Therefore you will have to suffer a penalty." He took down the

box and held it out to us. "You will have to open this box," he announced sternly and placed the box in my hands.

"Look out," said a boy who didn't belong to the club, but was visiting one of the members. "There may be a snake or a mouse——."

"Or perhaps an elephant!" suggested one of the girls. I was too bewildered to understand they were laughing at me.

Madge and I opened the box and we kept on until six had been opened, and each found to contain another. In the seventh were two little packages fastened with green and white, the club colors, and inside of these were two dear little club pins with our initials on them.

Yes, it had all been a joke from the first to the last. Our two funny little people had been one of the girls and one of the boys dressed up. The man in the canoe had been the out-of-town guest, and to make a long story short, we had been initiated into "The Jolly Eight."

Dorothy Mercer.

THE PIKE.—A MEMORY.

The Pike was the Mecca for all pilgrims at the fair, but it was not till I had been in St. Louis nearly a week that I had a chance to explore its mysteries.

We fortified ourselves with dinner among the rainbow fountains of the Tyrolean Alps where peasant girls in bright colored dresses and befeathered caps wandered about, while the Yodlers and Hungarian band filled the air with music. Then we started down the Pike, between the glittering booths that lined each side, under the long row of arc-lights that threw flickering shadows on the faces all around us. Past the "Irish Village" and "Under the Sea" we went,— a tiny part of a great wave of humanity. Opposite we could see the signs and hear the shouts that advertised "Mysterious Asia," the "Ostrich Farm," and "Hereafter." Finally we stopped before the "Palace of Mirth," where we were to seek our first adventure.

Above the door was a huge face with a hideous flat nose, fat cheeks and leering mouth. It was the genius of the mysteries within and we intrusted ourselves to its care. Through the

“Mirror Maze” we came triumphant, leaving behind us women fainting from terror at the thought of never getting out; through the “Laughing Gallery” and “Cave of the Winds,” and so out, on to the balcony of the “Whirligig Chute.”

Never shall I forget that moment as I stood waiting my turn. Below us the red, upturned faces of the crowd that surged back and forth, now here, now there, following the barkers’ voices. Between their roars of laughter occasionally I heard the sound of falling water farther up the Pike; drunken sailors reeled by and I felt suddenly conscious of my prominent position for my navy suit had been saluted frequently during the day. My turn came at last. I gathered my skirts carefully around me, hoping I should not be such a sight as the fat woman ahead of me. One last clutch on my hat, a bump for a start,—for a second the heat and blackness of the under world, then I shot into light again. But alas! there was no friendly arm to catch me! The man detailed for the purpose was busy with the fat woman ahead. I had started too soon, and now I paid the penalty. Far out into the crowd I flew. I felt it give way and heard my heels scrape the asphalt. Dimly I saw a group of sailors in front of me. “Ye gods and little fishes,” spare me from this! But no, the gods were amusing themselves elsewhere on the Pike, and the little fishes heeded not. Directly into that nautical group I plunged, and scattered it right and left. Head, hands and feet touched the ground, then I slowly uncoiled myself and tried to rise to a dignified height. Horror upon horror! As I came to my senses I saw, not the jolly, sympathetic faces of a holiday crowd, but the drunkenly-sober grins of four uniformed figures, standing at “salute.” A loud roar burst from those about me, my face burned with embarrassment, and I hastened to join my companions and lose myself in the crowd.

Dorothy Quincy Wright.

THE PINK CITY OF JAIPUR.

Jaipur is the capital of the native state of Rajputana and is ruled over by a native prince called the Maharaja.

It was the most strictly native city we visited in India, as the English Resident and his household are about the only Europeans who live there.

We arrived at midnight. All the trains in India seem to arrive and depart, to and from everywhere, between midnight and five a. m. ; and as our train slowed down, we heard a wild commotion on the platform, and on looking out we saw groups of men wearing coats which seemed to have been made out of gay-colored comforters. We decided they must be a committee sent to receive some high official, but were, we found out later, servants and loafers from the bazar wearing their ordinary winter coats, and only making a little more noise than usual to welcome the train.

We went to the Kaiser-i-Hind hotel, which is noted even in India, the land of wretched hotels, for its bad accommodations. It is built on the same plan as most of the hotels in India, with an outside staircase leading up to a large balcony onto which the bedrooms open, and your bearer, or native servant, sleeps on the floor on this open balcony in front of your door ; a very good arrangement when the thermometer outside registers 150° F. and upwards, but not so agreeable in cold weather, when within doors the mercury vacillates between 50° and 60° F.

Jaipur was certainly the best city we visited in which to see the native life. The wide streets, lined with long rows of pink plaster buildings, are a moving mass of color and life from early morning until evening ; the costumes of the women with their full swinging skirts are always of the brightest possible colors, and the turbans of the men are just as brilliant. The long strips of dyed cloth held by the people along the streets to dry in the air, add still more to this color scene. All sorts of peculiar conveyances pass up and down these streets. The clumsy bullock carts with their heavy wooden wheels are just as gay and festive as the people themselves, the oxen with the garlands of marigolds around their necks, and the carts with gaudy tops of brilliant red, yellow or purple plush. The camels as they go lumbering along with a haughty and supercilious air add the last striking touch to this most oriental scene.

The palace of the Maharaja is a huge pile of gaudy and

cheap looking buildings, the courts of which were crowded with retainers and loafers. The Maharaja's stables are most interesting ; he has hundreds of horses, and there were long lines of them all out in one large courtyard ; each of these horses has its own groom. We walked a long way back through his stable yards to see his elephant ; a great crowd of natives were gathered around him and so of course we went up quite close to see what was going on. Then someone said he was getting excited and furious, so we dashed back to a stone wall and climbed up on it ; but we soon saw that several men were prodding the poor tired beast with long poles, trying in vain to make him angry for the sport of the people.

From Jaipur we made our trip to the ancient city of Amber, driving as far as the old city walls, and there we all climbed up on an elephant. We felt quite a little motion as the big beast lumbered along and could imagine what it would have been if he had done anything more than crawl. It was a very steep climb up to the old palace, and it was a most uncomfortable feeling when the elephant lurched to the precipice side of the road, but we finally got there safely and our animal kneeled gently for us to climb down by the customary ladder.

The palace as well as what is left of the town, is deathly still and deserted, and it is hard to imagine how gay and noisy it must have been in the days of the ancient Rajputs when Amber was flourishing and all the Maharaja's court was there. The Dewan-i-Am, or Audience Hall, was to me the most beautiful part of the palace ; it was a lovely little open pavilion of white marble, but they have spoiled the beautiful marble columns, which would naturally be a soft ivory color, by whitewashing them.

The apartments of the royal zenana or harem have some exquisitely carved marble screen work, and the views from these rooms are perfect. The Jey Maudir, or Hall of Mirrors, is very well known and its decorations are certainly rich and gorgeous, but it did not appeal to me as much as the more simple rooms.

The elephant took us down the hill again to the old town, where we stopped at a small *dak bungalow*, or rest house, and had a wretched luncheon. On our ride back we felt our howdah

slowly slipping off one side of the elephant—and we in it!—so we told our attendants to fix it, but they only laughed at us. Finally, as it kept sliding farther and farther, we insisted, and they at last straightened it, but with a very amused air at our foolishness.

We drove back through the pink streets of Jaipur, and I am sure that I could spend weeks and weeks there just enjoying these street scenes, if only the hotels were improved just enough to give one a few of the necessary comforts of life.

Helen Foster.

SILAS.

Everyone knows Silas—We recognize his walk half way up the beach, the short muscular figure which literally rolls along on legs once straight as any. And his voice,—we can tell before Silas speaks what he will say.

“Howdy miss,” and his little blue eyes twinkle until they light up his whole weather beaten face, “Howdy miss, yer lookin purtier an’ purtier every time I see yer. Ain’t nothin like sea air, ain’t nothin like the sea anyways. I remember when I was a yonker,”—and here follows some well known fish story.

But perhaps you have never heard the one altogether true story that Silas has told; the only one which is no fish story, and the only one which does not end with a joke. Silas sat on the sand one evening ; with one hand he poked at the little fire we had, and with the other he caressed his old pipe. The fire cast a peculiar glow over his face, and his little blue eyes for once were sad. This is what Silas told.

“When I was a yonker I loved the old ocean like ’twas ma, pa, and the hull family ter me—It *was* everything ter me, and I loved it more’n all, all ’ceptin’ Lil’ Kath,”—Here a pause and puffs of smoke.—“Lil’ Kath, she uster set up front over ter her pa’s church every Sabbath mornin’, ; and I,—I warn’ no more’n fourteen,—’ud row over from the island and set in the behint part of the church an’ stare at her. You narry knowed Lil’ Kath; she ware an angel,”—it seems useless

to try to tell the story, for the awed tone of Silas's voice gave it half its charm.—“Thin, week times, I'd stand on the street corners, when I could get away from the island, an' watch for a glimpse of her. An' thin at night I'd go down ter the ocean an' tell it all about Lil' Kath. It loved Lil' Kath, too, it did, an' it got her.—But I ain't the one ter say what's right nur what's wrong in this world.” Here Silas puffed long and hard, and slowly shook his head at the waves.

“Wall, thin I grow'd up, an' Lil' Kath grow'd up, an' I still went ter church an' set an' looked at her—An' one day I see'd a man with Lil' Kath, an' I hated him. I hated him fer he was small an' sneaky lookin' an' I hated him 'cause Lil' Kath acted kinder like she was scart of him, an' yet kinder like she loved him, too, if she da'sted. Wall, 'twant long arter this I was goin' back ter th' island late, 'twas a black night as 'narry a sign of a moon, an' I heard a voice singin' out into th' darkness. 'Twas Lil' Kath's voice, I'd a know'd it anywheres, an' seemed like she was singing sadness, like th' ocean does sometimes. An' before I knowed it, I was up the rocks holdin' out my arms an' sayin' ‘Lil' Kath’—just like that, ‘Lil' Kath.’ An' she jumped like she was feared and said, ‘David, David!—I didn't know you was here.’ ‘'Taint David,’ I said, sorter husky like, ‘it's Silas—oh, Lil' Kath, come to the island with me and forgit everything bad!’ But she laughed and told me ter take her home. But she were sad, and I narry seed Lil' Kath sad before, an' then I found out why.

“‘Silas,’ she says, real solemn like—‘Silas—termorrer I'm goin' ter marry Mr. Marrcome—he, he's a very great man, Silas, an' is doin' me a great honor ter marry me.’ Here more puffs, and a very long pause.

“Wall, she married him, an' went ter th' city, an' seemed like 'twant no use livin', 'ceptin' there was still the ocean—There's always th' ocean ter help yer.

“‘Bout twenty-five years ago this comin' winter 'twas a bitter cold night when the steamer, ‘William C’ went ashore on the sound. We boys was up all night makin' fires an' helpin' with th' life botes, but sech a sea!—I ain't narry seen the likes on it before, nor sence. There was th' wreck, near enough ter see th'

people an' we couldn't git a bote to it, try as we might. But finally they managed ter launch a bote from th' wreck which kept up for a while"—Here th' longest pause of all—"But it narry reached shore,—an' Lil' Kath were in that bote; we picked up her body next mornin'. Yes, th' ocean got her, an' I'm glad, glad, for she is happy now. An' she warn't skeered when she went down, I know she warn't, fer she loved it too. An now th' ocean's the only thing I got left, an' I hope some day it will git me too."

Mary Huntington Pew.

AN EVENING ON "THE MISSOURI."

As this was to be my first experience on board a battleship, I decided to find out as much as possible about the mechanism and fittings of "The Missouri," but the night proved to be so rainy that my impressions for the most part were of the interior.

We reached the ship about a quarter of seven, and after descending the little steps leading from the gang plank to the ship, and climbing down the companion way, we found ourselves in the ship's cabin. Everything was immaculately clean and orderly, and the officers' rooms, which were not much larger than hat boxes, afforded us great amusement. Every inch of space was so utilized that we, who were not accustomed to such limited quarters, found it difficult to turn around.

In each of the state-rooms I noticed a little saucer of raw eggs, which I soon learned was the food of the "Cuscus," the ship's mascot. This was a very playful and interesting little animal, so gentle that it seemed more like one of our domestic animals than a native of South America. It is much like an ant-eater, but the little round face and bright beady eyes rather reminds us of a monkey. A cry somewhat like that of a small child made it seem almost human, and we could see why it was such a universal favorite.

The saloon in which we dined was large and well lighted and the table was beautifully decorated in red and white. The rows of silver and cut-glass were fascinating with their symbolic anchors and a "U. S. N." on each one.

It was a pleasure to be served by the Japanese stewards so quickly and silently, but when every twenty minutes the sentry came in to report that "all was well," it quite startled us.

After dinner the ship's quartet entertained us most of the evening, though we had a short time on deck. The most interesting part of the ship to explore was the turrets, but as the rain began just at that time to come down in torrents, we had to abandon seeing them and went inside once more.

After that, I saw the various bells and alarms on "the Missouri" which sounded for different duties. Then we had to hurry off to catch the train for home, for the evening had passed very quickly even though the rain had made it impossible to learn much about the ship.

Madge O. Mariner.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

"Well, Dick, how do you like being consul?"

"Allow me to confide in you, Max, that it is by no means as easy work as we up home were led to believe. It means work, let me tell you, more work than we fellows ever dreamed of, but let's not talk about that. Tell me all the news, that's a good fellow."

Max Pemberton and Richard Monroe had been college chums and life long friends, and Max did not wait long, after Dick had accepted a consulship in a small South American city, to follow him down. Dick was eccentric and happy-go-lucky, but Max, though a perfectly congenial companion, was practical and thoroughly reliable.

"There's not much to tell at present, a few engagements announced, and, oh, have you heard about Morrison?"

"I heard a faint rumor that there was something out of the ordinary in his death, hints even that there was foul play. Was anything ever really found out?"

"No, nothing more than that he left for Bar Harbor on the 'Thetis' which was in perfect sea-going condition, and was never heard of again. An ocean liner picked up a launch with 'Thetis, New York,' barely discernible on the bow, and that, in

spite of the rumors of foul play, was all that was really found out."

"Poor Morrison! he little—"

"Who on earth is that?" interrupted Max.

"Merely one of the queer characters we have here."

These last remarks were caused by the appearance of a sailor, who, unless his looks belied him, was as villainous a character as one would care to meet. He was a large man, whose every movement denoted great strength, and his face was one of that hang-dog kind which is only found in the worst quarters of large cities and seaports.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said Dick, as the fellow came on the veranda.

"I'm wanting to speak with Mr. Richard Monroe," said he, consulting a dirty looking slip of paper, which he drew from his pocket.

"Just step inside," said Dick, pointing to his office. "I'll be with you shortly, Max."

After a while they re-appeared, the man went down the street and Dick threw himself down beside Max with a sigh of relief.

"I'm always glad when I get that kind of business over with, for it strikes me a man of that sort would hesitate at nothing that had money as its reward."

"He was as pretty a villian as I've seen in some time. I surely would hate to put myself in his power."

"Same here, but what is that stuff you have in your hand?"

"No doubt you have heard of the recent discussions of hasheesh," and as Dick nodded an affirmative, Max continued, "I've been rather interested in the experiments and so the other day, when I had the chance, I bought some. What do you say we smoke it together?"

"Why sure, I'm agreeable, but let's have dinner first."

That night the two friends drew rattan couches up to the windows that opened on the veranda and overlooked the harbor. The moon was just rising, and everything was strangely still. For a while the men lay smoking and talking, then they

only smoked, and finally the hasheesh began to take effect and they were soon asleep.

Max was the first to awake; he looked over at Dick and saw that he was still unconscious. Then he began to congratulate himself that the drug had given him no bad dreams. As he sat looking out over the moon-lit harbor he noticed a strange shadow almost in the center. Strange, because there was nothing around to cast a shadow. His gaze wandered to the wide veranda. There in the middle of the moon-lit space, was another shadow, seemingly without a cause. As he looked and wondered a sound from Dick's couch attracted his attention. He glanced over, there sat Dick gazing out as Max had been doing a few seconds before, but with a look of horror, astonishment and fear, all strangely blended on his face. So they sat for a few minutes, Max watching Dick, and Dick watching—what? Then Dick fell back, again unconscious, and the spell was broken. Max looked out of the window, the shadow on the veranda was gone but—what was that? Out in the street the shadow again showed itself, and it couldn't be? Yes, it was true, it was slowly moving away. As Max watched, it disappeared, then his gaze turned toward the harbor and the strange shadow there. As he looked, it too grew smaller, seemed to recede, and then passed from his sight.

The next morning Max was again the first to awake, but he had hardly time to stretch himself, before he heard Dick yawn.

"Well, what effect did hasheesh have on you?"

"Oh, nothing very awful, how about you?"

"Listen to me, Max, right here and now I solemnly swear never again to touch the stuff; it's bewitched. You remember we were talking of Jack Morrison yesterday? Last night I woke up and looked out. The moonlight made everything look like day, but something strange about the harbor made me look again, and, if you'll believe it, there, right in the middle was anchored Jack's 'Thetis'! I thought I must be dreaming, and then I saw, standing right there on the veranda, Jack himself! I don't know any more after that, but I think that dream was enough to make any fellow swear off."

During Dick's recital Max felt all the queer sensations a man would care to experience in a given length of time. Dick's yacht coincided so strangely with the shadow he had seen, and then the other shadow he had first noticed on the veranda and then receding, what of it? However, as Dick looked rather worn, Max thought he would save his story and reflections for another time.

After breakfast the two walked out on the veranda and as they reached the steps they stopped, glancing down; then Max took Dick by the shoulder and they looked at each other long and earnestly.

There, on the floor in front of them, lay Jack Morrison's scarab ring, one which he had picked up in the East and which had a peculiar story attached to it. Both men knew it had never left his finger from the time he got it until his death.

Grace M. Smith.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

On my way East my first night from home was a wildly exciting one. We were on the California Limited, which carries only a smoker, a diner, and an observation car besides the sleepers. We had been making good time all day, perhaps a little bit fast for our peace of mind. The track is rarely straight for more than three miles at a time, so that you find yourself sliding first to one side and then the other. After several hours of this, though, you become accustomed to it and do not mind it in the least.

It was about ten o'clock on that memorable night, that an accident occurred. In our car, which was next to the observation, several people had retired, but I was reading a wildly exciting book and intended finishing it that night. Suddenly I was thrown so violently backward that I heard my hair pins snap as I struck the back of the seat. As suddenly I was thrown forward, then, as I remember it, I was held in mid-air for a second and then gently seated with my book grasped in my hand, open at the page I had been reading. The train stopped and I was just wondering if anything had happened, when my father,

who had been in the observation car, appeared breathless at my side, and anxiously inquired if I were hurt. "We have had a wreck," said he, "and every car in front of us is ditched." This seemed hardly possible to me, as I had been so slightly shaken up. It was true, but fortunately the accident had happened in a cut, and the cars, instead of falling completely over, were partly held up by the embankments on each side. Half dressed people were climbing out of the windows, inquiring what had happened, and frantic women were rushing about looking for their friends. We found the accident was due to the spreading of the rails, and as it was soon found that no one was seriously hurt, although several had small bruises, the excitement soon subsided and everyone hurried to the two cars left standing to get a seat. As it was so crowded, we gave up all hopes of getting any sleep and settled down to wait for a relief train, which we thought would soon arrive, as we were only a few miles from Atchison, Kansas.

The relief of finding no one hurt made everyone in high spirits, which was increased by some very amusing theatrical people in our car who kept us laughing at their jokes and songs, but there is an end to all things, and even the songs and jokes could not make the time of waiting pass as quickly as we wished. As we all were nearly out of patience, a man came into the car with a paper for us to sign. Those to whom he first passed it, thinking the longed for relief was near at hand, signed it. When he presented it to a gentleman in our end of the car, the latter refused to sign it, as he understood that it was only a scheme of the railroad officials to insure them against damage suits. When the people realized we were being kept there until everyone had signed the paper, to the railroad's satisfaction, they were very angry, and the man beat a hasty retreat.

It was nearly three o'clock when relief finally came, and we were pulled back to Atchison to await further orders. A new track was built around the wreck, and about nine o'clock we pulled out, just eleven hours late.

Burnie Fisher.

DAILY THEMES.

SKETCHES A LA GIBSON.

"Two Minds With But a Single Thought."

THE HUSBAND.

He was a fine athletic Harvard graduate and as he stood in deep dejection by the fire-place, slowly scorching his back, he heartily wished for the old days back again. He never quarreled with *her* then, or if he did it, was made up with a bunch of American Beauties, or a box at the theatre.

But now!

The husband was a handsome man, as men go; his dark hair needed brushing just now, and his collar was a trifle askew. However, nothing mattered, for *she* was angry.

The handsome husband plunged his shapely hands deeper into the pockets of his tweed suit, fiercely knit his brows, clenched a pipe between his lips, and paced up and down the room.

Suddenly a look of grim determination crossed the would-be ill-treated one's face, and at the same time a feeling of relief seemed to come over him. He was in the wrong, why of course, he would go and tell her so rather than endure this longer. Hastily he threw away his pipe, smoothed his hair, gave his collar a twitch; then, the smile of the righteous on his face, with two bounds he was at the door and out.

Mary Huntington Pew.

THE WIFE.

She came from Vassar, and one could tell it in an instant from her very poise and manner. As she stood there by the window, toying with a dark red rose and petuantly pulling out its petals, one by one, it was impossible to keep from admiring her even with the impatient, angry expression which every now and then darkened her face. She resembled the rose in her hand, somehow; maybe it was her beauty, maybe her coloring,

or the subtle fragrance which pervaded every room she entered. One thing, at least, was certain, she was cross, and she frowned and bit her lip.

Why, when they were so happy, had this, little quarrel come to spoil everything? What could she do? Suddenly a light brightened in her face. With a sudden resolve she turned quickly and, saying "I'll *do* it," in a very determined tone, swept gracefully out of the room.

Josephine Morse.

A FACE.

At first glance one sees a little wizened, yellow apple, seamed and scarred by the rain. Suddenly the apple moves, it is breaking into three parts. One slit shows a pair of toothless jaws; the others, two small, merry, twinkling eyes. Lo! the apple is a face, and from the face comes a low, chuckling laugh.

Annis Kendall.

THE RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

In a carriage very much like a milk wagon, painted white, with a horse in the last stages of usefulness, whose head is always as near the ground as possible so that when his final collapse comes it will only have a short distance to fall; who walks as if the streets were paved with thistles, and who never has been known to trot—enthroned in state the country postman rides.

His clothing is unkempt, his old fur cap is moth-eaten, and his overshoes!—

In winter he wears a muffler and high boots that look as if they had been made for an arctic explorer, and gloves to match. His face is mild, his eyes light blue, his mouth large and weak. His nose ventures to intrude quite a long distance into the world, with an inward curve at the end as if it feared it might have been too bold. He has a short stubbly beard that reaches way up his cheeks and around his ears.

Every morning his horse ambles out with him into the country, every late afternoon the Rural Free Delivery comes ambling back.

Molly Pillsbury.

BOOK REVIEWS.

RED FOX.

As one can readily guess from the title, this book is a description of the life of a red fox. The illustrations first draw the attention. They are done in a soft grey finish, and picture the fox many times in the every day duties of his life,—hunting and being hunted, conquering and being conquered, eating, sleeping, fighting,—everything that makes life possible among wild creatures. By this time interest is so awakened that one begins at once to read the opening chapters.

The story opens with a description of a little family on the hillside, to which Red Fox belongs. He is only a baby, but even then a veritable infant prodigy, for he is far ahead of his little brothers and sisters in both strength and intelligence. Later, when he has learned enough to be independent and start out for himself, he is much the foxiest fox ever heard of.

For instance, he chooses the old burrow, that men have visited and destroyed, as a good place to dig his new burrow, for he knows that that is the last place man would look for him again. He learns which farmers in the valley to fear, and when they are in the woods he follows and studies them. And once being hunted in a strange country, he jumped into a passing cart filled with barrels, and as his trail ended there, of course his life was saved.

These incidents, and many others which show his extraordinary intelligence, make the reader love and admire him.

Those who have read Thompson Seton's "Vixen" will notice a similarity between that story and this one by Roberts. Seton tells us in one of his stories that no animal dies a natural death. They always have a violent end. And since this is so, Mr. Seton seems to find it necessary to relate the incident that ends the life of each of his animal characters. But with Red

Fox although we know that he must die a violent death, we are spared the telling of that part of the tale. When we leave him he is still alive and happy, though far away from his native hill-side and loving mate.

If you like animal stories and stories of out-door life full of spirit and truth read "Red Fox." I am sure you will find it entertaining and worth your while. Ruth Hazen Heath.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

After reading Mr. Tarkington's latest book, "The Conquest of Canaan," one is conscious of having had one of the most powerful characters of the present novel world placed before one. In Joseph Loudon, Mr. Tarkington has portrayed a man with almost super-human will-power. His hard fought battle for friends is pitiful at times, and even the most stony-hearted reader is moved to sympathy for him.

The main theme of the story is the struggle of Joseph against prejudices of the inhabitants of Canaan, his native town. He is thought to be a wild and wayward youth because he haunts the saloons and gambling houses of the village. His real motive for visiting these places is the hope of understanding the people who frequent them, but of course the Canaanites do not comprehend this, and therefore he is misjudged. He is ostracized by everyone except Ariel Tabor, a poor girl who lives with her grandfather. Joe is too proud to try to overcome these prejudices by advances on his part, so he finally resolves to leave Canaan. He is in love, or at least so imagines himself, with Mamie Pike, the daughter of one of the supposedly wealthy men of the town, but she is not allowed to notice him, and Ariel is really the only girl of his acquaintance.

Ariel Tabor comes from a very influential, aristocratic family, but when her father died her uncle claimed the estate, and Ariel was obliged to live with her grandfather, who was an artist. Ariel is very fond of Joe and tries to persuade him to remain in Canaan, but she does not succeed because he will not stay where his own family treat him as a stranger. About the time that Joseph leaves the town, Ariel's uncle dies and she

finds herself very wealthy. Her ambition has been to go to Paris so that her grandfather could study art, and she is now in a position to follow out her desire.

When Ariel returns to her old home from Paris, after an absence of seven years, she finds Joe there also. He is in a disheartened condition and cannot even walk through the streets without hearing cutting remarks at his expense. When he first sees Ariel he does not recognize her, but when he discovers who she is, he is overwhelmed by her transformation from a petulant child to a charming woman of the world, and he promptly falls in love with her.

During Ariel's absence he had been working his way through college, studying law, and toward the end of the story we find him with a law-office of his own in Canaan, with all Ariel's money and heart affairs in his keeping.

Gradually the hearts of the Canaanites soften when they see Joseph Loudon, the social outcast, and Ariel Tabor, the most charming of Canaan's young women, together. They begin to think that their impressions of Joe have been wrong, and thus he is brought nearer and nearer, through the influence of the wonderful Ariel, to his final triumph over village prejudice.

In this story Mr. Tarkington has succeeded in exciting the sympathy of his readers, and has accomplished his aim, which, it seems to me, is to show what a powerful will, combined with belief and faith in what is right, can do under the most trying circumstances.

The victory of Joseph Loudon over the hardened Canaanites is a well fought and well earned conquest.

Ethel F. Merriam.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

In "The Man of the Hour" Octave Thanet has dealt with what is probably the most prominent and perplexing question of the day. All over the country labor unions are becoming stronger and stronger. The men in them are both good and bad, men who join for the good there is in united labor, and others for the

money in it for themselves. It is with these people that Miss Thanet deals in her new book.

John Ivan Winslow, son of an American capitalist and a Russian princess, who is a socialist and who married to be able to go where all people are free, is only a small boy when the story opens. As is to be expected from two people, so different in temperament, their family life is not the most pleasant, and even their son's name speaks of stubborn contention for the American John and the Russian Ivan. Different as they may be in other matters, both parents are devoted to little John Ivan, and both try to win his affection. When his mother has partially succeeded, she is caught protecting a Nihilist who has set fire to her husband's factory, and, unable to stand the strained relations between herself and her husband, leaves for Switzerland, where she soon dies. Shortly after her death Mr. Winslow marries again, much to his son's disgust, though his stepmother is a woman whom he has known a long time. He spends as little time at home as possible, until just after his graduation from Harvard, he is called back to his father's death-bed, where he is asked as a dying request to be kind to his stepmother.

When the will is read, it is found that John is left one hundred thousand dollars outright, and two-thirds of the remaining property, providing that the hundred thousand is intact when he reaches his thirtieth year. This proviso is well put in, but it fails to serve its purpose. John, who holds many of the socialistic teachings of his mother, rushes headlong into the unions, giving his money right and left to men who think him a lamb and so fleece him. His legacy is soon spent and he goes to Chicago, where he becomes an iron moulder and a member of the union in earnest. In the union he becomes a great worker, always taking the side which he thinks right, and winning because of his high ideals and indomitable persistence. It is his ability and earnestness that win him a position as superintendent in his father's old firm. Here again he fights against odds for what he considers right, and after many misadventures and hard experiences he learns his lesson, and becomes a less enthusiastic and less radical but a wiser friend of

the laborer. Through John's experiences we are shown the more striking evils of the union, while at the same time we are made to sympathize with the high aims of the better sort of union men.

The book is a story of action, and the scenes of strife are clearly and vividly pictured. John Ivan Winslow is a man of a tender heart, high morals and a strength of conviction which surmounts all obstacles. Josiah Winslow, a man who has become president of his firm by hard work, has little sympathy for the labor unions. The princess, his wife, is a woman of the highest rank who believes the working class oppressed. She is bound heart and soul to the Nihilists, and though she loves her son devotedly, she leaves him to go to a country where she believes all are equal. Billy Bates is the type of true friendship which endures through thick and thin. The minor characters are clearly brought out and help to give us a good picture of the life of the labor unions. It is a book well worth the reading, especially by the American business man. Bessie Hayes.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

GRANDMOTHER'S VALENTINE.

It was one of those cold, stormy days in February when one is only too glad to stay indoors, that grandmother and I sat by the fire, knitting, or perhaps I should say, grandmother was knitting and I was learning to knit. But knitting was tiresome, I soon decided, so I began to tease grandmother to tell me a story. "A story, my dear, what kind of a story? Well, well, have one if you must. I have been thinking of valentines today, and, why, bless you child! today is St. Valentine's, isn't it? Just run and get me that little tin box in the old trunk in the garret, and I will tell you about some of the valentines I got when I was young like you."

Eagerly I went, and after some rummaging among the numerous trunks in the old garret I returned with the precious box. Grandmother began to look over the letters, now yellow with age, and to lay them aside, until she came to the bottom

pile. These were somewhat larger than the rest, and rather mysterious looking.

"Now, dearie, this is the first real valentine I ever received, and I remember as if it were yesterday, what a proud little girl I was as the post-mistress called me in that morning on my way to school and gave it to me."

It was heart-shaped and contained that well-known jingle "The rose is red." The next one was not as large, but a sweet odor of lavender drifted on the air as grandmother lifted it from its long resting place, and I knew, as I saw the dear old lady gazing into the firelight, that she was thinking of days long past.

"This quaint, gold-colored thing, with its angel-heads peeping out in all directions, was from your grandfather, dearie, and I have always kept it. And this last one," holding up a little curl tied with a soft blue ribbon, "is the best of all, for it was your dear mother's who came to be our Valentine on that day long past."

Alice Ruth Sprague.

THE LADY O' DREAMS.

It was evening. In the west gleamed the last rosy light that betokened the farewell of the sun. As I watched, the darker shadows above glided slowly down, and day was gone. I turned from the window with a sigh. Suddenly someone touched me gently. I started; there beside me stood a girl, dressed in soft grey garments which clung about her slender form and melted into the shadows; on her dark hair were crimson poppies which hung down over the quieter shades of her robes.

I tried to touch her; my hand met naught but air. I tried to speak; I could not make a sound. At last I cried aloud, "Who are you?" Softly, like an echo, the answer came back, "The lady o' dreams." Surely she was laughing, and yet as I looked, held in awe by those luminous eyes, a tiny, shimmering tear dropped straight to the heart of one of the ruby colored blossoms.

Silently she turned and left the room; and as the last faint sound died away, I moved again. There at my feet lay one red poppy, and deep in its center was hidden a shining drop of

moisture. Again I cried aloud, "Who are you?" and again the echo came back to me, "The lady o' dreams." I turned to the window. Low in the east hung one brilliant star. What had it meant?
Hazelle Sleeper.

SMALL GAME BETTER THAN NONE.

Leaving the hot and empty hall early Christmas morning, the three tired fiddlers started for their humble homes with their hard-earned shillings in their pockets, thinking with joy of the few hours sleep before breakfast, and the jolly good dinner to be bought with their earnings.

They cut across the fields and, reaching the road, saw in the east the yellow glow which precedes the rising sun. Against the light the dark fir trees stood out black and sombre, and the snow covered country around seemed colder than ever.

But—fearful sight!—in the road before them suddenly appeared a large chestnut horse pointing his ears in mild curiosity at the three muffled, red-nosed figures starting back in fright, for beside the horse stood a man in a long red coat, tall black hat, black boots which reached to his knees, and worst of all, in his hands he held two large pistols pointed directly at the fiddlers.

Ah! well-a-day! the poor tired fiddlers well knew what this meant, and with this knowledge away went their merry thoughts of the Christmas feast.

The stranger coolly said, "Hands up! Your money or your life!" and the shivering fiddlers, preferring life even to the roast turkey and red wine of their fond hopes, put down their fiddles and drawing their money meekly from their pockets, handed it to the stranger.

"Ah! my friends," he said, as he mounted his horse, "I am sorry to deprive you of your earnings, but as the saying goes, 'Small game is better than none,' " and he rode off, turning to add as a parting gibe, "Merry Christmas and a hearty dinner!"

The poor fiddlers looked at each other in sympathetic sorrow, and picking up their fiddles started, more slowly, down the road.
Helen Nesmith.

SCHOOL NEWS.

JAPANESE LANDSCAPES.

One day shortly before the Christmas vacation Miss Lucas took all the girls down to the Public Library to see an exhibit of Japanese landscapes in water-color, painted by Mr. Hiroshi Yoshida and his sister, of Tokio, Japan. Mr. Yoshida was there to see the visitors and explain the different pictures. He and his sister received their art education in Tokio where western influence is very strong, and so all these water-colors belong really to the western school of art and are very different from the usual style of Japanese paintings. They were all very pretty and the coloring was beautiful, especially in the "Lotus and Rice Fields," painted by Miss Yoshida, and in the "Rising Moon in an Iris Garden," by Mr. Yoshida. Only a few of the pictures were bought in Lowell, but in Boston Mr. Yoshida sold ten on the first day he exhibited them. Agnes McDowell.

THE YALE-HARVARD GAME.

The afternoon of the day of the Yale-Harvard game was perfect football weather. How delighted we were when at about noon the sun came from behind the dark, threatening clouds, and each girl knew that she could look her prettiest in her best tailored suit, with either a huge bunch of violets or crimson chrysanthemums at her belt, that there might be no doubt as to which college she favored.

As we entered the Stadium, the excitement and enthusiasm of the yelling thousands caught us up and carried us along in its whirl. The thrilling college yells, the cheering for the captains, the blue and red megaphones beating the time, and the stirring songs were irresistible. Two of the best songs, Harvards' "Soldier's Field" and Yale's "March to Victory," were given for the first time at the game. The cheering became deafening when the Yale eleven trotted on to the field, followed by the Harvard men. The excitement reached fever heat, the rooters went wild, using their canes and banners until they darkened the air, and the bands crashed out the favorite songs of the opposing colleges.

The game was fiercely contested and the teams were more evenly matched than had ever been expected. The Harvard men were fighting hard for the crimson, but they were fighting harder for their absent captain. Their battle cry, "Win for Hurley," carried them through the first half without a score against them. All admired the way in which the Harvard men accepted their defeat (the score was 6-0), and Yale showed its sympathy in many hearty cheers to the defeated, but brave eleven.

When at last we were leaving, I am sure everyone there was glad to have been at the Stadium that afternoon, and we were indeed very grateful to Mr. Cushing for procuring the tickets for us.

Nancy Pearle Burns.

THANKSGIVING AT ROGERS HALL.

Wednesday noon, November twenty-ninth, there was great excitement when, after a hurried luncheon, almost all of the girls were leaving, happy in the thought of having a rest and a jolly Thanksgiving vacation. When the last carriage had rolled away we thirteen remaining girls felt that our vacation had commenced.

In the evening we were all invited to the Hall to meet some friends of Betty James and Hilda Talmadge, and thanks to them we enjoyed our first evening of vacation immensely. After dancing until about ten o'clock, we were served with some of Betty's famous Welsh rarebit and some cider, and shortly afterwards the guests took their leave.

We nine House girls were radiant after our evening's enjoyment, and by this time were ready for some more fun, and the suggestion of a real boarding school midnight spread sounded delightful. It consisted of the most delicious things imaginable. There were cakes, candies, fruit, salted nuts, stuffed figs, cheese-sticks and all the other good things that one associates with spreads, and especially with one at Thanksgiving time.

Thursday morning some of the girls went to a football game between two local teams, or found some other employment worthy of a holiday. At two o'clock we sat down to our Thanksgiving dinner, a typical New England one, which could not have been better, quite the kind we associate with the Pil-

grim Fathers' first joyful celebration. After dinner most of us took a brisk walk in the park, which was very invigorating, as it was our first really cold day. In the evening the House girls assembled in one of the rooms, where Miss Lucas entertained us in the dark with thrilling ghost stories, until we were all "petrified."

Friday morning was spent in taking walks and in going down-town, while in the afternoon most of us went driving. We invited the Hall girls to a spread in the evening, and after we had eaten to our hearts' content, lights were put out, and we sang every song we had ever heard, until the merry party broke up at about ten.

Saturday, quite a number went to Boston to the theatre as a fitting end for their interesting vacation. They were divided between "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and the "Taming of the Shrew." Those that remained at Rogers Hall went driving in the afternoon.

Just before supper on Sunday, the arrival of the girls who had gone away for Thanksgiving excited everyone, and how gladly we welcomed them all.

When the end of our vacation had come, I am sure we all felt that we had become better acquainted with one another and had had the best kind of time. Elsa Kiefer.

THANKSGIVING RECESS.

Our Thanksgiving recess began on Wednesday, November the twenty-ninth. School closed that day earlier than usual so the girls who were going away might be able to catch the noon express. Many of the girls spent the four days' vacation in Boston or around that city, but there were thirteen of us who stayed here at school, and from the accounts I have heard of the fun going on, I believe that we had just as good a time as the girls who went away.

Last year we gave the Edson Orphanage boys their Thanksgiving dinner, and they were so pleased and appreciative, and we enjoyed giving it so much that, when it was proposed this year, everybody agreed immediately, and a splendid dinner was purchased for them, consisting of two turkeys and all the other good things appertaining to a Thanksgiving dinner.

One of my friends and I went down to the Orphanage on Thanksgiving morning and saw all the little boys sitting around the table. Were they eating? Yes, they were! And from the looks of their plates, I should say that they were enjoying their dinner, and that they had large, very large appetites. The sight of their pleasure certainly repaid us for our trouble, and we thought that we had enjoyed giving it as much as they enjoyed eating it.

Sunday evening all the girls came back to school and there was quite a clamor in the dining room, and one heard frequent exclamations such as these:—"My dear, didn't you have a perfectly great time?" "Goodness! I had the time of my life!" or, "Just think! in three weeks Christmas will be here!"

So with the vivid memory of the good time just past, and with the thought of the good times ahead,—both in school and in the coming longer holiday,—we felt braced for another three weeks' pull at our work. Elizabeth James.

"THE SAFFRON TRUNK."

During Thanksgiving vacation "The Saffron Trunk" was given for the benefit of the Day Nursery by some of the "younger set" of Lowell, with three former Rogers Hall girls in the cast, Jessie Ames, Carnzu Abbot, and Florence Nesmith.

Jessie Ames took the part of the country girl who goes to visit her cousin Maxine in the city. She takes with her her saffron trunk, about which revolves the plot of the play. It is lost and found, and finally is the means of uniting the country girl to Maxine's brother. The part of Maxine was taken by Carnzu Abbott and that of the aunt by Florence Nesmith.

As the curtain went up, we were confronted by a stately dame who, though older, still bore a marked resemblance to Florence.

Maxine, the young society widow, enters with a silken swish, and she is a very different person, this gaily dressed young woman, from the girl that used to sit in the schoolroom at Rogers Hall.

The girls all acted as if they enjoyed their parts, and for an amateur performance the play was a great success.

Annis Kendall.

THE CECILIA SOCIETY.

The concert given by the Cecilia Society on Tuesday evening, December twelfth, was a performance far beyond criticism, at least by an amateur. It was certainly enjoyed by the pupils of Mr. Kittredge, who, through his courtesy, were enabled to attend, and who wish here to express, as far as possible, their appreciation of his kindness.

The program consisted of: "Te Deum"—Anton Bruckner, never before performed in Boston; "The Blessed Damozel"—Debussy; and "The Departure of Hiawatha"—Coleridge-Taylor. In view of the unusual contrast of these numbers, much more credit is due the society for the artistic way in which they were rendered. The solo singers were: Mrs. Corrine Rider-Kelsey, Mrs. Bertha Cushing-Child, Miss Lilla Ormund, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, Mr. Stephen Townsend, and Mr. Charles Delmont.

The whole performance was one of such high musical merit that it is impossible to express fully what a great pleasure it is to have anything so truly beautiful to remember, and all we can do is to try to appreciate it as deeply as it deserves.

Polly P. B. Sheley.

THE HARVARD CERCLE-FRANCAIS PLAYS.

Monday, December eighteenth, brought a new experience to the Roger Hall girls. Preparations for the Christmas tree and home-going were temporarily suspended by the first two French classes, and, instead, suit cases were packed, and all was made ready to spend a night in Boston, for we were going to see the French plays given by the Harvard students. On arriving, we went first to the Thorndike and were shown to our various rooms, where we deposited the suit cases. As it was yet only eight o'clock, the proposal to walk to Jordan Hall was eagerly accepted.

Once at the hall, something more than the ordinary theatre excitement seemed to prevail. The ushers, with red, white and blue ribbons stretched across their immaculate shirt fronts, reminded me of ambassadors at a state function. We were soon seated and had a few minutes before the comedy began, to look

around, to admire, to criticise, the gowns, the girls, their chaperones, their escorts; in some cases to envy, in some cases to recognize our own acquaintances.

The play opened with the "Chant du Prologue," and it is well to say here that the revival of its original musical setting made the comedy especially interesting. The music was written by Lulli and had not been played since the time of Louis XIV, for whose pleasure it was composed. Miss Webster and Mr. Heilman rearranged it with modern notation, and Miss Webster herself assisted the orchestra on a harpischord which lent more charm to the quaint melodies. Another feature of the play was the ballet, and especially, the performance of the "etoile," whose grace and skill, combined with a delicate beauty of feature, made it almost impossible for us to believe him a man.

"L'Amour Médecin," by Moliere, went with a snap and was a huge success. It showed what perfection foreigners can attain in speaking a strange language. Even Mlle. Cuendet, who, I am sure, was more critical than the rest of us, said it was well done.

Before "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" began, a most interesting little scene took place between the Président du Cercle Français and M. Ernest Perrin, Directeur Dramatique, to whom the former presented a medal. M. Perrin thanked the Président in typical French fashion, and each made a short speech.

"L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" was decidedly modern and very laughable. Here, too, every actor abandoned himself wholly to his part and carried it through in a manner worthy of a professional. Men can take the part of girls as well as girls can take the part of men, and perhaps a little better. The "eternal feminine" has so many little gestures, so many movements of the hands, the arms, the head, by which she is betrayed.

It was a sleepy but happy party that returned to the Thorne-dike at about 11.30 and, I might add, a still sleepier one that arrived in Lowell, Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. Those who went will look back upon the evening as a never-to-be forgotten treat, and surely it will be an inspiration to the lower French

classes to study diligently, so that as a reward, they may perhaps gain this pleasure as an annual excursion. Lois Fonda.

THE BEN GREET COMPANY IN "HENRY V."

As we took our seats in Jordan Hall we could almost imagine ourselves in the Old Globe Theatre on the banks of the Thames, awaiting the appearance of Burbage or of Shakespeare himself. For here was the stage of Shakespeare's day. We noticed curiously, but a trifle doubtfully, this bare oval with its box-like, scarlet-curtained tiring-room in the centre, and the quaint little balcony overhanging the whole. But, as we looked, a charming figure darted from between the velvet hangings and, doffing his plumed hat, began:

"Can this cock-pit hold the vasty fields of France? or may we cram within this wooden O the very casques that did affright the air of Agincourt?"

And as the words of the chorus, so effectually expressing our own vague thought, fell from the lips of the herald, all doubts of the power of a performance without scenery vanished completely.

The scenes of the life of Henry V. were unfolded. On this unadorned stage, his throne-room, court and courtiers lived again. Here, the half-starved soldiers camped on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, while the Dauphin and his friends played at dice for the body of the English King. Here the battle raged, and the cheers of Henry's victorious followers echoed through the air. Here, the braggard Pistol strutted about the inn with his buxom wife, and the same setting served for the royal betrothal in the French Court.

Throughout the play the figure of England's favorite King, equally charming in his court life, at the head of his armies, or in his wooing of Kate, stood out in vivid relief against the severe background.

We did not miss the scenery, for the wonderful acting of Sidney Greenleaf and Ben Greet made it very easy for us to "piece out their imperfections with our thoughts."

Florence E. Waldorf.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The "Merchant of Venice!" In a few minutes the curtain would go up! Everyone was impatient for the play to begin, especially as Sothern and Julia Marlowe took the principal parts. It fulfilled our greatest expectations, too, when the curtain did rise, for the stage setting was beautiful, the costumes gorgeous, and the acting splendid. The whole company was very good, rather unusual when two "stars" play together, for the managers sometimes seem to think that if they have two good actors to take the leading roles, the support does not matter. Gratiano was quite up to his part, very clever and witty without any effort apparently, very good-looking, too, and everyone was quite fascinated by him.

The court scene and the scene before Shylock's house, near the bridge, were two of the most beautiful. In the latter, it is evening, and the moon shines brightly over the bridge. Shylock has left his house and Jessica is waiting up in her window for Lorenzo to come and take her away, when laughter and gay shouts are heard, and a band of revellers (there is a carnival that night) dance across the bridge and down to the street, throwing candy, confetti, flowers, and kisses, and swinging bright lanterns on the ends of long poles.

One pair, a young girl and a boy, dance a very pretty little dance while the rest throw flowers at them; and one small child does wonderful acrobatic feats, such as standing firmly balanced on her hands, while her feet "describe a complete circle," as geometry would express it, on the floor around her. The whole scene is so fascinating and exciting that it makes everyone want to be up on the stage doing the same thing. After the revellers have gone, Lorenzo and some of his followers come under the bridge in a gondola. They get out, and, standing beneath Jessica's balcony window, serenade the fair Jewess.

Sothern was really wonderful—no other word describes his acting. I think that he was even better than in "Romeo and Juliet," because in that he was not much disguised and seemed to find it hard to forget himself. But as Shylock he was made up so well that no one would have recognized him.

and he seemed simply to lose himself in his part, and feel and act as if everything was all real and true.

He brought out the different sides of Shylock's character finely, his love for his daughter, for his ducats, and for his race; and his hatred of the Christians.

Though Sothern showed us that Shylock was far from perfect, yet he made it plain that the Jew was not altogether despicable either. For his cruelty, hard-heartedness, and desire for revenge, we must hate him, yet who can help pitying him as he leaves the court-room, a poor, broken-down old man, ready and willing to die, after giving up his daughter, his fortune, and his religion, which were all he had to live for. It seems to me that the play is a tragedy and a comedy in one.

Julia Marlowe was lovely and everyone liked her, mainly because she really seemed to be having such a good time and was not at all tired of a part that she had taken many times before, but rather as if she were appearing in some delightful new role on the "first night."

Josephine Morse.

THE ORPHANS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

The night before we left for our vacation, December the nineteenth, the girls invited the orphans cared for by St. Anne's Church to come to Rogers Hall for a Christmas tree and supper.

At about half past five the sixteen little boys came, and we all went out to the gymnasium, which had been beautifully decorated with evergreens. The tree, trimmed by the entertainment committee with the help of Miss Bernkopf, stood brilliantly lighted in the center of the room. We then joined hands and marched around the tree singing "O Tannenbaum! O Tannenbaum!" "Stille Nacht," and also English hymns.

Then bells were heard outside and old Santa Claus rushed in with his pack on his back, as jolly as ever, and all the children were delighted to see him. He opened his wonderful pack, and called out the name of each little boy.

They had all written him a letter, and he had been very particular to gratify each wish, from a horse and cart to a tool-chest. There were automobiles that went spinning over the floor, books, knives, and everything for which a boy could

possibly wish. Then they were each given an orange and a candy cane, and sat down to a delicious supper, which was served to them by the girls, and afterwards they played games, "Going to Jerusalem," "Blind-Man's-Buff," and "Drop the Handkerchief."

At about half-past eight Miss Newcome thought it time for them to leave, so wraps were put on, and we reluctantly said good-bye to our interesting little guests.

As the car carried them away, sixteen very happy little boys waved to us from the windows, and even the face of the youngest, who was but four, was full of smiles.

Eunice Bagg.

THE HOUSE ELECTION.

The House girls gathered in the library of the Hall on Friday evening, January twelfth, to elect a House President, our former president, Susan Price, being ill and unable to return to school since the Christmas vacation. The meeting was called to order by the vice-president, Opal Bracken.

When the votes were counted and Grace Heath was announced as president the applause showed our satisfaction with the result. Dorothy Mercer was elected secretary and treasurer.

We all miss Susan very much indeed, and hope that she will soon regain her strength.

Alice Ruth Sprague.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS.

There was great excitement during the week preceding January thirteenth. On Monday, at a House Meeting, we were told that the Hall desired the pleasure of our company the following Saturday night. From that time on we were very curious and expectant, for we knew that something out of the ordinary was to happen. The Hall girls all looked important and gave no satisfaction whatever to our many anxious inquiries.

Finally our suspense was ended and we saw our friends in strange costumes and, what was stranger, in a state of rest quite unusual to them. Then Mrs. Jarley, in her bewitching curls and elaborate costume came forward, and with a fascinating

drawl introduced us to her "world famous collection of wax figures, which had been shown before all the crowned heads of Europe and were unlike anything mortal eyes had ever beheld." She showed what a good friend the czar was by calling "dear Nicholas" up to the telephone. Her few minutes' conversation with his Majesty seemed to put Mrs. Jarley in an exceedingly good humor, for she was very eloquent when describing the "Babes in the Wood" who could lie down, as they did very stiffly, for the robins to cover them with leaves. Poor robins, they must have needed palm branches!

Now we met Jasper Packle-Merton, "who courted and married fourteen wives and who destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet." Jasper was a remarkably handsome gentleman of the old school with curls and a great round hat, who kept a stern but captivating expression throughout the performance, and who bent his body as if he were really a thing of wood and steel joints. His acting was really remarkable!

The next group brought forward consisted of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. Her Highness wore an elaborate court gown made in the style for which she was famous, and which only enhanced the beauty of her face. In truth, she was very lovely and buxom for one who had been dead some three hundred years, and so the earl seemed to find her, for he could only kneel in adoration and kiss the hand which, suddenly withdrawn, sent him to the earth with a bang. John Smith and Pocahontas were the next to occupy our attention and they quite won our hearts by their devotion to each other. While among the Indians John had acquired the art of falling down without personal injury, and he took great pleasure in showing off this accomplishment. Pocahontas was a typical Indian beauty who appeared to have won John's heart. Their embrace was really touching, and we expected to miss them when they were put aside, but did not get the chance, as they liked to be before us as much as we liked to have them.

After John and Pocahontas were temporarily removed, we were introduced to a ballet girl whose stiff grace was delightful to behold. She was a very accomplished "statute," as she could "hop, skip and pirouette." Another most intelligent statue was now wheeled forward, the great little general

who at one time ruled almost all of Europe—Napoleon! He showed his great discernment by recoiling with a look of horror at the mention of the word “Splinters.” Next came Carrie Nation with her renowned hatchet in her uplifted hand as if in the act of destroying bottles or glasses, for we all know that Carrie is death on saloons and men. Poor woman! She has had to give up all hope of ever being President. Her law against the “marcel wave” cost her the women’s vote.

We were almost ready to shed tears over poor Carrie’s sad fate when Little Lord Fauntleroy and his grandfather, the earl of Dorincourt, were brought forward. Fauntleroy’s curls and amiably angelic smile were delightful in one so young, as were also his pride in his sash and his ability to say, “Lean on me, Grandpapa,” to the haughty earl who stood beside him. The earl had an aristocratic face and bearing and a delightfully gouty walk. Now came a comfortable looking black mammy and her charge who showed a “remarkable divilupment” for a a three-months-old child.

After having seen so many “marvelous statutes” we thought that it would be impossible, even for one with such magical powers as Mrs. Jarley possessed, to show us anything more wonderful. But when we saw our President before us in the full glory of his rough rider suit, eyeglasses, and teeth, not only our enthusiasm but our patriotism was aroused. After Teddy had shown us his spirited charge up San Juan Hill and had smiled at just the right moment when shaking hands with the ladies, Alice, lately returned from her Eastern trip, was brought forward. She gave us a very good illustration of how haughty a gentle and unaffected girl can be, under certain circumstances. Her haughtiness vanished, however, when Nicholas Longworth appeared at her side, and she humbly followed him wherever he stiffly beckoned. This is hardly to be wondered at, as Nicholas was a very handsome gentleman with the light of a born ruler shining from his eyes.

During the performance we watched with interest Mrs. Jarley’s three assistants. Jack and George, two splendid specimens of awkward country lads, had their hands full with the obstreperous “statutes,” but they handled them in a manner which showed their willingness to work and devotion to

Mrs. Jarley. The third assistant, Little Nell, looked as if she might have stepped from one of Cruikshank's pictures, so quaint did she look in a little dress created by herself for the occasion. Nell won all hearts by the conscientious care she showed in dusting the "statutes," especially the faces, with a feather duster.

The performance exceeded even our greatest expectations and the Hall is to be complimented on its dramatic talent.

CAST.

Mrs. Jarley.....	Miss Frances Lucas
Jasper Packle Merton.....	Polly P. B. Sheley
Babes in the Wood.....	Gladys Lawrence, Geraldine Simonds
Queen Elizabeth.....	Almah Rogerson
Earl of Leicester.....	Molly Beach
John Smith.....	Mary Huntington Pew
Pocahontas.....	Ethel Merriam
Ballet Girl.....	Anna Gilmore
Napoleon	Helen Foster
Carrie Nation.....	Marjorie Fox
Lord Fauntleroy.....	Lois Fonda
Earl of Dorincourt	Ruth Heath
Mammy and Charge.....	Marion Elliott, Beatrice Lyford
President Roosevelt.....	Hilda Talmage
Alice Roosevelt.....	Josephine Morse
Senator Nicholas Longworth.....	Marion Chandler
George.....	Stella Fleeer
Jack.....	Marguerite Roesing
Little Nell.....	Hazelle Sleeper
	Grace M. Smith.

A BIRTHDAY AT ROGERS HALL.

All the girls that have birthdays at Rogers Hall consider themselves fortunate, for we always have such good times on our birthdays. When you come down on the eventful day everyone rushes up to you, and congratulates you with "many happy returns," "a happy birthday," and every possible kind of a good wish. It is always harder on that day to wait for the mail at recess than on others, but when at last recess comes

and you are rewarded with six or eight letters, you are perfectly satisfied. During the afternoon you are wondering who the girls will name the candles on your cake, which Mrs. Underhill always gives us on our birthdays. The girls name the candles after different men, and the one on which the spark remains the longest is the faithful one. Just before the dessert is brought in, we see a pink light shining in from the pantry, and in a minute a white cake with pink candles is brought in and placed before the birthday girl—and then the fun begins. “I choose to name the candle on the right,” “No, that’s mine.” “Well, I want the one on the left.” “All right, you may have it.” At last they are named, and then the blowing them out begins and seeing on which candle the spark burns the longest. “Oh! you got the unknown.” “Oh, no! it was the old maid. What a shame!” and many other remarks are flung at you when you have blown them out, and when the spark stays on the candle who is named after your “best friend,” there is a great shout from everyone at the table, and the poor girl, blushing up to roots of her hair, wishes she could slide out of sight.

After dinner we go up to the “old gym,” for Mrs. Underhill always gives up French or German “Conversation” those evenings (for which everyone is more than thankful), and dance for the half-hour before study-hour, and the number of dances that are crowded into that time would scandalize the people at “Charity Balls.” But when you have danced about sixteen the study-bell rings, and, tired but happy, you go into your room and decide that a birthday at Rogers Hall is “simply great.”

Molly B. Beach.

ATHLETICS.

The new year has come, bringing with it only a little of real winter weather so far, and yet this term there are more things than ever for the “Athletic girl” to do, and many of them are out-door sports, too. Nor are they for the athletic girl alone, but for every girl. For even if a girl is not a “star” in any special form of athletics, if she is the least bit interested in them she can improve a great deal.

Last term saw the end of the hockey games, which were fine, and which gave nice little orange "os's" to eleven Hall girls to be immediately sewn on the sleeves of their gym suits and worn, boastfully, I'm afraid, on the next gym day.

In a few weeks will come the basket-ball games between the House and Hall. They ought to be very good, judging from the way some of the new girls play. The championship cup of the House and Hall in hockey, basket-ball and baseball gives added excitement to the games.

The Hall has won the hockey games, and it remains to be seen who will win in basket-ball and baseball.

It seems natural to go out to fencing and hear the old "Salute," "On guard in seven counts," and all the other commands. Everyone likes fencing and goes into it with great dash and spirit.

For regular gym work in the mornings we have taken up Indian clubs instead of wands and also fancy dancing, balancing, pirouetting, and many other exercises, the object of which is to gain grace, I suppose.

Then, out of doors, there ought soon to be snowshoeing, which is more fun than all, I think. You don't always look graceful striding along with great snowshoes on your feet, and usually, just as you are doing beautifully and fairly skimming along, you stub your snowshoe on something and—plump! you go headfirst into a snowdrift. But what does that matter when you think of the good times you are having, plodding along over the snow with your feet nice and warm in three or four pairs of thick stockings, and moccasins, and your cheeks tingling with the exercise? It's such good fun that I wish it would snow hard now, for it seems foolish to have our snowshoes serve only as decorations for our rooms.

The skating for a while was fine out at Long Meadow and probably will be again before the winter is over.

Though this term generally seems the longest, I don't believe it will seem so this year with all the things that are to be done, and I don't believe, either, that the Easter vacation will come without our having had lots of good sport.

Josephine Morse.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

Rapallo, Hotel du Kursaal.

"As it is only natural that angels should seek a heavenly spot, I at last have fluttered into one. We are on the Italian Riviera just basking in the sunshine and leading as lazy a life as the natives. I can write about the sunny weather today for it is perfect, absolutely not a cloud in the bluest sky you ever saw, but it has been stormy of late. Rapallo reminds me of the little girl who, when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid, for on a clear day it is the most beautiful place I can imagine, but when it storms the wind and sea are vicious.

"We are staying at a small hotel which was built for a villa and so is unusually attractive. At present there are only four other people here, so we feel quite as if we owned the place, except in the afternoon when many people come from the other hotels for tea and the concert. In the evening we all sit around reading, or talking bad French (nobody else speaks English here) and listening to our private orchestra. But the house or the people have nothing to do with the great attractions of the place. Our room, which is quite high up, faces right out to sea, in fact the waves dash against the rocks directly beneath our windows, but on one side is a long French window that opens on a large veranda cosily fitted up with lounging chairs. I spend a good deal of time there apparently reading, but in reality enjoying the view of the harbor with the little town of bright colored houses tucked down at the foot of the huge mountains.

"Much of our time we spend in the town buying lace, the making of which is the chief industry here. You never have been in such dirty, dingy cellars as we have to enter to buy the lace, but the fat old women are jolly and we enjoy long conversations with them in a mixture of French and Italian. I am studying Italian, and at present am at the stage where I can write and understand the sentences:—'Has the boy the book? No, but my aunt's sister has two cows, three dogs, and five horses.' By

the end of the week, however, I hope to be able to drive a good bargain and to know when the shop-keepers call me names for it. The village is the quaintest, most foreign looking place, but oh, such smells! Italian odors are more offensive, more penetrating than any others, and yet I am possessed to wander through the alleys that are swarming with children and chattering old women. I see so many odd sights. When I come back to our fresh garden filled with plants and flowers they make me appreciate the words 'luxuriant southern vegetation.' My distinct impression of the town is filth, poverty and brown eyes — such brown eyes that I can console myself only by singing 'What's it matter if her eyes are blue, or brown, or black, or gray.'

"About Rapallo, of course, are many fine drives and walks. Sunday we took a drive that I never can forget and yet cannot describe, for my adjectives gave out three days after my arrival, and now I utter merely a superlative "oh!" at all views. We drove for about seven miles along the shore on a winding road, that sometimes went through pine groves and sometimes along the edge of a cliff out of which the road was cut, until we reached Portofino. The carriage could go to the village but not through it, for the streets were narrow alleys or flights of steps leading up to the church or down into the main square. We walked through the town and then took a path that led up on the peninsula. As we were going up we met the prettiest girl imaginable, sitting on an old bench selling lace, and of course I had to stop and buy something, she was so attractive. Then we went on, following the narrow path which wound in and out of olive groves, vineyards and bright gardens, until we came to the end of the point. Here, among the pines on the top of the cliff, was a shrine with a stone seat before it with rest for both soul and body. We sat down to take in such a sight as rewarded us for all the traveling we had done to get there. The sea was surging in against the rocks, dashing the surf high into the air, then sucking the foaming water back to send it up again, higher than before. For two days there had been a storm and, although the sea looked mild enough, an ocean swell was rising and falling in large waves. We sat there I don't know how long, until thoughts of our coachman's objections made us wander back. It was so like a May day that we forgot it was January, and the

birds, too, were working and singing as if it were surely spring. All along the way we could look down through the trees to the turquoise blue water, and over and over again we remarked upon the wonderful coloring. But to appreciate it you must see it for yourself."

Helen Downer.

The Lowell Rogers Hall Alumnae have been devoting themselves to society since Christmas and have given several pleasant dances.

Jessie Ames (R. H., 1898, Smith, 1903) gave a most delightful cotillion at her home on New Year's night, at which were many Rogers Hall representatives.

Another charming dance was a cotillion given by Florence Nesmith (R.H., 1900, Smith, 1904) at Montjoy, on January 20th.

The old girls will be interested to hear that Carnzu Abbot gave a "coming out" dance in Lowell, on December twenty-third, at Colonial Hall, but they will not be surprised to hear that she "came out" most successfully.

Marion Stott won much praise by her skill in managing a very successful subscription dance at Colonial Hall on January nineteenth.

Mrs. Herbert Swift (Berenice Jocelyn) made one of her flying trips to Boston in January.

On account of ill health, Margaret Hall was unable to carry on her work as teacher this year and is spending the winter in Lowell.

On February seventeenth, Louisa Ellingwood (R. H., 1900) is to marry Mr. Daniel Swan of Lowell.

Belle Shedd writes from Nassau : "It has been warm, sultry weather ever since we came, with heavy rains which come without warning, out of what, but a few moments before, was an apparently cloudless sky.

Ruth Burke, who returned from Europe in December, has been visiting since Christmas in Pittsburg, Pa., and in Mansfield, Ohio.

Another traveler is Edith Nourse, who has been for two weeks visiting in Montreal.

On account of ill health, Bertha Swanton (R. H., 1903, Wellesley, 1907) was unable to return to Wellesley College this year.

Anthy Garton (R. H., 1905) is traveling in the south.

Ethel Everett (R. H., 1902, Wellesley, 1906) was Forward on the 1906 Wellesley Hockey team which won the College championship on Field Day.

Harriet Nesmith (R. H., 1905) and Carnzu Abbott have been on a short trip to Conway, N. H., to enjoy winter sports.

Helen Downer, who went to Europe in July, spent December in Switzerland and is now in Italy.

Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1894, Wellesley, 1899) came to Lowell for a few days at Christmas time to call on her many friends.



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SPLINTERS.

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No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

A SONG OF APRIL.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In ev'ry dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
And clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

(ROBERT LOVEMAN).

Could a more upsetting song be sung on a cold, bleak, February day? The world all looked dreary and rather hopeless, Spring seemed a long way off, and no one cared much what happened, when suddenly this absurd little song awoke all my Spring feelings to such an extent that it seemed as if they must be kin to the buds and sprouts, that I suddenly felt were very uneasy this time of the year, even if it was cold, and wished to come out and dance and pirouette in the sunshine. In consequence I gave up trying to resist the impulses

the songlet had wakened, and began to think about gardens, and about Spring ones especially.

Lord Bacon, in his very charming essay "Of Gardens," begins by saying, "God Almighty first planted a garden," and it seems to me one must be correct in the surmise that our first parent wooed and won in the first Spring of the universe, and he has proved a shining example to his descendants, at least according to the poets, whose sentiments on these subjects have been so ably expressed by one of their number in the words, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But to go back to my own garden, which, when I think of it now, appears to me as the most madly rollicking thing that my whirling ideas can make it. To quote our honored essayist again, it should be so planted that each month would have its own particular flower, for instance: "For March, Violets, specially the single blue, which are earliest; The yellow Daffodill; The Daisy." And then for April, "The double white Violet; The Wall-flower; The Stock-gilly-flower; The Cowslip; fleur-de-lis, and Lillies of all natures; Rosemary flower; The Tulippa"—and so he goes on showing us his plan of a "princely" garden, until we are willing to endure the disadvantages of a crown for the sake of owning such a wild profusion of loveliness.

By this time, I suppose, some critical reader has remarked that I have not progressed in the least since I started; but why should one progress when talking of such delightful things? It will be so short a time before the apple trees, that, in their corner by the wall, are now in the height of their glory, will have shed their frou-frou gowns, the young buds and sprouts that behaved so outrageously when they first appeared, will have settled down to the middle-aged leaves and plants, and we humans will be wondering why our pulses seem slower and what has become of our giddiness, until we realize that our feelings, like their first cousins, the young shoots, have become middle-aged too, and will soon fall asleep, to wait for, perhaps, "A Song of April," perhaps for the call of the first robin of next spring.

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

A TRUE FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time, (for nearly all fairy stories begin so), there dwelt in a castle, far up among the hills, a beautiful little princess and her mother; at least, we will call her a princess, although she had never even seen a king, much less a throne. Her mother was proud and haughty and loved her little princess daughter after a fashion; but most of all she admired her because she was very beautiful, and gloated over her as a miser gloats over his gold.

The little princess used to wander over all the great castle and play all sorts of wonderful games which she would make up to suit her own fancy. One of her favorite games was what she called "Knights and Ladies." There was a garden back of the castle where she played, and in this garden in summer she had her best times. She never had any playmates but the flowers and sunshine, and in the summer these two were quite enough. And now you shall hear how she played "Knights and Ladies." She had read of them in some of her books, and more than that, she had heard her mother talk of the court of a great king.

So she named every flower in the garden. The bright red rose with so many thorns was Queen Guinevere, and the stainless white one close by, King Arthur. The delicate pink rose she called the Lady Constance, and her knight, the bold yellow rose, Sir Gawoyne. The clump of nodding phlox was a family of young chevaliers who cast admiring glances at the coquettish little candy-tuft maidens. In the pompous red peonies the little girl saw the old and retired knights, flushed with success and content to look on at the deeds of daring of their sons; while their wives and the dowagers of the court, the white peonies, gossiped and shook their heads over the doings of the young folk.

The lilies of the valley were the younger maidens of the court, yet under the instruction of their governesses. They were sweet and modest and only took courage once in a while

to peep out of their green bower at the gorgeous pansy knights across the way, who with their rich colored liveries and variegated banners made many a maiden heart tremble. The nasturtiums seemed best fitted to be the jesters of this strange court, with their red and yellow stripes and queer little caps, and the funny, frolicksome way they had of dancing in the sunlight.

Thus the princess played with her court, and passing along would caress each flower and carry on an imaginary conversation with each.

In winter her greatest pleasure was sitting before the great hall fire and making in it wonderful pictures. Her favorite was that of the fire queen, waving her rainbow colored robes while the courtiers stood by and clapped their hands. Suddenly the queen would fall into a passion and banish some fiery little subject—an unexpected snap—a spark on the hearth rug—and the frightened little subject dies an exile in the cold world.

One day the princess came tripping down the castle stairs singing a fairy song of her own composing, about a lady with golden hair:—

A lady with golden hair,

Who rides her milk white mare,

Who brings to good children the thing they want most,

And to naughty children a dreadful ghost.

In the midst of her song she stumbled and fell. Oh, those cruel, cruel marble stairs!

The next thing she remembered was being in a small dark room and there was such an awful pain in her back that for days and days she forgot all else. She tried not to cry out, for it would disturb mother she knew. No one but a gruff old nurse ever came to see or take care of her.

After what seemed to the princess years and years, the gardener came up to her room one day, and he and the old nurse together took her down into her “dear, dear garden.” She saw a tear on the gardener’s cheek as he carried her gently, oh, so gently, down stairs and she wondered why it was there, but she felt so faint and sick that she couldn’t ask him. She

put her head against his rough jacket and hoped they would soon reach a seat.

Once in the warm sunlight of the garden she felt better; only it grieved her that she could not run about and play with the flowers as she used, but must nod to them from a distance, and call to each in a strange, quaking little voice. Every day when it was pleasant the gardener came up for her, and carried her down to sit all day in the garden. "Where is mother?" she often asked, and came always the same answer, "At the court of a great king, child."

When she was in the garden once a little boy came and looked in at the gate, "Who are you, boy?" the princess asked. "I'm the gardener's boy," he answered. "It is too bad the gate is locked, for I should like you to come into the garden and meet the court," she ventured. The boy looked surprised, and, feeling that he must not be allowed to go on in such ignorance, the princess told him of her fairies and her garden court. The boy listened in wonder, and when she said, with a pathetic catch in her voice, "But nurse says I may never be able to walk again, at least not for years and years," he seemed ready to cry.

Suddenly a light shone on his homely little freckled face and he said, "Why don't you pray to the good fairy to make you well?" "I never thought of that," she cried, "but I'll try. Surely she will hear me."

So every day the boy came to the gate and talked to the princess and learned to know all the court by name; and every day the princess prayed to the good fairy to make her well again. And winter came and the garden was bare and cold and she could no longer go out; nor did she ever see the little boy, either, and every one was too busy to move her down into the great hall before the fire. Then the princess dreamed and prayed all day by herself and all night too.

So, at last, when the old nurse came into the room one morning she found her well—well forever. And when the gardener's boy heard of it, he said to himself, "It is the fairy and she has gone to be one of them;" but he never told anyone. Again the summer came and with it the flowers, and the

boy looked in at the garden gate where the princess had played, and he felt very lonely. The court, too, though they nodded often in the sunlight, seemed never so gay, now there was no little princess to love them.

LOIS FONDA.

AN EVENING OF ADVENTURE.

One evening last June, about eight o'clock, we started out in an automobile to see the electric fountain play at Lincoln Park in Chicago. To avoid the spray we drove around on the Lake Shore road and from there watched the many colored waters, thrown out in different and fantastic shapes.

After the performance, try as we would, the machine would not move. In spite of repeated attempts on our part, and notwithstanding the assistance of many people who were kind enough to offer their services, we still found moving an impossibility, so we sat down to consider what had best be done.

To reach a car meant a two mile walk through the park, and, as it was very dark and the skies showed signs of a coming storm, we were not anxious to take this long stroll. Finally we decided to go in search of a repair shop which we found after some difficulty and loss of time. There we left an order for them to get the machine and take it home, while we ourselves started in a carriage for the nearest railroad station.

We waited quite a while for a train and when it finally came, there we were with no hats or coats, and covered with grease from head to foot. Even when the train began to move there seemed to be some new accident impending, and, indeed, when we were only about twenty minutes' ride out of the station we came to a very sudden stop.

It seems to me now that it must have been hours that we walked those railroad tracks waiting for a later train to take us the remainder of the trip; for, to be sure, the engine had

broken down and we had run into a freight car! Thus were we left in a second predicament.

It was now about one o'clock so that when we finally reached our station we were so sleepy that we went right by it. The conductor put us off at the next stop, though, and after hunting around for a carriage we finally found one that took us safely home, though very early in the morning, and in the midst of a rain storm. The next day we drew up the following resolution:

Resolved:—"Never to stray so far from home again in an automobile without a mechanic among us."

MADGE OGDEN MARINER.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

I cannot say that this story is really a true one, for I got it from the gossip of the stars one night last summer. They are dreadful gossips, those stars; no one's reputation can last a minute with them.

When Sissy Comet was very young she was very much petted at home (Stars: "horribly spoiled"), and as she was a very pretty child she soon became as vain as Venus herself (Stars: "she's not half what people say, it's mostly paint").

Well, finally it came time for her to leave her home and go on her way in life, and after her mother had combed all the snarls out of her tail and had washed her face, she set out.

She was rather timid at first, but after she had repeated her directions for finding the Milky Way till she was sure she couldn't forget, her courage rose (Stars: "the bold thing"), and she looked about her to see what the atmosphere was like.

Soon she met a handsome young star with whom she stopped a while and gossiped about the weather, the easiest road to the Milky Way, and like important matters (Stars: "the flirtatious thing"), until the Man-in-the-Moon became impatient and called her up by Marconi, "to get moving."

After this she paid no more attention to any stars that she met, for it doesn't pay to fall out with the Man-in-the-Moon. Finally, however, she met another comet going her way. It was love at first sight. Before they had gone a hundred miles it was all settled and they had arranged every detail of the wedding—who were to be asked, who omitted, whether it should be a house wedding, and where the honeymoon should be spent.

At this point the stars became so incoherent that I lost all this part of Sissy's story. Though they have been spinsters for hundreds of years, they have never reconciled themselves to their state of single blessedness, and any love scene like this excites them almost to madness.

When next the story becomes clear, the faithful lovers had parted, and Sissy Comet had apparently become reconciled to her fate; for she flirted openly with every young nebula, star and comet she met, tossing her tail out in a beautiful sweep behind her

Alas, the Man-in-the-Moon himself was not free from her wiles and he let her wheedle him out of a beautiful spy-glass that Jules Verne had left on his last trip. This was her undoing. One day when she was sweeping the horizon with her new gift she saw a ship, and in the ship a mortal with a beautiful red beard and whiskers. At once a hopeless passion overcame her. For several days she hovered about in despair, till finally, when she had become quite pale and scrimpy looking, she swooped down into the sea, carrying ship and man and beard and all with her to a watery grave.

The stars wiped their eyes, but I know that they were only too glad to be rid of her—the hypocrites. MOLLY PILLSBURY.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY KNIGHT.

The rhythmical beating of a horse's hoofs on the pavement was the only sound that broke the drowsy, summer stillness. The huge oak trees, outlining Main street, drooped their heads beneath the deadly heat of the sun, but arched their great branches protectingly over two girls jogging lazily along the road in a light runabout.

"Dear me, Anne," cried the dark-eyed driver, briskly, "I believe that was a breeze."

"It's about time something unusual occurred; don't you think so, Jane?" murmured the light-haired girl, languidly.

Jane frowned. "I wish you would stop trying to look like Patience on a Monument," she flashed. "It's horribly unbecoming."

The listless expression on Anne's face deepened. "I can't help it, if things bore me. Nothing interesting ever happens here. I wish—" the low voice trailed off into silence, as though its owner had not the energy to express her thought.

"What do you wish?" demanded Jane curiously, after patiently waiting for the conclusion of the sentence.

Anne sighed dreamily. "I wish I had lived long ago in the days of chivalry."

"Do go along, Pet," interrupted Pet's mistress, with an angry flounce.

"In the days of chivalry," repeated Anne softly, completely unconscious of the stormy face at her side, "when men were all courtiers and rode spirited steeds and—"

"Automobiles are much nicer," burst out Jane impatiently. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Anne Norcroft? Forever thinking of 'knights' and 'ladies' and—and 'steeds,'" she mimicked scornfully, "when—look around you! Could your knights ever have ridden in a lovelier place? See those oaks! And as for the spirited horse—here is Pet." She glanced proudly at the little black mare, but stopped abruptly as she noticed

the sad droop of Pet's head and her tired gait, With a confused endeavor to cover her unlucky comparison, she hastily added: "If you want a knight, why did you refuse Bobby Babcock? He is more than a knight; he is a man."

"You are mistaken, he is a chauffeur," remarked Anne, calmly. "He understands nothing but automobiles."

"He understands how to live and that's more than you do," declared Jane, wrathfully. "Before you find Bobby wanting in knighthood you might just consider for an instant whether you have all the necessary qualities for a ladye of ye olden days."

Anne flushed angrily. "I did not say that. Bob would make a splendid knight, if he could only let that horrid machine alone." She drew in her breath sharply as she caught the gleeful twinkle in Jane's eyes. "As for me," she continued with forced coolness, "it would not be very difficult, I fancy, to be crowned the queen of love and beauty."

"Ivanhoe," exclaimed Jane tragically with a little hopeless gesture, "Ivanhoe!"

As if the words had been a signal, Pet reared frantically and began dancing up and down in a most absurd manner.

"It looks like the Boston three-step," observed Jane whimsically. "Whoa! Pet, whoa!"

Pet, deaf to her mistress's voice, plunged wildly, backed, and shied violently to the left. Jane was puzzled. The horse was evidently frantic with fear, though there was nothing in sight to frighten her. The girl glanced swiftly up and down the street. It was deserted. Not a sound broke the stillness, except the faint chug-chug of an approaching automobile. She brought all her strength to bear on the reins, trying to swerve the crazed horse to the right, away from the curbing, which was drawing so dangerously near. It was useless. With a sickening fear she saw the great trunk of an oak tree looming over her, and dropping the reins she turned her white face towards Anne.

"Jump," she cried, "Jump!" She pulled the half fainting girl to her feet then dragged her to her knees, as a man hurled himself at the horse's head. For a long, terrible minute the

vicious animal, rearing, plunging, kicking, struggled against the grip on the bit, madly trying to shake the life out of her captor. It seemed an age to the two girls cowering in the bottom of the runabout. At last Pet grew quiet.

"May I help you down," asked a strangely familiar voice, simply.

Two white, startled faces were raised to the young man, who stood leaning against the wheel, looking anything but heroic, his white flannels torn and streaked with dust and his mop of hair standing wildly erect. Anne started to her feet with a glad cry.

"Bobby Babcock, Oh! Bobby, Bobby!" she sobbed and fell limply into his arms.

Jane gasped.

"The chauffeur to the rescue!" said she, at last, staring impolitely, with wide eyes.

Bobby grinned at her. "Well," he drawled wickedly, with a significant glance at Pet, "automobiles don't have the blind staggers! Come, dear," he added. He led Anne slowly towards a panting, scarlet monster car drawn up a few feet away.

"Anne in an automobile," murmured Jane weakly, "Shades of Ivanhoe! A twentieth century knight!"

FLORENCE E. WALDORF.

THE JOURNEY OF IMPUDENCE TOWARD THE ATTAINMENT OF PERFECTION.

One day as I lay dreaming on the bank beside a brook, methought I saw a large white house standing back from the road and its wide porch covered with lounging chairs and cushions for bodily comfort. And here I heard that Mrs. Indulgence, a woman charming to some but unheeded by all, and her husband, a stern man, usually away on business affairs,

and very decisive, called Mr. Stern Busyman, lived with their young daughter, Impudence, of sixteen years, who was disagreeable to her mother and as saucy as she dared be with her father, though she saw him but seldom.

As I was dreaming, I saw Miss Impudence come bursting through the door and run down the path, pursing her lips into an ugly pout and pushing a young Irish boy, Servility, who was weeding her garden with cap in hand, out of her way. Now this young fly-a-way might have been good to look upon, had it not been for that peevishness which now possessed her. As she finally stopped at the gate she complained aloud to a small dog, Devotion, who had followed her closely, saying, "I won't go. I won't! I don't want to go to boarding-school." She would have continued if her father had not approached and interrupted her, saying, "What! What! What's this? What won't you do?" At which Miss stood amazed, but soon recovered herself and said in petulant fashion, "I don't have to go to school, do I? Mother says I must." Then Mrs. Indulgence came running, and clasping her daughter in her arms, much to her annoyance, said gently to Mr. Stern Busyman: "Well, may be she'd better stay at home, after all, because I don't know what we'd do without her, and, besides, she feels so about it, too." But Mr. Stern Busyman shook his head and said: "No, we agreed she'd go, and she shall. She must get over some of her bad habits." So Miss Impudence was silenced and dared not to rebel more.

So I dreamed that, about two months later, I saw the same three waiting in the station of the town of False Pride to go to a school called Improvement in the city of Good Taste. Miss Imprudence was somewhat resigned now and excited by thinking of what she would do and say there. Soon they had reached the station of the city of Good Taste and Impudence and Mrs Indulgence, her father having left them at the station, were escorted to the school by Boisterous, a very hearty and rollicking man, of whom Miss Impudence made loud fun, in spite of her mother's feeble attempts to stop her. At last Boisterous drew rein and stopped the two old horses, Laziness and Overworked, before the door of a low red brick house,

very nearly encircled by a high red brick wall with heavy iron gates. Out they got and were received by Miss Severe who showed Miss Impudence to her room with great rustling of silk skirts.

After her parents had left, Impudence saw Curiosity, a girl of rather worried expression, peering from the door of the room opposite, and carefully noting her dress, actions, and manners. Miss Impudence boldly stared her back saying:

"Pray, what's the matter? You look worried about me?" At which Curiosity at first shrank back, but soon her natural instincts got the better of her and she slowly advanced, saying, so quickly that even Impudence could hardly get in a word:

"Are you a new girl? Have you just come? Oh, isn't that a nice trunk! What's your name? Do you graduate this year? Where do you live? Far from here? Oh, where did you get that sweet locket? I think it's perfectly adorable. Whom do you room with? Oh, I see. Alone, don't you?" and so on, till Impudence coolly turned her back and began to open her trunk and put away her belongings without further heed. So Curiosity departed in high dudgeon and Impudence was left to her own meditations.

She greatly wondered if all the inmates of the school would be of such kind and she hoped not, as Curiosity did not appeal to her; for, though Impudence was very forward and impertinent usually, she inside, in her innermost soul, had a very good and clear perception of what was right and wrong and what looked well and what did not, and it was mainly merely her own wilfulness that caused her to do and say the things she did.

While thinking thus, two girls, Greedy and Snob, came sauntering down the hall and looking in her room stopped in the doorway a moment. Neither spoke and Snob started to proceed again, but Greedy, who had spied a box of candy on the bed, stopped her saying, "Oh, isn't that a great box of candy! I'm going to have a piece, can I?"

Whereupon she seated herself beside the box and commenced to eat rapidly. Snob also showed a little interest in

these proceedings and besought Greedy to find her a piece of nougat.

At all this Impudence was much disgusted and gave vent to her feelings thus: "Well, of all things! Who do you think you are?"

With great dignity and surprise the two friends took their departure saying, "What is the child talking about?"

After a time Impudence grew despondent and wandering down the stairs saw a goodly company of girls,—Affectation, talking much in an unnatural and prim fashion of nothing; Dowdy, with clothing askew and hair dishevelled; and Good Will, with open and frank countenance and pleasant expression; and many others of different sorts. Impudence went into a room, furnished and neat in appearance, and there seating herself watched with keen eye the people scattered throughout the room. While scanning her neighbors she was aroused by a voice beside her which she found to be that of Good Will, whom she had noticed before.

That one, taking her arm, spoke thus, saying: "You're a new girl, I know, so I'll take you around the school and tell you something about it." With such words she conducted Impudence first to a large room, plain in aspect and with many seats, which she informed her companion was the room in which they would devote themselves to study; from thence to the room where they should eat daily, and thus through the entire house. As they journeyed she told to Impudence many wise words of the customs of the place and how she must conduct herself, with other like admonitions, and as Good Will did meet her companions, Generous, Hearty, Frank, Sunny, Wisdom, and Tact, she made Impudence acquainted with them. Now, here, I must mention one strange fact which is this:

1. That Impudence was suddenly filled with a great admiration and love for Good Will for her kindness and gentle behavior; and,

2. She began to wish that she were like to her in every way and that she could thrust far away from her her own rude and unformed ways. So she did inquire many things of Good Will, one of which questions was this. "Why," quoth Impudence,

"don't you introduce me to Affectation, Silliness, and Pride? I notice you never seem to count them as your friends the way you do Generous and those others. Why don't you? Some of them look awfully nice."

To this Good Will replied: "Why, I don't care for them at all. That's why I'm not more with them. Though Affectation is pretty, there is no strength in her character. It is as weak and easily bent as the willow tree out there. She 'puts on' in everything she says or does, and never says just what she really thinks. That is Affectation. Siillness is no better. All her thoughts are either of boys or of new clothes. Pride is so proud and such a flatterer of herself that she is very disagreeable. I warn you to look out for them. I've noticed you are terribly rude and impertinent sometimes, and really, if you don't mind my saying so, I'd try to get over it, because it doesn't make people like you, and, more than that, it hurts yourself." With these wise words Good Will left Impudence to meditate on them and departed.

Whereupon, as I dreamed, I saw that Impudence thought over these matters much in her heart, and after meeting with varied experiences in company with Hatred, Malice, Greedy, and their friends, firmly resolved to add herself as a follower under the standard of Good Will, and upon this resolve she gradually abandoned most of her evil ways. In this wise did her life run at the school of Improvement.

Now, as it chanced, I awoke here and lay for a brief period dreamily watching the white clouds floating above, and the deep blue of the sky. But soon I turned over, my eyelids closed again, and I was dreaming; and a second time I dreamed of Miss Impudence, but it seemed two years later. I saw the station of the city of False Pride, and seated on a bench I saw Mr. Stern Busyman, his brows knit in ponderous thought, with Mrs. Indulgence, happy and benevolent in expression, seated near by. And, as I looked, I saw Miss Impudence, vastly changed in every way, running to meet them with arms outstretched, and she cried out thus:

"Oh, father! And mother!! Isn't it great, school is all over? I'm so glad to get back and see you all. How are you?"

What do you want me to do next year? Oh, isn't this fine?"

Whereupon her mother embraced Miss Impudence and Mr. Stern Busyman was less stern as he said: "We're glad to get you back again, Impudence, and we all see how much improved you are."

And truly there was a vast difference in Impudence, though she had not attained perfection, for that is only reached by touching the Heavenly; yet she had improved to such an extent that her parents and friends changed her name, so that now she is known, not by her old name of Impudence, but by the new one, Beloved-By-All.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

JULIA'S PLAN.

"Parry carte, parry tierce, parry low prime! no, bring your point straight down and then, out. Slowly, now—there you have it."

"On guard! Two appelles, close to the rear."

The first year class of fencing was practicing in the "gym" where a few of the more experienced fencers had gathered to watch, with keen amusement not very well concealed, the awkward efforts of the new girls to get some kind of form out of the jumble of "parries" "advances" and "lunges."

In one of the laughing groups hanging on the stall bars or perched in uncertain safety on the trapezes tied back against the wall, was a small, dark girl with a rather pretty face which just now wore an extremely thoughtful expression. She heard the voices of her friends about her talking and laughing, but they had no effect upon her, for she was thinking of the coming event—still three weeks off, but startlingly near—of the game which was to decide which house should hold the championship in basket-ball for the year, a secondary issue to the instructors, but an honor worth life itself to the girls.

Each house had secured a victory and this third game would be contested with all the spirit and strength of each team. This Julia Leslie knew and this was why her face wore such a set expression. That her team should win she was resolved, but she also knew the captain of the "Greens" to be equally determined.

The whistle blew. The fencing class was dismissed and basket-ball practice had begun. Through all the long hour of tedious practice in passing and guarding, Julia was busy with a scheme for victory. After practice she hunted up the girls on her team in their rooms.

* * * * *

On the day of the game the sun had hardly risen when merry whistles were heard from room to room, the crowing of exceptionally robust roosters, cat calls and snatches of song, showing that the girls were awake and keenly anticipating the game. How "the teams" were petted! and the captains—!!

To Julia and her girls it seemed as though the morning lessons would never end, and luncheon, with the other girls about them chattering of the game, seemed an eternity. But finally everything was over, and snatching a sweater from her room in passing, she ran out to the gymnasium where already a few of the girls were passing the ball or trying lazily for a basket.

With the second captain came the umpire, and the teams trotted to their places on the floor to the discordant combination of the rival cheers.

The whistle blew; the ball was tossed up; the game was on. The big center on the opposing team gave the ball a sharp rap which should have sent it to one of her homes, but Julia, playing side center on the "Gray" team, jumped, caught the ball and—fumbled it.

"What is the matter with our team today? Why does Julia fumble so?" "Yes, when she catches so neatly." "Oh! Oh! de—ear!"

And even the team looked dubiously at Julia at times, when the score of the Greens went up and up and the Grays' score climbed only on fouls and an occasional accidental basket.

Why, *why*, was it that the Grays always took the longest way round in the center and passed the ball under the basket instead of trying for it.

"Time!" The girls strung off the floor to be seized by admiring friends and fairly smothered in sweaters, blankets and hugs. The Greens all seemed more worn out than the Grays, but they had the score, 16-5, to show for their hard work. The nervous, fumbling Grays never could make up such a score the other half. What was the use of playing the second half, anyway?

By the time the second half began the Green enthusiasts were sure of victory. They were even counting up the score for the end of the game. And possibly it was because the Greens began the half still a little tired that the game seemed a little harder. But where were the fumbles, the hesitancy, the wild passes on the part of the Grays of the first half? Still confident of victory the Greens toiled on, but against this team, which seemed finally to have waked up, which played so quickly, silently, and so surely, the dazed Greens could do little more than follow their opponents about the field.

Silent, resentful, mystified, the Greens faded off the floor at the end of the game, with the score of 26-16 for the Grays.

Silently, disconsolately, with green pennants drooping over their shoulders, and the crestfallen team in their midst, the Dormitory II girls sought their own house. At intervals the songs and shouts from Dormitory I, where the "Grays" were "raising rough-house" came to their ears.

Julia's plan had succeeded.

RUTH A. HEATH.

A VISIT TO NORTH CAROLINA.

It was a cold December day when a party of four girls left Philadelphia for the wilds of North Carolina. We were all in

the highest spirits and most impatient to reach our destination, Thomasville, a small town of about five hundred inhabitants.

On our arrival the next morning our friend met us and we had breakfast together at the hotel, and then drove to the farm, situated about three miles out of town.

On the way there we passed by the funniest old cabins, having about four rooms altogether and only one story high. The old fashioned wells, too, with their lazy, deliberate buckets interested us greatly.

After a thirty minutes' drive, part of which was through the great pine forests, we arrived at the farm, where we were loudly greeted by the barking of about a dozen hunting dogs.

The first afternoon was partly spent in unpacking and arranging our belongings, and then, after having inspected every nook and corner in the house, we all went to the stables and kennels to visit the dogs and horses. The next morning, bright and early, we girls were all prepared to make an early start for a day's hunting with our host. Those who are interested in outdoor sports would surely enjoy quail hunting in North Carolina. We drove quite a distance out into the country, accompanied by the driver and the boy who had charge of the dogs. Once there, we took up our guns, let two of the dogs loose, and started out, walking after them through the stubble fields. The dogs hunted well together, one taking one side of the field, the other hunting up the other side, so in this way no part of the field was missed; but they could find no birds.

We then hurried over into a sedge grass field, but lost sight of the dogs entirely. We whistled and whistled, but they did not appear, so we knew they had found the birds, and, sure enough, at the edge of the woods in a protected and sunny spot, stood the dogs, Pearl pointing, her head stretched out, front foot up, standing there rigid and stiff, just where she had stopped short when she first scented the birds. Game, the other pointer, stood about ten feet away to the rear, backing Pearl. Not all dogs will stand there backing another, but will rush in front of the first dog and steal the point; but Game knew too well the punishment of such an act. The dogs stood perfectly steady while we walked up in front and flushed the

covey. With a great whirr the birds, about twenty-five in number, rose and scattered to the woods. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! went the guns. We succeeded in bringing four down, but not knowing where they had fallen, we had to tell the dogs to "fetch dead." They raced around the place until they found the dead birds, which they retrieved. After having made sure of our prizes, we went back into the woods after the singles. We were quite successful there, also, and became so interested and excited in the sport, which certainly was plentiful that morning, that before we knew it was one o'clock and quite time for luncheon.

We lost no time hunting for the wagon, for when we reached the top of the hill just ahead of us there it was. We had been walking around in a circle all morning; we made a dash for the spot, suddenly feeling a "great capacity for food." And what fun it all was! The boy had the cloth laid on a box and everything neatly spread out, a wood fire was burning briskly near it, so it was nice and warm, and we were not a bit sorry to find things all ready for us, though I suppose the true woodsman does not carry civilization around with him in the shape of tables and tablecloths.

After an hour's rest we started out in the opposite direction from our morning's route, and again found plenty of coveys. The only trouble was, the afternoon passed too quickly and before we were half satisfied, it was time to go home.

We arrived at the farm just at the dinner hour, and we certainly did justice to the big meal laid before us. Soon after dinner, we wandered off to bed, too sleepy even for the half hour talk so customary and such fun, when several girls spend the night together.

We enjoyed the success and pleasure of that first day's hunt many times during our stay, and we are eagerly hoping for another visit to North Carolina next year. STELLA FLEER.

THE ROGERS HALL ALPHABET.

- A** is for Anna, counsellor bold,
Who makes the "Entry" do just as they're told.
- B** is for Beatrice, lover of boys,
To dance and to flirt are two of her joys.
- C** is for Chandler, Marion's name,
A word which we know will have eternal fame.
- D** is for Dotty, dear, pretty and shy,
Who always is happy when Frances is nigh.
- E** is for Elliott, Marion dear,
"Had I better wear pink or else this dress here?"
- F** is for Faculty, varied in number,
Always on guard and never in slumber.
- G** is for "goner," that's Elsa K.
She has it on "Bet" and it's worse every day.
- H** is for Helen, modest and small,
She's found in the closet whenever you call.
- I** is for Infant, terribly young (?)
Hazelle, to whom nursery rhymes should be sung
- J** is for Josey, innocent maid,
The next thing she'll lose is her head, we're afraid
- K** is for "Kidding," that's Polly all right,
She's at it all day and she's at it all night.

SPLINTERS.

- L** is for Lawrence, What's that you say?
WHOSE room does she go into most every day?
- M** is for Madge and also for marry,
With "Suitors" so many she'll not long with us tarry.
- N** is for "New-girl," all over she'll roam,
Crying and sighing "I want to go home."
- O** is for Opal, she goes by the scale
That "pickles" are cheap and they come by the pail.
- P** is for Polly S, lover of "Kits,"
When she's late for her lesson she nearly has fits.
- Q** is for quaking, that's what we feel
When we come to the dining-room late for a meal.
- R** is for Ruth and also for Roger (S)
In his house she'll soon be a permanent lodger.
- S** is for Stella, hailing from Penn,
Just mention "Hydrant," you're in for it then.
- T** is for "Twosing," take Lois for that,
Ask where, on the night of the mid-year, she sat.
- U** stands for Unie Bug—who *never* has crushes!!!
When she reads this just watch for her blushes.
- V** stands for Vanity, sister to Bet,
If her room had no mirror she'd hang out, "To Let."
- W** 's for wise, just listen to that!
Has Jerry as much wisdom as she has fat?
- X** is for 'Xeter for which Almah's so strong,
At least we all think so, but *maybe* we're wrong.

Y stands for Yale, of all places the best,
Who'll not cheer for Yale with the greatest of zest ?

Z is for Zeal which *somebody* had
In writing this poem, which we hope is not bad.

BEATRICE LYFORD.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

DAILY THEMES.

RODNEY, THE RUNAWAY.

Rodney was a young lady of four, who was given to making unusual remarks. Her latest accomplishment was to slip out of the house and run away. One afternoon, when the train had just come in, young Rodney boarded it and waited for it to start. Every one in the village, including the conductor, knew little Miss Mason. He now came up to her and asked her where she was going. "I am going to Governor's Island, and I know exactly how to get there," came the prompt reply. Just as the train was about to start, she became nervous, but hated to show it, so she held her head very high and marched down the aisle. "Pardon me," she said, turning to the conductor, "but will you allow me to go home and get my mileage book?" The people in the car were convulsed with laughter, and the conductor was indeed willing, for he had been wondering how to get rid of his extraordinary young passenger.

EUNICE BAGG.

HOW BETTY UNPACKS A TRUNK.

I had been at Rogers Hall exactly one day and I thought I had seen all the sights, but I was mistaken—I had not seen Betty unpack a trunk. Betty arrived when we were half through dinner, and afterwards, in that sociable little way of hers, she suggested that I come to her room while she unpacked her trunk. "New girl" though I was, and lonely, yet I can remember I thought "how stupid," but I went, and I soon changed my mind. The occasion, or operation, needs far other, and very vivid, epithets to describe it. Betty began, mildly enough, with a couple of hats which she tossed carelessly on the bed. Then came a chafing-dish following close upon the hats, and in rapid succession flew by me muslin gowns, shoes, sweaters, and dainty lingerie, all landing in one heap on the bed. As she reached the bottom of the trunk, pictures were added to the rare collection, and on top of it all were a few big soft pillows.

I thought when the last thing was out of the trunk and Betty had a chance to survey the work of her hands, she would be a little dismayed at the result. It was a mess and an awful one. But she gazed at it with a satisfied—shall I say ecstatic—expression and laughed at my dubious look. Then, without so much as a word, she made a dive for one of the closets from which she emerged in a few moments, her arms full of books, pictures, and other wall ornaments, all covered with dust. These joined the pile on the bed and Betty sat down to talk to me. Her trunk was unpacked! We had a memorable talk, at least I've remembered it, for Betty told me great stories of the "stunts" and good times of her previous year at Rogers, to which I listened enchanted.

When it finally came time for me to go to my room, I rather timidly asked where she was going to sleep.

"In my bed naturally!"

"Not under that mess!" from me in a horrified tone.

"Well, hardly. That will go on the floor." And suiting the action to the word, on to the floor it went.

This was too much for me and I fled, dismayed, to my room to dream of being buried under a trunk with a chafing-dish dancing a Highland Fling on my head!

Now I can unpack a trunk in a way that excels even Betty's patent method, and astonishes old timers.

GRACE REED HEATH.

II

As I was walking, not long since, in a city known to all men for the glory of its rulers, I chanced upon a juggler, who was displaying his art upon a street corner. Now the balls with which he played seemed strange to my sight, for one was, as it were, of fire, and glowed brightly; while the other appeared to be of dull lead. Upon accosting the man and asking him whence he came, and why he made playthings of two such strange substances as fire and lead, he made answer thus: "I am Satan, prince of devils, and these, my playthings, are two souls, for which I am juggling. Seest thou yonder king's palace? This ball of fire is the soul of a king's child that dwelleth therein. And seest thou yonder hovel, at whose door the angels Despair and Poverty are continually knocking? This ball of lead belongeth to a creature that warreth ever against powers too great for mortal man to combat."

Now it happened as I watched this strange and apparently Godless game, that suddenly the ball of fire became but a cinder that crumbled to dust in the juggler's hand, and was thrown to the seven winds; but the ball of lead was transformed to crystal, and, in the soft, heavenly light that radiated from it, the devil and the two angels seemed to dissolve and be no more. As I looked, wondering, at the door of the hovel, behold the angel Hope, with myriad colored wings stood guard; but from the castle I heard the sound of a death knell, wafted softly on the evening breeze.

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE WOOD CARVER OF 'LYMPUS.'"

In Miss Waller's new book, "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus," she has given us no tale of wild adventure or perplexing mystery to work out, but the simple story of a mountain family.

Far up in the Green Mountains the lumbering stage coach still wends its way from hamlet to hamlet, while its loquacious driver beguiles the hours of the tedious journey with many a strange tale. It is here that the story opens and, through the stage driver, that we first learn of the wood carver of 'Lympus.

Hugh Armstrong from his early childhood had planned to become a minister. While spending a summer in the mountains, he was felled by a large tree which left his limbs completely useless. For nineteen months he lay in a half dazed sleep, carefully tended by his Aunt Lize, Uncle Shim and their little niece, Theodora, or "Twiddie" as she chose to call herself.

Wakening from his long stupor, Hugh becomes frantic for work, and one day, seeing his aunt in the fields doing his work, he conceives the idea of doing some of hers. The knitting he learns to do does not suffice, and he is still chafing under the bonds of idleness, when Philip Vanever, a passenger in the coach, hears of him, and visits the mountain hut. On returning home Philip writes to Hugh, guardedly, lest he hurt his pride, and tells him of the wonderful wood carving that interests him so much. Though so fond of it, his hand had no cunning and he had taken the liberty to send Hugh his own set of tools. Carefully Hugh studied the pamphlets and then set to work, but first with the hand of a woodman, cutting and gashing where it should carve. After persistent efforts, however, he completes his design, which he sends to his new friend and is soon rewarded by an order from an acquaintance of Mr.

Vanever. Other orders follow, and thus is brought to Hugh the great "salvation of work."

From topics concerning the new work, the letters between the two friends become more intimate; many good books, too, from Carlyle to Hans Andersen, find their way to the lonely mountain hut, creating a thirst for greater things. Other friends of Vanever become interested and their letters from all parts of the world give Hugh many pictures of their wanderings, and so help to widen his little world. When he finds that Madeline Cope loves Philip and that this love is returned, his own love for her is put aside to unite his two friends. Later he finds this love was only a shadow of the greater feeling he has for Theodora, who by her patient care of him has proved herself a "gift of God" indeed.

The book is full of pictures of this sheltered family life. One can fairly see the group gathered together in Hugh's room on a cold winter's night, before the blazing fire, Uncle Shim, smoking peacefully his cob pipe; Aunt Lize, near by, darning; while Twiddie, stretched full length on the hearth, reads aloud "The Little Fir Tree." Then, again, we see Hugh propped up in his bed carving; his long thin hands have become quite skilful, and his eyes light with interest as the tiny forms take shape. Though crippled, he bears his suffering patiently and makes the most of his short life, which is beautiful in its pathos. Little "Twiddie" is the life and joy of the household from the time when she is a child playing "make-believe," until she develops into a lovable woman for whom life, with its many problems, has become a reality. Uncle Shim and his hard-working wife are dear old souls who deprive themselves of their little comforts, such as tobacco and coffee, that they may secure for Hugh some luxury.

The whole story is of the simple mountain life, and in that quiet world we feel closer to nature's true self than is often possible in our busy city life with all its varied interests.

BESSIE C. HAYES.

"NANCY STAIR."

Elinor Macartney Lane's "Nancy Stair" is not a novel dealing with any of the great problems of the day, and settling them to the author's satisfaction, but the story of the life of a wonderful girl from her sweet, winning childhood to her bewitching, grand womanhood, told by her father in such a pretty, quaint style, that the manner of telling alone would make us like the story.

Her father, a Scotch lord, had loved her mother, a gypsy girl, passionately, and the traits of both make Nancy a bewitching, unusual character, and altogether lovable.

Nancy's mother died at her birth, and her father, Lord Stair, immediately left Scotland, traveling far and wide in the attempt to forget his grief.

Coming home after four years he finds his daughter a lovely little girl with a personality whose force he could feel even then. Through her resemblance to her mother, and, more, by her own wonderful charm, she immediately captivated his heart, so that for him her slightest wish was law.

She was, indeed, a fascinating child, and, brought up among men, her education was an odd one, making her old in some ways for her age, and instilling into her mind firm ideas of honor and uprightness. Mr. Carmichael, an intimate college friend of Lord Stair's, who lived on the adjoining estate, took almost as much interest in her as did her father, and under Hugh Pitcairn, a bluff, blunt lawyer, she studied law.

Even as a child she wrote verses which made others wonder at her, and always showed a keen intelligence beyond her years. Her chief delight was to go about among the people on her father's estate, helping them and making everyone love her for her sweet thoughtfulness and generosity.

When she grew to womanhood, she was known all over the country for her wonderful beauty and brilliancy, and her gowns and jewels were the gossip of the town. So it is little wonder that Danvers Carmichael, returning to visit his father, falls in love with her at first sight, and decides to stay at home. The Duke of Borthwicke, a man known for his power, cruelty,

and immorality, had imprisoned one of the burn-side people whom Nancy determines to save. Dressing herself in her most beautiful gown, she goes to see the Duke, who, accustomed though he is to have others succumb to him, immediately yields to her charms and grants her request. Nancy, in her turn, feels the great attraction one strong personality has for another.

At this time she meets Burns, and the love of both for poetry, especially Nancy's feeling for Burns' songs, is a great bond, while Burns cannot resist her beauty, though he knows he is unworthy of her regard.

Nancy cannot decide among her lovers, and for a while is fascinated by the Duke, thus making Danvers Carmichael very jealous. He quarrels with Nancy and marries his cousin, while Nancy in her turn, discovers that poetry and the applause of the world will not satisfy her. She realizes she loves Danvers, that she is a true woman and wants her own home.

Over a year passes, Danvers' wife has died, and the Duke is found dead while visiting at Stair. Danvers is at once accused of the murder as he had been seen running from Stair that night, and there is other evidence against him. Nancy is called as a witness, and though she clears him by her testimony, the only way she can do it is by appearing to be against him. Whereupon, of course, there is another misunderstanding. However, the true murderer confesses later, and Danvers and Nancy are brought together again and happily married, while the fathers of the two are joined by still firmer bonds.

No one can do justice to the sweet, charming heroine, and we feel on laying down the book that we have read the beautiful story of a beautiful life, beautifully told.

HELEN F. DOOLITTLE.

"ROSE O' THE RIVER."

"Rose o' the River," the latest book by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a study in types with which we are already very

familiar, and an atmosphere that is also well known. It tells of a pretty, romantic New England girl, who hesitates between the strong man who has loved her from childhood, and the insignificant clerk on a vacation from the city, whose flashy clothes and dime-novel manners have attracted her admiration. At last she realizes the value of a good man's love, throws over the weak, little clerk, and goes to housekeeping in a cottage built especially for her.

The best parts of the book, indeed what makes it worth reading, are the descriptions. These are vivid and convincing, especially those which tell of the Saco, and of the log jam at Edgewood. The quaint charm of the setting, with its true New England features, is admirably suited to the people portrayed. Without doubt the most natural as well as amusing figure is that of "Old Kennebec," the grandfather of the heroine, with his fanciful, half-reminiscent stories of the past and his hatred of any kind of work. His counterpart is to be found in many a Maine village, and none of his oddities have been lost in transferring him to the pages of a book.

As a whole "Rose o' the River" furnishes an enjoyable hour of reading to one looking for something light and fresh. Anyone wishing a plot or sensation must find it elsewhere.

DOROTHY WRIGHT.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A NIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN.

Far up on the side of a mountain stood a small white house. Behind it was a huge boulder as large as the little house itself. A wild blizzard howled and shrieked through the tall pine trees, and piled its soft snow higher and higher against the small windows, from which came a dull red light.

Within the house all was bright and warm. A great wood fire burned in the huge fireplace, and threw queer shadows against the rough walls of the room. Side by side lay a cat and a dog, both sleeping in great contentment. Around the fire sat a family of five, telling stories and roasting apples and chestnuts, but now and then stopping to listen to the wind. Suddenly in the midst of their fun, they heard a great rushing, a scraping and breaking, as if a mass of stones was coming down upon them. The dog woke and slunk into a dark corner, where he sat and trembled as if he felt the approach of some great danger. While the father murmured aside, "If it strikes the house, it will go." The terror stricken family drew closer to each other and waited.

Nearer and nearer came the avalanche, and louder and louder grew the noise from it. Suddenly it paused, as though held back by some merciful, detaining hand, and then swept on with greater force around each side of the house, towards the river. It had struck the huge rock and parted, leaving the little house standing safe in the path of destruction.

HELEN NESMITH.

A TRUE STORY.

This is a true story about a little girl, whom I know personally. At the time of my narrative she was not quite two years old, and lived with her mother and father and aunt, in the state of New Jersey. I am sorry to say that this little girl, her name was Margaret, was rather a naughty young person. I don't think she meant to be naughty, but somehow whatever her mother or father said to her seemed to go in at one ear and out at the other, until at last her parents were afraid that she did not understand them. For instance, they would say to her, "Margaret, you are not to go out of the door," where-upon Miss Margaret, as though she were deaf, went straight out of it.

Well, one day when Margaret was playing in the nursery, her aunt, who had been sitting near her, knitting, was called out of the room, and Margaret was left alone. Seeing her aunt's knitting on a chair she took the needles out of it, and after looking at them intently, broke one in half. On her aunt's return Margaret met her at the door, and holding up the two halves of the broken needle remarked, innocently, "b'oken." Her aunt, very much displeased, naturally, took the little girl on her lap and talked to her long and earnestly; then, thinking she had made a deep impression on her mind, she put her down and went to tell Margaret's mother, adding, as she finished her story, "But I am sure Margaret will never be so naughty again." Then she went back to the nursery. The minute she entered, Margaret toddled up to the table, took the knitting needle that remained, held it up before her aunt, broke it in half, and said "b'oken." To this day her aunt does not understand why Margaret broke that second needle. Can any little girl explain?

MADGE HOCKMEYER.

A COUNTRY PICNIC.

Have any of you ever been to a country picnic? If you haven't, do go the first chance you get, they are such fun! On these occasions, the people come from miles around, bringing the babies and even the grandmothers.

I remember one summer which mother and I spent in the Adirondacks, that we had the pleasure of one of these excursions. The landlord informed us at breakfast one morning "That there was to be a picnic tomorrow, and, wal, he'd be ruther glad to have all the folks in the house come."

We were delighted, thanked him for his kind invitation, and curiosity (a woman's, I am afraid) prompted us to go.

The younger ones in the house went to bed that night very much excited. But alas! the morrow dawned with threatening clouds, soon followed by a downpour of rain. Such a disappointed lot as we were! But our landlord was not to be

foiled thus. In fact, I have often thought if everyone was as cheery as he always seemed to be, what a bright world this would become.

"At least we were to start," he said and start we did after some delay, during which time Anne, the landlord's daughter, was anxiously deciding which sash she should wear. That important question settled, we set forth on our drive of some miles to the Lake Picnic grounds. Much to our surprise, several people were there before us, laughing and having a decidedly jolly time—for it had stopped raining and now showed signs of a pleasant day. Unpacking our provisions, we, too, proceeded to become acquainted with the picnickers.

One of the little girls and I sat on the shore watching the waves; we were suddenly startled from our reverie by shouts near by. Rushing wildly for the water we discovered that one of the smaller children, in her eagerness to catch the tiny boat she was sailing, had fallen in. Her little red dress, so pretty and fresh looking in the morning, was bedraggled and torn now. Poor child! She was such a sight as she stood on the shore, the red streaming from her best Sunday frock. But childish sorrows are not deep, she was soon comforted and went gladly with us to dinner. Such a feast! Everything from ginger-bread down to jelly, and I assure you it did not take long for the boys and girls to forget their shyness and begin to eat.

Now and then I saw Anne flitting about with one of the boys, gay in the glory of his white duck trousers. Poor trousers! They were not to keep their freshness long. For what do those shrieks over in the corner mean? The unlucky "beau" had sat down in the raspberry pie! Such a mix-up, all seemed raspberries to me. Amid the laughing taunts of his friends, he retired into the corner to finish the meal in silence, leaving Anne giggling, yet distressed at her own loss.

No other accidents happened and we drove home in the dusk of the summer evening, tired but feeling that we had enjoyed our day with the country people, for as the old farmer said, "There was nothin' like a picnic day for him."

ALICE RUTH SPRAGUE.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CAT.

Once upon a time there was an irrepressible cat with one green eye, and he slept on a red cushion with tassels, and drank cream out of a china dish with blue roses on it, and reigned supreme.

But one day a man person brought a glass bowl to the house and in the glass bowl was a small, shiny red thing that swam round and round and opened and shut its mouth with the most provoking calmness. The little girl persons flew from petting the irrepressible cat at once to coo and giggle over the goldfish.

That night, the irrepressible cat drank skim-milk out of a crockery cup and slept on the floor.

So things went on for two weeks till at last the irrepressible cat's blue eye had nearly turned green with envy. No matter what he said to the little girl persons, they would shake their heads and say, "Abraham Washington Roosevelt, aren't you 'shamed not to like that de-ah little goldfish?" till life became such a burden that he put his paw into a mouse trap in a vain attempt to use up the last of his nine lives.

At last one day he found himself alone with his rival. He sprang lightly to the table and was about to sweep the bowl to the floor, when a little sting within his tawny angora soul made him stop. That was the goldfish's time; had he made use of it humbly and laid low, his life might have been spared, but, instead, he rose perpendicularly on his tail, and gazing straight at his enemy he opened and shut his mouth three distinct times. There was a flash of pink, and Abraham was back on his scarlet cushion grooming his whiskers with the most exquisite care.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MORNING.

A shady stretch of woodland through which a country road winds like a dull grey ribbon, a thrush sounding his note in

the fresh morning air, a timid rabbit halting at every shower of dew-drops from the blossoming trees, the faint odor of that which lives but does not breathe or speak, a bit of golden sunshine touching a gleam of violet by the roadside—and there is a New Hampshire morning. HAZELLE SLEEPER.

RUTH'S MYSTERIOUS GIFT.

The night of Ruth's tenth birthday found her a tired but happy little girl.

Through the day Ruth had received many presents, and was going slowly up stairs, sorry to leave them, when she heard a great commotion out on the veranda. Of course she was anxious to know what was happening, so she ran swiftly to the door just in time to see a boy disappear around the house. Suddenly she felt something move at her feet, looking down what do you suppose she saw? A little white dog, with a collar around his neck and on it written "Ruth Hayes, Western Promenade, Rex."

Ruth gathered the puppy up in her arms and ran to show her parents her new friend. "Mother," said Ruth, "who do you suppose gave me this dear little puppy?" "Well," said her mother with a twinkle in her eye, "it is indeed a great mystery."

GLADYS A. BROWN.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

"Oh, please see if there is one for me!" This remark could be heard many times during the week or two before the Mid-Year Dance. It was always directed to one of the girls who

was flying up the steps to find out if "one" of those delightful things had come for her. In other words, "my" dress was the main topic of conversation. On the night of February the third, we were all able to view the contents of these express packages which had caused so much flutter and agitation.

At half past seven on the eventful evening, the door bell began its continual ringing, "Who is that?" or "Oh, there is my man!" or some such exclamation issued from many rooms, and the excitement and expectation of what was to come thrilled everyone. It was not long before each girl was busily interested in entertaining her guest of the evening. The time flew so fast that almost before one could realize it the evening was partly over. The eighth dance found everyone adjourning to the old "gym" which had been turned into a charming Japanese room, with the alcoves representing Harvard, Yale, and Rogers Hall. Here we were all served with refreshments, and enjoyed the interim in our several ways. When we came down again, we were, if possible, even more eager to continue the programme. The evening was altogether too short, and it ended entirely too soon for us all.

It was almost impossible to believe that the rooms through which we were so often whirled on that night, were the ones in which only the day before had found us working so industriously. The school room without a desk or chair in it, and also without all those things which bring back such delightful memories, was decorated with simlax and jonquils. The Latin room was, by the work of many hands, transformed into a Persian room which almost made one feel transported to that oriental country itself. The walls of the French room were completely covered with a net-work of roses, turning the whole into a beautiful rose garden. The drawing rooms and library were very effectively decorated with large bunches of roses, which added to their usual attractiveness.

Altogether, everything helped to make the Mid-Year dance of 1906 one to be long remembered. We wish to extend to Mrs. Underhill our hearty thanks for our enjoyable evening.

ALMA SHEPARD.

AN EVENING IN "THE ANNEX."

All the lucky girls who were invited to Miss Lucas's party on February tenth in honor of Polly Pew's birthday, looked forward to the evening with a great deal of pleasure and curiosity, for tantalizing rumors were floating around as to the entertainment we were going to have. As soon as we arrived, we were ushered into the parlor where a lot of chairs were arranged facing a sheet stretched across the doorway. Pretty soon, the lights were turned out, and Miss Lucas began reading "The Modern and Mediaeval Ballad of Mary Jane and Benjamin." This was acted in shadow pantomime by Polly Sheley, Polly Pew, and Josephine Morse; Polly Pew was the lover who ranted around and tore out his hair, Josephine was the haughty, heartless coquette, and Polly Sheley was the stern papa. It was fine and acted with great gusto.

After the shadow pictures, we went into the dining-room, where a grand spread was ready for us. We settled ourselves comfortably with a lot of eatables handy, and then ghost stories were told till we could fairly feel our hair standing on end. Among the strange experiences related was the famous "Yellow Wall Paper" story, which Miss Lucas told with a great deal of feeling. When half past nine came, nobody wanted to go home, for we had had such a good time, and all of us vowed we should dream of ghosts and yellow wall paper all night long.

BETTY JAMES.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

We were all pleased when Mrs. Underhill told us that the Andover musical clubs were coming to give us a concert the evening of February seventeenth. If possible, we were more pleased than we were last year, for the memory of last year's good time excited our anticipations.

When February seventeenth came, we had school in the morning to make up for the extra holiday coming at Washington's Birthday time, and a few unlucky creatures even had

"exams," so that it seemed very queer to think that in the evening we were to have a concert, and, best of all, a dance! At last, school was over, and then we all worked with a will for about two hours in decorating the recitation-rooms, "A" and "B," "A" into a "rose-bower," and "B" into a "Persian retreat."

We were ready for our visitors at half past six, for we supposed they would come right up when they reached Lowell, but no one arrived till about seven. While we waited impatiently, Mr. McCurdy came. In the room where he took off his coat and hat, he was greeted by twenty-five or more of his "beloved-by-all" algebras sitting in a row on the desk, and we hope that he felt at home at the sight of his dear friends.

At half past seven, the car came up, and to us, looking out of the windows, it seemed as if hundreds of boys were filing out of the car from both ends.

During recess in the morning, we had gone up in the "gym," and, with the usual din, had made out "our men's" programmes for the dance. As very few of the girls knew any of the Andover students, we drew a card on the way up stairs, on which was written the "fateful name."

When the men came down from the dressing rooms, the ushers were kept busy for quite a while, introducing each one to Mrs. Underhill, Miss Parsons, and Miss Lucas, and then finding the girl who was to be his partner for the evening. When all the ushering had been done, and each one had found her partner, we were separated from them for a while, listening to the splendid concert they gave us.

The glee club came first, with two songs, one about "apple-pies," which everyone has been trying to sing since. The mandolin club next played a medley of Harvard and Yale songs, which was great. Then Mr. Beach sang two very taking songs, one very funny about a little chestnut. The banjo club gave us several good selections, and Mr. McKay sang "A Picnic for Two," with which everyone was delighted, and quite a few of the girls bought a copy the following Saturday.

When clapping ceased to bring an encore, we found our partners for the first dance, and were soon spinning across the floor. The time went altogether too quickly, and eleven o'clock

came before anybody realized it, so sorry were we to have to stop our good time.

We certainly had a great time, and everyone was very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for inviting the Andover men down, and giving us such a pleasant evening.

MOLLY BEACH.

THE HOUSE SUPPER.

At six o'clock on Sunday, February the eighteenth, the big bell in the Laboratory was heard ringing vigorously as a signal for us to come down to the second House supper of the year. Before one could say "Jack Robinson," the room was full of girls in various colored kimonos, who had been waiting all the afternoon for this function.

Louise presided over a huge platter of chicken salad, while the rest of the Entertainment Committee busily served hot chocolate with whipped cream, lettuce sandwiches, and, later, five different kinds of ice cream and cake from the pantry.

Although we all thought that the first House Supper was "perfect," it could not have been entirely so, for this one was even better, and there is nothing higher than perfection, you know.

ELEANOR CUSHING.

HALL SUPPER.

On the Saturday evening after the Andover Dance, all the girls were glad that they didn't have to dress and go down to supper, for Lois, with Marion and Helen to help her, had planned a Hall supper to be served in the Art room. No chafing dishes were used this time, for almost everything came up from Page's. Great heaping platters of chicken salad and piles of lettuce sandwiches stood on the table, as we came in, and this time there were plenty of olives, without any doubt. It didn't take long for the girls to be served and soon they were settled

around the room in different little bunches, and above the hum of conversation, one could frequently hear such things as "Pass the sandwiches, please," "I want another olive," or "Isn't that chocolate good?" When everyone had finished, Molly Beach, Stella Fleeer and Helen Doolittle hustled us all out of the room, for it was their turn to wash the dishes, and they seemed to be in a hurry to get them done. The rest of us discussed many topics in the "old gym," and then, after we had had the evening prayers, we were quite willing to go to our own rooms.

HILDA TALMAGE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY VACATION AT ROGERS HALL.

On Washington's Birthday our three days' vacation commenced, a holiday which we felt was well earned, for we had had school the preceding Saturday.

It was a merry crowd that left Rogers Hall Thursday morning, for even the girls who spent the vacation at school went to Boston that first morning, all meeting at the Parker House for lunch, in groups of from two to six. After lunch we divided again, for there were several attractions at the theatre, and saw either "The American Lord," or "Strongheart," or "The Princess Faraway" at Jordan Hall.

Friday morning a great many of the girls went to Boston again, this time to attend the "Symphony" in the afternoon. The others went driving or walking.

Saturday morning Rogers Hall was once more almost deserted, for again we went into town either to shop or to Keith's in the morning, and to various theatres in the afternoon. Some of the girls who were staying in town even managed to see five plays during the three days' vacation!

The best fun of all came on Saturday evening—the Dartmouth Glee Club Concert at Colonial Hall, to which twenty of the girls went with Miss Dorothy as chaperone. The concert was most enjoyable, lasting until about ten, and then, as we stayed for an hour afterwards, the girls who were fortunate enough to know Lowell or Dartmouth men had several good dances.

Sunday, at supper, we were all once again happily gathered together, after a very pleasant vacation. ELSA KIEFER.

MME. CALVÉ'S CONCERT.

During the Washington's Birthday recess, a few of us had the pleasure of hearing Madame Calvé sing in concert, assisted by her company. As it was the last time she will sing in Boston this winter, Symphony Hall was packed, and even every bit of standing room was taken.

Her first selection was to have been the mad scene from Hamlet, but something had happened to the music, and it was changed. I was extremely sorry, for I had looked forward to hearing her sing this, but even if I was disappointed in that, her other selections amply made up for it. I was very glad to hear her sing something in English, for one of her numerous encores, she gave "Way down upon the Suwanee River," and now I never want to hear any one else sing that familiar melody. Two other encores she sang with a flute accompaniment, and one simply held one's breath when she took her high notes. Her last number on the program was a selection from Carmen, but it was not her last, for the people simply wouldn't go, but called for encore after encore, and Madame Calvé was certainly very good about giving them.

Finally, after she had sung "Coming through the Rye," she refused to come out again, and people moved slowly from the Hall, clapping as they went. Madame Calvé was assisted by M. Fleury, flutist, and M. Decreus, pianist; Mlle. Vermorel, violinist, and Mr. Kerr, basso. HILDA TALMAGE.

"THE PRINCESS FARAWAY."
(La Princesse Lointaine).

"The Princess Faraway," Edmond Rostand's latest work,

was given in Jordan Hall, February the twenty-second, by the XXth Century Club of Boston. The cast was chosen mainly from the students of the dramatic schools of the city, who, doubtless, considering their limited experience, performed very creditably. The beauty of the plot, which is far too delicate and dreamy to be treated here by a critic of such trifling experience, was marred by the translation into English, and by the amateur presentation; but even with these drawbacks, one could see the marvelous possibilities of the play, and the exquisiteness of the conception. The greatest merit of the performance was the strong desire it gave one to see the play properly staged and acted, with, perhaps, the "divine Sarah" in the title rôle, as was the case at the first presentation in Paris, about a year ago.

Much the most charming part of the entertainment were the original "Trouvère" songs and music, sung as *entr'acte* by Miss Amy Murray, to the accompaniment of a mediaeval harp. The song so delightfully given, and Miss Murray, with her interesting costume and graceful manner, created quite the atmosphere of the thirteenth century, from which most of the songs date.

Although the performance failed to give satisfaction in several respects, still, when we consider the splendid object the club has in view—to present the most perfect examples of modern drama for the elevation of the stage, we can overlook to a great extent, all deficiencies, and we wish the club great success in its splendid undertaking. POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

THE DARTMOUTH GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The girls who expected to spend Washington's Birthday at school were very pleased to hear that the Dartmouth Musical Clubs were to be in Lowell on Saturday, the twenty-fourth. Those who had heard the concert last year, aroused the enthusiasm of the less fortunate girls by their descriptions of it, and all were gratified to find that this year's concert did not fall below their expectations. The Glee Club songs were well chosen

and well sung, and the "funny act" by Mr. Felt and Mr. Redlon was as laughable as ever. The mandolin and banjo clubs played several well known pieces, "Silver Heels" winning great applause. The concert ended with the fine old song "Old Dartmouth," and then a very pleasant hour was spent in dancing.

GRACE SMITH.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

"Ten cents to get in, fifteen cents to get out, and fifty cents to stay at home," was the tale the Hall girls heard for at least two days before the eventful Saturday evening, while House girls listened to remarks such as this, "I bet it is going to be a vaudeville or a minstrel show!" or "How is your baby party getting along?"

At last the long-looked-forward-to evening came, and at half past seven all the Hall girls rushed into the new "gym" to secure good seats. Soon the screens in front of the stage were moved away by Drusilla Crabapple, Isaac Goldstein and Zerabubble, disclosing a plain country schoolroom with pictures of the presidents on the walls.

Then Miss Peterkin, the school teacher, entered. Her costume was amazing! A red velvet waist with buttons down the front, a waist such as our mothers used to wear in their girlhood, tight fitting and homely; her skirt was another marvel of the dressmaker's art, it "hiked up" at least three inches in front, and sagged to quite a train behind; and her figure and carriage were something remarkable.

Miss Peterkin had no sooner entered the room than Faithful Snooks ("teacher's pet") came in smiling, bringing her fond teacher a bunch of flowers; following her were the irrepressible twins, Cora and Encora Bernhardt. Miss Peterkin then rang the bell, and the rest of the scholars sauntered in. There were cry-baby girls, goody-goody girls, naughty girls and tattle tales, fat boys, lazy boys, naughty boys and sleepy boys!

The school was next summoned to order, and the roll called, and, on account of loud and urgent demands from the pupils, Miss Peterkin, as a favor, let them sing "Good-morning, Merry Sunshine." Next came the geography lesson, with very brilliant but weird descriptions of the dew, the earth, a sound, and an isthmus. On being asked to give a definition of a cape, one of the twins answered thus, "A cape is a thing which is swiped." This, I know, was fully appreciated by the girls who own capes and find them gone at recess. During one of the brief and far-between silences, a gentle and subdued snore was heard. Miss Peterkin looked up from her book long enough to ask somebody to wake up Obadiah. This was done with alacrity, but not very effectually, as, with an apolegetic "good morning," Obadiah resumed his nap.

The scholars were beginning to get restless by this time, the boys pulled the girls' pigtails, and the girls cried. George Washington Roosevelt Brown became quite enamored with his seatmate, Belinda Turnipseed, and insisted upon hugging her, much to Belinda's disgust, and finally she had to tell Miss Peterkin on him, in order to stop her black admirer's demonstrations of love. Just as the disorder of the room was at its height, Mrs. Geyser came to visit the school just in time to comfort her daughter Clorinda, who was weeping because Nehemiah Obadiah Brown had called her a cry-baby. Mrs. Geyser took her darling child up to the front of the room, where she did her best to comfort her.

Soon a knock was heard at the door, and Miss Peterkin, with a doting smile and an affected simper, asked her dear Faithful to please open the door. Two visitors were admitted, Miss Amanda Scroggins and Miss Perkins. They were ushered up to the front, and Miss Peterkin had just suggested that some of the children's compositions be read, when a very loud knock interrupted her. "Faithful, my dear, will you be so good as to open the door," said Miss Peterkin. Then a manly tread sounded on the floor and Mr. Bottleby, the school inspector, presented himself. He very gallantly escorted Miss Peterkin to her chair, and, after seating himself beside her and casting flirtatious glances in her direction, he asked if some compositions

might not be read. Miss Peterkin called upon Tommy Pieface to read his essay on "Girls," and I must say that the composition was good for a boy of Tommy's age, even though it was not very complimentary to our sex. After Tommy's performance, Jerushy Jones recited an original "lyric poem." Next came Joshua Limburger's about the city of New York, which was very amusing, and then Belinda Turnipseed read hers about "Flies" ending up with "there are all sorts of flies—horse flies, house flies, and shoo flies, black flies, blue flies and shad flies—but there ain't no flies on me."

After the compositions had been read and Miranda O'Flannigan had sung a solo which ended in tears and shrieks, Mr. Bottleby asked if he might address a few words to the young people. He arose, puffed out his chest, and, with a cheery smile around the room, pulled out his watch and said to Miss Peterkin, in a voice very unlike Miss Coburn's, "By the way, how much time have I?" This remark was followed by others which were duly appreciated by the Rogers Hall girls; then, after a song, which was a hit on one of the editors, Polly Sheley, about "Splinters," school was dismissed and the screens were drawn back in place.

After school was over, "the children" passed around ice cream and cake, and then we danced. Everybody agreed that the "Baby party" had been a grand success, and we thank the House girls very, very much for the fun they gave us on March third, nineteen hundred and six.

The following are the characters:—

Miss Annable,		Miss Peterkin
Miss Coburn,		Mr. Bottleby.
Grace Heath,		Obadiah Buzzard
Helen Watters,		Faithful Snooks
Ruth Sprague,	} twins	Cora and Encora Bernhardt
Eleanor Cushing,		
Ruth McCracken,		'Lije Dipsy
Florence Waldorf,		Ebeneezer Sneeze
Bessie Hayes,		Jerushy Mehitable Jones
Opal Bracken,		George Washington Roosevelt Brown
Eunice Bagg,		Salome Peters

Elsa Kiefer,
 Martha McDowell,
 Maude Turner,
 Dorothy Rice,
 Madge Mariner,
 Frances Dice,
 Alma Shepard,
 Pearl Burns,
 Louise Cayzer,
 Grace Smith,
 Burnie Fisher,
 Marjory Fish,
 Dorothy Mercer,
 Kathleen Nelden,

Miss Perkins
 Miss Amanda Scroggins
 Joshua Limburger
 Clorinda Geyser
 Mrs. Geyser
 Belinda Turnipseed
 Tommy Pieface
 Samanthie Piper
 Susie Crawfoot
 Nehemiah Obadiah Brown
 Miranda O'Flannigan
 Zerabubble
 Drusilla Crabapple
 Isaac Goldstein
 BETTY JAMES.

THE READING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

We all had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith read several of his delightful stories at the Women's Club on Monday, March fifth.

He began his reading with the well-known story of "Johnathan," and this was followed by "Bob's Client," a pathetic description of a poor musician's devotion to his violin. A still sadder story came next, a selection from "Tom Grogan," made more realistic because Mr. Smith told us that it was absolutely true, so true, in fact, that he had been almost afraid to print it, as the public would find it hard to believe the facts. The characters Mr. Smith read, or rather talked, about were brought vividly before us, for he spoke with such clearness and so much feeling, literally acting out each part.

The reading was ended by an exceedingly amusing sketch of the meeting of the author with a typical raw-boned American in Venice.

So the very pleasant afternoon was brought to a close, and a number of the girls had the honor of shaking hands with Mr. Smith.

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

"STRONGHEART."

It is not often that the Lowell Theatre offers such an attraction as "Strongheart," and it was with pleasure that we noticed the bills announcing that Robert Edeson was to play here.

We were still more pleased when Mrs. Underhill told us that the girls who wished to see it, would be allowed to go if they made up their work some other time, so Miss Dorothy accompanied nine of the girls who preferred putting off their work until some other time for the sake of seeing "Strongheart."

All the girls are very fond of the play, as the hero is a football player, which always appeals to a girl's heart. Such a vivid description is given of the football game that we wish, O! how we wish! to see it!

Those of us who had seen it before, decided that Strongheart was as strong, and that Billy was just as good natured and good hearted as ever. He always came in at just the right time, so that, instead of crying, we really had to laugh.

The play fulfilled our highest expectations, and all the girls declared that they had spent a most delightful evening.

NANCY PEARLE BURNS.

THE FRENCH PLAY.

The French play, "La Duchesse Couturieré," given by the Hall girls, March sixteenth, was a great success.

The first scene is in the work room of la Duchesse Couturieré's dress making establishment. Hélène had been very much in love with her cousin Tristan, but her aunt, la Comtesse, had opposed the marriage, for she wished her grandson to marry an heiress. After a stormy interview with her relative, Hélène went to the city to make her fortune. She started a dressmaking shop and became very wealthy; for she became the fashion, and the ladies of Paris society came to her for their gowns. Among these were the two social rivals, la Marquise de Menneville and Madame de Berny, the wife of a rich banker. That evening the grand ball of la Marquise was to be given. Madame de Berny's highest ambition was to gain an invitation to this

fete. She confided her wish to H  lene, who promised to win the prize for her on the condition that she would persuade her husband to vote so that the new railroad would run to the left of Tristan's property instead of to the right. Madame de Berny promised, and thus the estate was kept intact and Tristan's fortune restored. A few minutes later, la Marquise came for the gown she was to wear that evening, and H  lene asked for an invitation for Madame de Berny as a reward, but her request was refused. Thereupon she cut the gown into shreds and forced la Marquise to yield in order to obtain a gown for the occasion. Later Christine, the grand daughter of la Comtesse, came and told H  lene of Tristan's great gambling debt and begged her help. Immediately H  lene gave her a cheque for the amount. Christine carried the money to her grandmother, who came instantly to thank her niece and to ask her hand for Tristan.

Elizabeth James made a very self-possessed duchess, and Polly Sheley was extremely good as the head of the establishment, ordered the other sewing girls about as if she enjoyed her position, and acted altogether as to the French "manner born". Lois Fonda threw herself into the part wonderfully and was adorable as Tristan's devoted sister. Beatrice Lyford, too, entered into the spirit of her part, and in every look and gesture was the typical French woman. The proud old countess was charmingly represented by Helen Doolittle, whose powdered hair and quiet dignity made her seem, well, almost as old as Lois's grandmother would naturally be. We were much interested also in the haughty marchioness,—Gladys, with her hair up,—and, in fact, in all the characters. The play held our attention throughout and was much enjoyed by all the girls.

La Comtesse, Douairiere de Lesneven,	Helen Doolittle
Christine, petit fille de la Comtesse,	Lois Fonda
La Baronne de Jerbriand, amie de pension d'H��lene	Josephine Morse
Mme. de Berny, femme d'un riche banquier,	Beatrice Lyford
Corinne, premi��re demoiselle de magasin,	Polly Sheley
Tristan, l'amoureux d'H��lene,	Polly Sheley
Esther, deuxieme demoiselle de magasin,	Helen Foster

Hélène, Duchesse Couturière, orpheline niece de la Comtesse
de Lesueven, Elizabeth James
Ouvrières, Molly Beach and Ruth Heath
RUTH McCRACKEN.

THE ENGLISH PLAY.

After the French play was over, "The Mouse Trap," by W. D. Howells, was given.

The cast was made up entirely of House girls, as the French play had been made up of Hall girls, and was coached by Miss Coburn.

When the screens were pulled away, Eleanor Cushing as Mrs. Somers is reading the speech which Mr. Campbell, her fiancé, had made the preceding evening before the legislative committee against woman suffrage. This speech had very much displeased Mrs. Somers, as she thinks it is aimed against her sex, especially against their lack of courage, which she assures Mr. Campbell they possess, and in her anger against the man who can so talk about her sex, she breaks the engagement. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, Mr. Campbell gets very much interested in the other side of the room, and with a manly stride, crosses over and begins to peer under the chairs and tables. Then he calmly announces that he has seen a mouse, frightening Mrs. Somers quite out of her wits. She jumps up on her chair, vowing that she won't get down until Mr. Campbell kills the mouse. In the midst of all this excitement, the door bell rings, and a number of ladies come to call on Mrs. Somers. When they realize that a mouse is in the room, all jump on chairs, even to the maid, who absolutely refuses to get down in order to answer the door bell. After they have thoroughly discussed the subject of mice, they decide to go, and with a great deal of screaming, in order to scare the mouse, they make their exit. Then Mr. Campbell apologizes to Mrs. Somers for the fraud he has practised, and asks her to come down, but she won't, as she is afraid of the idea of the mouse. She adds, however, that if she were a man, she should

use violence, and with that, Mr. Campbell takes her in his arms, and carries her off the stage.

All the parts were taken very well, and we especially enjoyed the maid, Mrs. Somers and Mr. Campbell. The cast was as follows:—

Mrs. Somers,	Eleanor Cushing
Mr. Campbell,	Helen Watters
Mrs. Curwin,	Florence Waldorf
Mrs. Roberts (Campbell's sister),	Alma Shepard
Mrs. Miller,	Maude Turner
Mrs. Bemis,	Louise Cayzer
Jane, the maid,	Burnie Fisher
The Mob,	Eunice Bagg
	BETTY JAMES.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONIES.

A number of the girls, and even occasionally a few of the college girls, who generally have to stay at home and study, have had the pleasure of going into Boston to the symphonies Friday afternoons. The programs at these concerts have been excellent, giving a great variety of musical composition, including works by the modern as well as the older masters ; and although many of the symphonies had been heard in Boston before, still a few of them were given there for the first time, and were magnificently interpreted. Each time, we heard either one or two celebrated soloists, among them Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Ernest Hutcheson and Miss Aus der Ohe, pianiste; Mr. David Bispham, baritone; Miss Elsa Ruegger, Miss Maris Hall and Mr. Henri Marteau, violinists.

These concerts have been of special interest because they are the last to be given under the present conductor, Mr. Gericke, who has resigned.

HELEN FOSTER.

ATHLETICS.

Pope says that in the spring

“All nature laughs, the woods are green and fair,
The sun’s mild lustre warms the freshening air.”

And no one can complain that this is not so, for nature has “laughed,” and there has been just as much sunny weather as anyone could wish for. At school here, this spring term is the one liked best, and, of course, for that reason goes the quickest.

The basket-ball games were very exciting and only one remains to decide the “rubber,” and tell which is the champion team. That game will be played after the Easter vacation on the basket-ball field out-doors. It ought to be the most exciting of all, and I think it will be.

During the winter, though it was unusually mild, we had all the winter sports, though the snow did come so late, skating and coasting and snowshoeing. The coasting was fine for about a week, especially down Rogers Street and Sherman Street. It was just as good as flying to go down Sherman hill. You went down so fast that, when you got to the foot of the hill and finally stopped, you were almost breathless.

In the gymnasium we have been doing work on the parallel bars, such as swinging and “skinning the cat,” and there have also been the Indian Clubs with their “fish dip,” “pendulum,” and “windmill” movements, which are all great fun.

We have had the indoor meet which was very good, so now the next meet will be the outdoor meet on Founder’s Day, in which there are so many events that there is always one, at the very least, for which each girl wants to enter. There is a great deal of competition in it, too, to see who will get first place.

Another thing that everybody likes is baseball; and though people sometimes insist that no girl can pitch like a boy, yet, once in a while, one does come upon a girl who pitches just as

straight as any boy, and, though she may not know all the curves and twists of a regular pitcher, yet she can throw the ball well enough for any girls' boarding school.

Now all the winter fun is over and we feel the spring in the air and in our blood, and it makes us wake up and shake ourselves and want to be outdoors in the sunshine all the time, doing something different from what we have been doing all winter.

So with the three baseball games, badminton, and tennis, at the same time, there will be very few spare minutes to be spent indoors.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

The first of the championship basket-ball games between House and Hall was played in the gymnasium on Tuesday, February twentieth. The game was called at a quarter of three, and the teams and their respective cheerers were promptly there. After cheers were given on both sides, the two teams took their places on the floor. Three of the regular House team, being unable to play, were substituted for by Martha McDowell, Alma Shepard, and Florence Waldorf, and the lineup was:

Hall	House
Betty James, r. h.	Dorothy Mercer, l. h.
Hilda Talmage, l. h.	Martha McDowell, r. h.
Ruth Heath, c. c.	Florence Waldorf, c. c.
Gladys Lawrence, r. c.	Alma Shepard, l. c.
Burnie Fisher, l. c.	Grace Heath, r. c.
Polly Pew, Captain, r. g.	Grace Smith, l. g.
Marguerite Roesing, l. g.	Marjorie Fish, r. g.

The playing was fast and clean on both sides and for a few minutes quite steady, neither side scoring or fouling. The Hall was first to foul and Dorothy Mercer, the House home, neatly dropped the ball into the basket, scoring one for the House. This was soon followed by three brilliant baskets thrown by Betty and also one by Hilda. The Hall secured one more score on a free throw and the first half closed with a

score of 9-1 in favor of the Hall, after fifteen minutes of hard playing on both sides.

At the signal for the second half the same teams took their places. The game went on much the same as before, Betty still continuing to throw baskets and Hilda, who was extremely well guarded, got one also on a foul. Dorothy, who was fighting hard against Polly's close guarding, had thrown one basket from the field and two more on fouls, so that the final score was 15-5 in favor of the Hall. The following Tuesday was appointed for the second game and after cheering for their own and their opponent's teams, and for Miss McFarlane, the victorious and defeated girls left the gymnasium, the Orange feeling that the first game was a long way toward victory, the Reds glad that they had still another chance to win their numerals.

OPAL MAY BRACKEN.

The second House and Hall basket-ball game was played on Tuesday, February the twenty-seventh. The game opened with great excitement, for the Hall had won the first game and now the House girls felt they must win. The ball was thrown up between the two centres, and batted over to the Hall side, where, after quick passing, E. James made the first goal for the Hall. The other goals were made by the following girls:

Hall		House	
Goals	Goals on Fouls	Goals	Goals on Fouls
E. James 5	E. James 0	O. Bracken 4	O. Bracken 2
H. Talmage 1	H. Talmage 1	D. Mercer 2	D. Mercer 3

During the first half the Hall lost one of its best guards—Marguerite Roesing, and Stella Fleer was put on as a substitute, taking her part very well.

Betty played splendidly, making one goal after another amid cheers from the Hall girls who were watching the game. Hilda, also, played well, though heavily guarded by the kangaroo, paw-like hand of Grace Smith who, leaning forward, hand raised, with an unchanging seraphic smile, was ready to

bat the ball the minute it left Hilda's hands. There was very neat playing done by the House's two homes, Opal Bracken, and Dorothy Mercer; and at one time a funny episode occurred, Opal had the ball, and Polly Pew, eager to guard her well, stood on her head trying to hold the ball. The Hall's captain put up a very smooth game and distinguished herself in her guarding of the slippery Opal.

As usual both the Heath girls played with spirit, Ruth as centre centre, and Grace as side centre.

Both teams were in excellent form and played a very good game, the Hall being ahead at the end of the first half; but, during the second half the House worked fiercely, caught up and won by a score of 17-13.

The line up was as follows:

Hall	House
E. James, home	H. Mercer, home.
H. Talmage, home	O. Bracken, home (Capt.)
S. Fleer, guard (Sub.)	G. Smith, guard.
P. Pew, guard (Capt.)	M. Fish, guard.
R. Heath, c. centre	R. McCracken, c. centre.
G. Lawrence, s. centre	F. Dice, s. centre.
B. Fisher, s. centre	G. Heath, s. centre.
	BEATRICE LYFORD.

INDOOR MEET.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 13th, the annual Indoor Meet was held, and was a great success. Everybody not only was interested in it, and that alone would have made it successful, but all did their very best. The new girls fenced finely, and the old girls also. Polly Pew and Betty James were especially expert among the old girls, and Eleanor Cushing and Martha McDowell among the new girls, though it is hard to choose, for they were all so good. The wrists of those who whirled the Indian Clubs had my sympathy when they did the "fish dips," for that is a movement that tires the wrists more than any other, as

there is so much turning and twisting of the clubs. They did it very well, and it was quite fascinating to watch their arms and clubs keeping perfect time to Bernie Fisher's playing.

After the Indian Clubs were finished, a squad of girls came out and bounded balls. They were all good, but I think the "star" was Bessie Hayes, who should be praised not only for her skill, but even more for her foresight; for, one time when they were almost through, Bessie did not catch her ball, and everybody expected to see her get red and leave her place to pick it up again. But no, indeed! Bessie was equal to the emergency, and, with a perfectly calm and collected air, she fished down into her bloomers pocket and produced another with which she went on playing as before.

The work on the parallel bars was fine, Louise Parker being especially good. There were several very pretty and graceful dances by both the older and younger girls. The younger girls did the mazurka and dainty-step, and did them very well. Their floor work was very good also. But the dance for the older girls! Who can describe it with its "flying Mercury" poses by Hilda Talmage, Betty James and the rest!

The jumping rope was awfully funny; Stella Fleer jumped the longest and Helen Foster was very agile.

After that came Battle Ball and Captain Ball, two games which are very exciting; thrilling, at times, for those who play and those who watch. There were four teams for Captain Ball, the captains of which were Dorothy Rice, Gladys Lawrence, Betty James and Bernie Fisher. Bernie Fisher's team beat Dorothy Rice's, and Betty James's beat Gladys Lawrence's, so there was an exciting struggle between the two winning teams, in which Bernie Fisher and her team won from Betty James.

PROGRAM.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| I Fencing by New Girls, | II Mazurka |
| III Indian Clubs, | IV Dainty Step |
| V Parallel Bars, | VI Jumping Rope, |
| VII Bounding Balls, | VIII Battle Ball, |
| IX Captain Ball, | X Fencing by Old Girls. |

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

RALLY DAY.

To the rest of the country the twenty-second of February is Washington's birthday; but to us at Smith it is Rally Day and one of the most exciting days of the college year.

The "gym" was the centre of attraction and you could scarcely have recognized that usually bare building. The gallery, trimmed with class colors and emblems, was crowded with proud parents and fond friends, while the floor below was thronged with girls all in white. Each class had a corner of the room with a sort of dais in front on which the song leaders stood. The Seniors were stunning in their red caps and gowns, while the Juniors looked properly fetching in green polo hats with yellow pompoms, tributes to their protégés, the Freshmen. At the other side of the room were the Sophomores, wearing big white hats trimmed with wreaths of violets and purple boas, and, opposite, glowing with childish excitement, were the Freshmen, four hundred strong, in big sunflower hats, carrying sunflower wands.

It sounds unimportant enough to say that each class sang two songs, except the Senior class, who sang three; but there is a deep significance behind it: the class which sings a song first is the sole possessor of that song for time everlasting. When it came to the Freshmen's turn to sing they sang the praises of their newly-chosen class animal, the Ju-Ju bird, a secret which they had guarded jealously for days.

After the song all the girls sat tailor-fashion on the floor, to see a play given by the Council called, "The Shakespeare Water Cure." Shakespeare himself scarcely would have recognized his gracious Portia in the frivolous creature who bemoaned her "Bassie's" inconstancy, or his lovelorn Romeo in the peevish youth who stubbornly refused his Juliet a new gown. They were all there, Lady Macbeth with many pistols,

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

and her henpecked husband, an effeminate creature in Scotch plaids. Hamlet and his father's ghost, and even Shylock, were not forgotten.

In the afternoon were the basket-ball games. The Seniors played the Juniors first and beat them, and then the Sophomores beat the Freshmen. But though the "Evens" beat the "Odds" in basket-ball they couldn't outdo them in enthusiasm or loyalty to their teams, and the "gym" rang with the strains of "Soldiers' Field" as the Odd classes sang :

"On the floor the fight is raging,
Watch our Odd team play.
In the score that we are making
We will win today,
(Rah, rah, rah!)

"See the 'Evens' how they're losing,
Losing more and more
Then cheer, cheer, cheer,
For we have no fear
1909 forever more."

After the upperclassmen's game the Freshman captain was chosen, and the girls carried her around the "gym" on their shoulders while everyone cheered. Then the Sophomore team drew the captains, and the other teams, at a break-neck speed around the gymnasium, in a sort of Roman chariot, while the classes sang themselves hoarse : at last, forgetting basket-ball rivalries and class feeling, everyone made a great circle four deep and sang :

"To our happy college days we're singing,
And our college friends we hold so dear,
And echoes, loudly ringing,
Echoes, softly singing,
Tell to all our love for Alma Mater,
And our college friends so tried and true.
And classes, odd and even,
Classes odd and even,
Together stand, and, hand in hand,
Sing loud, fair Smith, to thee."

For those of us who had never seen a Rally Day before it was something never to be forgotten. We felt that we now could understand that love for "Fair Smith" which makes the Seniors hate to leave and the "old girls" envy us who have three years of college life before us.

DOROTHY NORTON, R. H., 1905.

Katherine Porter has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Rollins of Boston.

Margaret Hall (R. H., 1899, Vassar, 1903) gave a very delightful dance at the Vesper Boat House on February twenty-second.

Louise Ellingwood (R. H., 1900) was married on February nineteenth, to Mr. Daniel Swan of Lowell. Her maid of honor was Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H., 1904) and three of her four bridesmaids were Rogers Hallers—Julia Stevens, Mary Wilder, and Ruth Burke. Her address is Oak Street, Lowell.

Mrs. John Ellsworth (Alice Chalifoux) is visiting her mother in Lowell.

Marjorie Hutchinson has announced her engagement to Mr. William Curtis of Boston.

Ada Chalifoux, who was seriously ill with appendicitis while she was in England, has recovered completely and is now at her home in Lowell.

Cyrena Case (R. H., 1903, Smith, 1907) is to be married to Mr. Howard Kellogg of Buffalo, on March twenty-sixth.

Polly Farrington (R. H., 1905) has returned from her trip to Denver, New Orleans and Palm Beach.

Mrs. Herbert Linsley (Ruth Coburn) has a son, Walter Coburn Linsley, born February fifth.

Alice Bailey (R. H., 1905) who, on account of illness, was unable to begin her course at Smith College in September, has returned to Rogers Hall for review work before entering the class of 1910 in the fall.

Mrs. Thomas Dwyer (Ethel Kline, R. H., 1901) who has been living at Fort Snelling is now at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Rogers Hall was well represented in the Mardi Gras given at Colonial Hall, Lowell, on February twenty-seventh. Florence Nesmith, Ruth Burke, and Carnz Abbot as "Les Nuits," and Eleanor Palmer and Rita Talbot as "Les Folies" were among the best numbers of the vaudeville, as was Caroline Wright's topical sketch by the Queen of Hearts. Among the court ladies were Marion Stott, Emily Ludlam, and Bessie Ludlam, and among the ushers, Juliette Huntress, Isabel Nesmith, and Harriet Nesmith.



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Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

SPLINTERS.

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SPLINTERS.

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No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

The best loved term of school has come and is gone. The term of which the old girls talked and which the new girls anticipated. Early study hour, no "evening conversation," the lovely outdoor life with all its pleasures, the blossoming trees and flowers, have all been part of its delights. The shortest yet the best remembered term of the school year!

What a few short days ago it seems that we were all arriving at Rogers Hall, unpacking and settling down for a whole year of work, welcoming old friends and greeting newcomers. We said it was but a few short days ago, yet when one stops to consider the vacations, Christmas and Easter, the recesses at Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday, and the numberless pleasures here at school, appearing like so many little jeweled milestones, then October does recede into the rather distant past.

There was one hill we all had to climb, and the name of this hill was "Mid Year Examinations." For a week before we reached it strength and knowledge were stored up that we might more readily reach the top, and when the time came and the hill was climbed, what satisfaction to look back over the past route with all its difficulties and to feel we had conquered. How much more it means to us to have climbed our hill than to have gone around it, and never to have reached a high point from which we could look back and review the ground covered.

But our life has been not all in books or in the classroom. It is of our friends, too, that we think as we consider the year. Friendships have grown up, deep sincere friendships, that will endure always. Characters have been developed, natures have rounded out. An undemonstrative girl has caught some of the enthusiasm of her friend, the frivolous girl has profited by another girl's womanly dignity; and perhaps another who has let trifles worry her is made stronger by the self-confidence and resourcefulness of her mates, and has learned to meet her difficulties cheerfully and in a more practical way. The selfish girl has learned her lesson in generosity. After all, there is no place in the world where the Golden Rule should be more practiced than in school, for does not what we shall be later, depend on what we make ourselves now? So on the second of June we were not altogether glad that our long vacation had come, for it was very hard to part from the friends who have formed so large a part of our life through these eight months at Rogers Hall.

You who read this in your distant homes, especially you who but several days ago were with your schoolmates and teachers in this dear school, come and take a last look at it with me ere *SPLINTERS* turns the final page on the spring term of nineteen hundred six. There stands the old hall itself, so imposing and stately, with its great Ionic columns, the tall poplar trees at the side, and the early budding horse-chestnuts before the door, the sloping lawn at the rear, with the apple blossoms and lilacs on all sides. It is so we like best to remember it in after years,—Rogers Hall in springtime, the springtime of the year and of our lives.

LOIS FONDA.

FRAULEIN TAUSENDWALD'S LOVE STORY.

You would never have thought to look at Fraulein Tausendwald that her reasons for remaining single numbered among them a heart, for though the quaint little lady had never hardened towards her fellow beings nor lost her faith

THE LOVE STORY OF FRAULEIN TAUSENWALD. 3

in humanity—rather, she loved the whole blessed human family—she always seemed proof against sentiment. She was the sweetest little old lady imaginable, with dear, silvery water-fall curls, and very snappy brown eyes; and she carried her head like a queen, for had she not—but we must leave that for later.

I was an American and therefore, she assured me, a barbarian, but I saw nevertheless that my delight in the exquisite miniature which she showed me as a notable favor, pleased her immensely, especially when I recognized the original of it without a moment's hesitation. "Ach, kindchen," she said, "You would never know it if anyone other than I had shown it to you, for it was taken years ago when I went to my first court ball."

Now was there ever a child who was not fascinated by the words "court ball," and I, fresh from the school exercises in honor of His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Machtnichtsaus' birthday, was fairly intoxicated with their charm.

"It must be wonderful to go to court," I remarked indifferently, longing to learn of the triumphs I had heard rumored, but fearing to show overmuch curiosity. The sound of the military band on its way to the parade came to us, and Fraulein Tausendwald listened until it was only a distant murmur, and then said slowly:

"It is indeed wonderful, mein kleines, and because you are young enough to care to listen to a silly old woman, I will tell you of it."

"Never old," I protested, promptly, but Fraulein Tausendwald merely sniffed, and I subsided.

"As I suppose you know, even though you come from a country of savages, I belong to one of the very oldest families of our Empire. We have been at court for generations, some of us even as 'Kammerdamen.' My mother, God rest her was, lady-in-waiting to our blessed Grand-duchess Amelia, and from the time I was a tiny girl I remember playing about the great rooms of the castle, and sometimes the young crown-

prince, he that is Grand-duke now, used to carry me around on his shoulder, and run races with me in the long throne room.

"When I was fourteen I was sent to Madame Stefinie's to prepare to follow in my mother's footsteps. It was hard work, that practising for the court. We spent three hours a day bowing and dancing, besides learning to be good housewives; and we were obliged to wear steel collars when we were studying, to make us carry our heads properly.

"When I was seventeen Madame Stefinie wrote my mother that I was ready to be presented, and I went home. I assure you, none of you modern young people can imagine my excitement. I practised bowing all the morning after reaching home, and all the afternoon I spent with the modiste who had come from Paris to make the gowns for that year. I remember mine so well. It was yellow, just the color of the wheat, and as you see made very simply, for my mother would have it so. This ball was to be the greatest event for years, for the court was just out of mourning for the old duke, and the young one was to receive for the first time with his mother.

"It seemed as if the day would never go, and when the evening finally came, I was so frightened I would have run away and hidden had it not been for the pride of the Tausendwalds that made me keep my head. Just before we left for the castle my mother put a string of pearls around my neck and kissed me, and I nearly wept for joy and fright.

"There was a long line before us, but it seemed scarcely a second before mother was looking me over and straightening my gown, and a minute more when I heard our names announced. I followed my mother the length of the audience room, and then suddenly I found myself bowing before Her Royal Highness and kissing her hand, and the next minute I heard the voice of the young duke, whom I had not dared hope would remember me, saying, 'So this is Fraulein Lieschen whom I used to carry on my shoulder!' and I, blushing and embarrassed to the point of suffocating, blurted out 'Yes, Herr Karl,' as I had always called him, and then remembering that this was the Grand-duke to whom I was speaking, I gasped

an inarticulate apology, and with two great tears rolling down my cheeks started to back down the long room. I think His Highness must have felt sorry for me, for he stepped down and offered me his arm, whispering that we should see each other later and talk over old times.

"Disastrous as had been my first appearance at court, I was a success, as had been all my family before me. The young duke was more than kind, and always called me Lieschen, and insisted that he had never cared for his name until the night when I had shown him how beautiful the plainest things might be made. I knew that I was the envy of half the court, and at first I liked the attention he showed me for that reason, and then I liked it for the sake of the person who paid it. The season was very gay that year, and we met continually. However, all good things must end sometime, and the last ball was given at the Russian embassy. At the end of the first dance he led me to one of the side-rooms and seated himself opposite me.

" 'Lieschen,' he said very seriously, 'What do you believe is a monarch's responsibility toward his people?'

" 'Truly, your Highness,' I answered, 'I do not know.'

"Then he told me of all the hopes, ideals and ambitions that had been with him since he was a child, and how he had longed to be a true monarch and rule his people wisely. Suddenly he leaned far forward and said slowly:

" 'But I have found that there is one thing greater than greatness itself, Lieschen, that one small girl can change a man beyond belief;' and then he said very softly, 'Lieschen, I love——.' There was a slight sound outside, and the Dowager Duchess stood in the door-way.

" 'There, child,' she said, 'I was sure I saw you come this way. Will you give me your arm, the ball-room is very warm, and perhaps we can find some place to rest.'

"His Royal Highness had risen at his mother's entrance, but she did not pay the slightest attention to him. I walked with her to one of the seats near a fountain and there she seated herself and after a moment's thought began: 'I am going to tell you a secret, Lieschen, the kind I am sure appeals to every

young girl. There is to be the greatest celebration soon, for my son is to marry our cousin of Holland, and the wedding is to take place in two months. You are such an old friend of His Royal Highness I thought I would tell you of the arrangement among the first.'

"'Your Highness is most kind,' I murmured, and something within me seemed to break, like the princess in the fairy-story who had a glass heart, only she died, and I could not.

"We never met again until after the marriage and since then we have grown older and wiser, and have learned to laugh at our folly."

Just as Fraulein Tausendwald finished there was a knock at the door, and as if by magic one of the tall court footmen walked into the room, and bowing handed her a letter. She broke the heavy black seal and read the letter through carefully, then turning to me with a faint blush, said:

"Run home, kleines, for this is to say that His Royal Highness will take tea with me tomorrow afternoon, and I must see that the proper arrangements are made, and that that stupid Kate makes the Fladen right. His Highness has always said that the Fladen we have is the best he has ever tasted, and we must not fall short after forty years."

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

A MONOLOGUE ON MILLINERY.

Oh, my dear, I was just going to get a hat! Do come with me!

That's right, do. I'll just go in Madame Bergere's first and see what she has.

What do I want one for? My dear girl! I have to have a new one for the tea to-morrow. The only one I have is so dreadfully shabby! Here we are!

Which one? Oh, that one over there! Yes, I think so too, but I look like a fright in red, it makes me look so sallow. Anyway, I heard it was going to be a lavender tea. Of course, it may not be true, but that's what I heard.

Yes, I know, aren't they slow, regular snails! Oh, there's Madame herself, let's get her!

Oh Madame, can you show me some hats? I heard you had some perfect darlings! Any shape, but I would like a pale purple one.

Dora! did you ever see anyone walk so dreadfully! And my dear! you know she's no more French than I am. A friend of my cousin used to go to school with her brother. Her name was Mahoney before she married.

Her husband? Yes, now I think of it, I've heard he was French, but that's no reason why she should rustle around and put out a big brass sign with "Madame" written on it.

My aunt! Why, Dora Dodge, how can you! she never pretended to be what she wasn't, and even if her husband was a—but here comes Madame with some hats.

Oh, what a perfect beauty! do let me try it on. Oh, did you ever see anything prettier? How much is it?

Twenty-five dollars! Dear, dear, that's too much! If it showed what it cost, but I don't see what on earth's on it worth more than seven forty-nine!

Ostrich feathers! Why my cousin bought an ostrich feather by mail, at about two-fifty!

Oh, no, I don't like any of the others. I have changed my mind about the color, get me something blue.

Did you see that impudent creature look at my back comb? I know she was comparing it with her cheap old thing!

Yes, it is pretty, I got it at Tiffany's, or at least I heard my cousin say she saw one just like it there.

Well, well, now let's see these hats! Here's a pretty one, I do love silk roses!

Oh, dear, no, I don't like that!

Yes, it is becoming, but I would have to have my hair waved every time I wore it, and I really can't come down town all the time.

Well, I do come down a good deal, but, still, you see—anyway I should rather have something else.

So that's what you call a Johnny Jones sailor, is it? Now that's rather *chic*, don't you think? But still it hasn't quite enough *eclat* for me, and I think it takes a blonde to give style to such a pale nile green, anyway.

There, I see the hat I want! Over there to your left. That crushed strawberry thing with the purple pansies and golden buttercups on it.

No, I won't try it on, it is perfectly stunning and I know it will suit me. How much is it?

Nine ninety-eight! What a bargain! Here's a ten dollar bill.

Not wait for the change! My dear, are you crazy? Two cents will buy a perfectly good paper!

Won't you wait? Ah, do!

Well, all right! Thank you for helping me. See you at the tea? Yes! Au revoir!

ANNIS KENDALL.

A FEW PAGES FROM MY JAPANESE DIARY.

We had so many interesting experiences in Japan that it is hard to choose any particular ones to describe for SPLINTERS, but our visit to the Asakusa Temples and the pleasure grounds around them, in Tokio, stands out very clearly, because the place is so characteristically Japanese.

The grounds when we got there were filled with people all dressed in their best and out for a good time. It is quite remarkable the way the heathen mix piety and pleasure; gorgeous altars, small zoos, amusement booths, and much decorated temples are all jumbled in together. We saw the famous long rooster whose tail is supposed to be fourteen feet long, but it certainly didn't look it. Then we heard a bell ringing and followed the crowd of people who were all hurrying in one direction. We

soon found ourselves at a sort of Punch and Judy show, except that the stage was much larger than is usual at such performances, and the funny little figures walked right in on it, sat in chairs, and danced. They completely upset me, they were so funny, and weak in the knees.

These temple grounds were lots of fun, but we saw so many temples in Japan that before long we vowed never to step inside of another one unless there was something very much out of the ordinary about it.

It was quite a relief to feel when we were starting off on our trip from Myanoshita to Atami that there wasn't a single temple on the way which we ought to visit. This trip over the Ten Province Pass takes you through some of the most beautiful scenery of Japan, but it is principally up and down steep paths over the mountains, so you have to be carried in chairs.

We left the attractive Fujiya Hotel early in the morning and were bowed away by more servants than we ever thought there were in the hotel. Each of our chairs was carried by four cheerful Japanese coolies who seemed to spend all their time laughing at us. Their steady, regular swinging movement is only varied by an occasional jerk when they change shoulders, swinging the chair, as they make the change, up into the air, so that you often wonder whether you will land on the ground or not. For once in my life I actually felt it was an advantage to be small, because if you aren't heavy, you don't feel guilty when the men have to carry you up and down steep hills. The scenery going over these hills and mountains, dotted with beautiful cherry trees in full blossom, was lovely, and we passed through many attractive villages where the cunning children in their gay and flowery kimonos waved to us in a very friendly manner, and greeted us with a cheerful "O hayo" (good day).

Every so often we came to a dear little paper screened tea-house, and we stopped at every one, because we could not persuade the coolies to go by for love or money. The tea is awful, but it is a "social error" if you ever refuse to drink what is offered, and as for the accompanying little pink and white cakes, they are even worse and just as necessary.

About noon we came to Lake Hakone; it is a perfectly lovely little sheet of water and along its shores the pretty Shinto torii, or gates, which are a feature of all Japanese landscapes, add to the picturesque effect; but the real reason for so many people going there is to see Fujiyama, the great sacred mountain of Japan, with its familiar cone-shaped summit, which is always covered with snow. The reflections of it in the lake are exquisite every one says, but, of course, the sky had become dark and cloudy by the time we reached the place, and old Fuji was hidden from view.

The little hotel there is attempting to be European, but they have gotten only as far as having a few stray chairs on display. However, we could have endured the absence of all conveniences if only there had been a warm spot in the house. A charcoal finger-warmer was the only heating arrangement this very European hotel boasted, and, though it was pouring rain, we did not want to stay there all night and freeze, with only the *hibachi* to keep us alive, so we started off as soon as we had finished luncheon, armed with paper umbrellas and wrapped in oilcloth.

We soon found ourselves in a driving hail storm, but by the time we reached the top of the "Ten Province Pass" the sun was shining brightly on one side, while over the other slope the thunder-clouds still hung black and impressive. This wonderful contrast of light and darkness greatly enhanced for us the magnificence of the view from this pass.

While making the steep descent through the little two-by-four fields, we trembled every minute for fear the coolies would slip down in the mud and slime, but we finally reached Atami in safety. There we saw many convalescent soldiers in their white hospital costumes who had been returned from the war, but this was about the only time we were actually made to realize that the Japanese were carrying on a great war.

The next morning we left Atami on the "jinricksha tram." This is a miniature railway, and the rails are so narrow that you wonder how the tiny cars ever stick on them when you go whizzing around corners. There are first, second, and third

class cars. The first are little boxes with two seats facing each other on the inside, and just room for four people. The coolies push these cars up hill, and then jump on the steps at the back and front when the car goes whizzing down hill. It is a perfectly lovely ride of about three hours along the coast, but it certainly does seem queer that there are not more accidents. All we did was to upset one inconsiderate woman who got in our way. The rest of our trip to Yokohama was made on ordinary trams and trains, which seemed very tame to us after our exciting ride in the "jinricksha tram."

But our exciting experiences were not all over yet, as our struggles with the Chinese tailors in Yokohama were still ahead of us.

These tailors come to your room right on the minute for the first appointment, then after that you have to drag them in by main force. It certainly was interesting to hear Yong Kee's excuses each time when he turned up about a week late. One morning, when we were out walking and had just about given up all hope of ever seeing him again, we saw a Chinaman coming along in a rickshaw, and, taking him for Yong Kee, we held him up and proceeded to go for him like fury. After we had poured out the vials of our wrath on his black pigtails, we discovered it was See Tom, not Yong Kee at all; he looked rather puzzled at first, but in the end he seemed to think he deserved the fiery dousing. At the last minute before our steamer left, all the tailors appeared, Ung Ki, Yong Kee and the rest, Yong Kee last of all, of course, after the trunks had been taken down. So about the last things we saw in fair Japan were the beaming faces of these awful Chinamen who simply smile more agreeably the more you scold them.

HELEN FOSTER.

CARELESS CATHERINE.

June 10, 19—.

“Dearest Cath:—

“I have the grandest news for you. Mother has at last consented to let me have the house-party I talked so much about, and I want you to come to Castleton the sixteenth—that will be Thursday—and stay until the next Wednesday. All the rest of the girls will be here.

“I am so excited I can hardly wait. My dear! I have so much to tell you, I won’t know where to begin. I am simply wild to see you and have some more of our famous ‘heart-to-hearts.’ I have missed you terribly, and I don’t know what I shall do next winter without your protecting wing.

“Well, I must write the others. You are going to have the blue room—you know, the one I told you about.

“Come down on the train that gets in here at two-twenty and I will meet you.

“Your ex-roommate,
“Nan.”

Such was the invitation that Catherine Hardy received from her roommate, Nan Winthrop. She was, of course, excited after reading it, so much so, in fact, that she mislaid the letter without even looking it over. She was sure she could accept, because she was going to visit Nan anyway, but a house-party! Would good luck never cease?

It was on Wednesday that she was going, and she felt that the time could not go fast enough.

“What a grand time I’ll have,” she went about saying, “with Nan a whole week and one day over, from Wednesday to the next Thursday.”

Wednesday morning found Catherine in a terrible rush. The trunk key was at the bottom of the trunk, she had put in one brown shoe and one black pump, and she had packed her best hat under her heavy Peter Thompson. These and a few other heedless acts had rather upset things in the Hardy household.

At last she was off, trying to recall her mother's parting injunctions,—not to leave her pocket-book, to change at the Junction, and not to lose her head.

"Castleton," called the friendly brakeman who had reminded her to change at the Junction. Catherine got out, full of excitement, but where was Nan?—No sign of her anywhere, and no carriage to meet Catherine. So, fearfully disappointed, with her spirits decidedly dashed, she started off up the hot, dusty country road, lugging her suit-case, to find the Winthrop house. Nan had often described it as a large red house with wide verandas all around, quite near the station.

"Nan is certainly a nice hostess," thought Catherine, as she plodded along. "I wonder if she could have made a mistake about the date. Well, I will go on and see what happens. My! but this suit-case is getting heavy. I hope the house is not much farther. If I don't see a red house after I get to that turn I am going back to the station and take the train for home. I wish that lump would keep out of my throat. It feels terribly uncomfortable."

A turn in the road brought a large red house in sight, and the suit-case seemed to grow lighter as Catherine approached. But her ring at the bell brought no answer, and no one was in sight about the place. However, the doors were unlocked and the windows open, so, entering the hall, Catherine called loudly for Nan. Once, twice, still no answer.

She decided to go up stairs, unpack her suit-case and await further developments. She could easily find her room, for Nan had said it was to be the blue one. She went into the first room. "This must be Mrs. Winthrop's," she thought, "so neat and orderly, just like the dear lady, herself," but Catherine thought she would be doubly dear if she would only put in an appearance.

Going through the different rooms, she decided that Nan certainly must have been muddled when she wrote the invitation, and made a mistake about the date, because every room showed signs of guests, and Catherine drew her own conclusions of them from their belongings.

"I know I won't like this girl," she said. "She must be a regular fashion plate. Look at all those jars of complexion stuff on the dresser. Probably she has fuzzy red hair and a snub nose.

"Wonder who the man is in here. He must be great. Everything of his looks nice and plain. He is not a bit of a ladies' man, I know that. Doubt if he will so much as look at me!

"The rest of these people must have come yesterday. Why didn't Nan tell me the right day. She had better not laugh at me any more for being careless and making mistakes.

"Oh! what a darling room! and to think it is mine. The hangings are perfectly sweet with the furniture, and well, of all things, there's Bob Clark's picture on the dresser! How like Nan to do that to tease her old roommate. Dear old Nan."

Catherine unpacked her suit-case, and put on a fresh muslin dress. It was now nearly four, and, as she had had no luncheon, her next move was to go in search of food. There was a tempting supply in the pantry, and she ate a substantial meal.

Next, she established herself on the veranda with a book, but drowsiness got the better of her, and her nap was not disturbed until nearly six o'clock, when some one came whistling up to the house. To Catherine's amazement, she recognized Bob Clark himself.

"Well, of all people," exclaimed Bob, "Nan didn't tell me you were coming. Where is she, and what time did you get here?"

Catherine explained the situation rather haughtily, finishing with, "I think Nan must have made some mistake about the date, and didn't expect me today."

"Guess that is the trouble," answered Bob, still puzzled, "the rest came down yesterday. They've all gone off on a picnic and the maids were given a holiday. I stayed behind to see about some horses that were coming from the city, but they didn't come, so I went into town." Then, as he saw his explanation was not calculated to soften Catherine's displeasure, he added, "I'm sure my sister must have arranged it this way so I could—"

"Your sister!" Catherine interrupted, flushing hotly—"You don't mean you have been talking about your sister Nan! Why, I mean Nan Winthrop, my old roommate at Rogers. Isn't this her house? Bob, tell me, what is the matter? Where am I?"

Bob was nearly convulsed with laughter, but he controlled himself enough to answer, "Why, this is my sister's house, Mrs. Bates—I didn't know you knew her, and I was surprised, but it's all right. The Winthrops live the other side of the village."

Poor Catherine! To think that she had been in Bob's sister's house for nearly half a day. What must Bob think of her? He had always laughed at her for being so careless, but this, to her mortified imagination, seemed a terrible mistake. Without a word or look at Bob, she rushed to her room—hers indeed!—packed her suit-case, not without tears, and came slowly down, reluctant to face Bob, yet without an idea what to do next.

Bob, when she appeared, was sitting where she had left him, calmly smoking his pipe. Without a glance at her red eyes, he took her suit-case.

"Ready?" he asked. "Well, I've ordered the trap and I'll tell you what we'll say has happened. No, don't say a word. I'll drive you over to the Winthrop's. You've just come in on the eight o'clock train and I happened to be at the station, so I brought you over. They'll smile a little at your mistaking the date, but they'll be jolly glad to see you, and no one need know about your being here. I won't say anything to my sister about it and you won't tell Nan. I think it will be rather nice to have a secret just between ourselves, don't you, Catherine?"

About an hour later when Bob and Catherine drove up to the Winthrop house, another secret had happened! There was more of a tremor in Catherine's voice and more of a flush on her face than her mistake would naturally have caused, but Bob knew the reason, and for once he thanked the fates that had made Catherine careless.

ETHEL FRANCIS MERRIAM.

MARVIN'S CHOICE.

Philip Marvin was the only son of Philip Marvin of Marvin and Black, Brokers. He had been educated in the belief that he was one day to be master of his father's millions, but on the day he took his degree of M. D., he learned that his father had died of apoplexy after filing a petition of bankruptcy. Philip immediately accepted a position as assistant in a large hospital in the poorest part of one of our great cities. Society at first opened its eyes in wonder, and then closed them in forgetfulness.

In his new position, Philip came in contact with a class of people he had only thought of in a theoretical way before, the poor of a great city. The sight of their poverty and suffering awoke all the good in him, and he began to devote all his time and energy to aiding them practically, whereas before he had had fine theories as to how others could help them. He worked on and on in this way, never gaining materially, but gaining in another way much more than he realized, until one day he met his college chum, Frank Ripley. After talking enthusiastically of the "good old days," Frank asked Philip to run down the coast with him and spend the week's end with his mother and sister, who were enjoying the early spring at their seaside home. Marvin knew that he ought to refuse the invitation, but the desire to meet people of his old set once more was too strong for his will, and so he promised to go down the next day in Ripley's machine.

As he stepped into the big French car, his old love of pleasure revived. He felt the charms of idleness and the delights of physical ease and indolence. The comfortable car reminded him of the days when he had lived his life as Ripley was still living his. Then came the sensation of power, as the machine glided along, and then he lost himself in the pleasure of the moment. But, as he shook hands with Jane Ripley, he was again taken back to the time when she and other girls of his acquaintance had formed a large part of his life. Suddenly he was seized

with a sharp desire—stronger than any feeling he had ever known—painful in its intensity, to be again what he had been, the proud gentleman of leisure, to feel that he was at liberty to meet these people on their own plane, and lead again their life of idle luxury, to be in every way one of them. Again, with a stab of pain, he realized that these people meant only one to him, and that that one had grey eyes which laughed at him from under the brim of a fluffy hat, and belonged to—Jane Ripley.

The full realization of his desires held him silent for a while, so that most of the party were remarking in asides that "Phil Marvin had grown very stupid and prosaic," before he came to his senses. He struggled through the day, helped by the understanding and sympathy he saw shining for him in Jane's beautiful eyes. And afterwards, when he was back again at his work, the memory of those grey eyes stayed with him, now torturing him, now inspiring him.

A few days later there came a letter from a friend of his father's, containing the offer of a business position, which would be lucrative from the first, and which held the certainty of speedy advancement. The offer stunned him for a while, and he sat in his office, staring at the letter, then he felt suffocated, he must have air and time to think.

He found himself on the top of a hill, overlooking the water—how he came there he could not tell, he seemed to have walked in a dream. The wind sighing through the pines awoke him to a realization of the facts. He remembered the letter and the offer, and, as he looked out across the water, he seemed to see his future stretch before him. He saw himself, a prosperous business man, advancing by rapid steps to the top of the ladder of success, and by his side stood a beautiful girl with grey eyes which held in them such a look of perfect understanding and trust that he involuntarily stretched out his arms to the vision. But, at the same moment, he seemed to hear the cry of the starving children, the sickly wail of the feverish baby; to see the uncomplaining agony of the overworked mother, the stolid patience of the father. It was the cry of the poor that he heard, of the suffering and of the oppressed, and it thrilled him to his

heart. He looked once more into the grey eyes of the fair vision that filled his memory, and again half stretched out his arms to her, but they dropped to his side. Slowly, he turned and started down the hill to the hot city, the home of the poor who needed him.

GRACE SMITH.

RAPID PROGRESS.

The little weather-stained cottage on the point showed clearly against the blue of the ocean. The big, surly driver of the Roque Bluffs mail team pointed it out to the boy by his side.

"Thar's whar I'm goin' ter take yer," he said. "If yer like buttermilk, yer'll git yer fill while stoppin' with the Capt'n. Never had no buttermilk? Wal, wal, wal, yer'll know whot 'tis if yer stay here. Don't hev no buttermilk in New York? Wonder how so many people live without it! Yep, yer Granpaw'll tech yer a lot. No inan never was so sure whar the land lay in a deep fog as Capt'n Watts. I know him wal."

The little boy, his eyes big with wonder, looked up at the man who was driving with reins almost dragging in the dust. As his thin blouse filled with the strong ocean breeze, he shivered, and his hand clutched his hat.

"Take yer hat off. Yer don't need no hat ter live here. Thut's it, let the wind blow yer curls, an' play yer a hardened old Salt." And Jim, the mail driver, ruffled the curls on the boy's head with one hand as he flapped the worn reins on the horse's back with the other. And away they went, the horse making a last endeavor to reach the Point and a "toss down" of hay.

In the low built kitchen of the little gray cottage, Bobby, from New York, is about to have that wonderful buttermilk.

"Git a bouncin' big mug for the boy, Maw, it can't be ter big," and the Grandfather and Grandmother stand beaming

on Bobby as a huge mug is raised half way to his mouth. But a queer expression comes to his face, and slowly, very slowly, he touches his lips to the white milk. First he looks at the milk, and then over the mug at the two old people.

"Bless my soul! The child don't like it. Don't thut beat everythin'," and the woman looks worried.

At the same moment a dirty-faced, bare-footed little boy appears in the doorway. He has come to see his cousin, and, seizing the situation at one hungry glance, rushes to the rescue of Bobby. He fairly falls upon the mug and hides his face behind it.

"Joe, he'd gobble up every last drop you could git from three churnin's, wouldn't he, Maw?"

While Bobby is at supper, he kicks the red table cloth continuously as he tries to keep back the tears, and nibbles the finnan haddy, drinking fresh milk after each bite. And now, all tucked in bed, his tired little brain whirls with question after question.

A walk to the well with Grandfather in the morning, and all the questions come forth, for Bobby is getting acquainted.

"Grandfather, doesn't Joe ever wear shoes and stockings? I want to take mine off. Oh! see what is that great white thing in that boat? Why do you use that pole? Doesn't the sail ever fall off and you lose it? How do you get it up again? Won't that cow run away, Grandfather? He isn't tied at all. Oh! look! look! that man is stepping right out of that boat into the water. Why does he do that?" And so on, till it is the Grandfather's brain that whirls instead of Bobby's.

One week has gone by since Jim, the surly coach driver, brought the pale-faced little city boy to his Grandfather's; just seven days since that first taste of buttermilk.

A stiff breeze is blowing across the bay, and five or six anchored rowboats are tossing up and down on the incoming tide. One is tied to the wharf by a long water-soaked rope. And on the bow of this boat sits a brown-faced boy. Over each side of the bow hangs a sunburned foot which just touches the water as the boat rides over each wave. A small sailboat is

skimming in towards the wharf. Bobby twines a foot above the rope and halloos through his hands.

"Haul in yer rag, thar, Capt'n! Gee! but that was a close shave," as the boat just clears the edge of the wharf.

By the rope Bobby draws his boat up close to the wharf and the bow of the sailboat and jumps aboard, helps tie up the sail, and with the fishermen walks up the road as if he has always walked with bare feet over pebbles and grass.

And at supper tonight he eats stripped fish and pork scraps as if they were roast beef and French fried potatoes, and he drinks buttermilk with a smile all over his face. Bobby certainly is progressing.

ALICE BAILEY.

THE PROPHET'S REVENGE.

Tavernola was a small island village in a lake near the southern coast of Italy. Most of the inhabitants were simple peasants who, year in and year out, live their humdrum lives in blissful ignorance.

So unconscious of the rest of the world was this little place that the arrival of a stranger, who was no ordinary person, was quite an event. He could tell strange things of the future and he carried two wonderful scrolls which, he claimed, were given him by an angel from heaven. This stranger, who called himself Jacob Baumen, was past middle age, tall and wiry in frame. His face, in contrast to the villagers', was very fair and his sharp blue eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance. With him was his servant who secretly helped to carry out his plans.

As the simple folk were very superstitious, the news of this man's arrival caused great excitement, and they flocked to hear him tell his creed.

When the people were gathered to hear his sermon the prophet proclaimed himself as the successor to Elijah, and by his eloquence persuaded the villagers to put their property and

wealth into his hands and to join his community. He told them, in a prophetic tone, that a cloud which was hanging over them was about to burst and destroy the island with its inhabitants, but he promised to protect them if they would accept his creed. The excitable people were afire with enthusiasm and greeted him with cheers, crying, "Hail to the prophet who has come among us!" From now on Jacob's power was supreme, and before long he had gathered most of the wealth of the village into his power. To heighten his popularity he performed miracles, secretly aided by his servant, which filled the peasants with awe.

Jacob had now been in Tavernola about two months and had reached the height of his power, but there were some of the more cautious citizens who would not be converted. Headed by Angelo Antonio, they harbored a resentment against the impostor. Angelo was a scholar and had been very influential in Tavernola before the arrival of this man. Now his chief aim was to prove the German an impostor and, after several futile attempts, he had finally found a way. Angelo discovered that the prophet had hired some of the poorer class to appear at his temple in the guise of cripples. There at a touch of his hand and by a few words he would make them whole. It was to be a great occasion and Jacob and his servant were busy making preparations, for this event must surely be a success.

The day of the miracle was at hand and among the peasants, who crowded and jostled one another to get a better view of the pulpit where their idol was to appear, were the friends of Angelo, for that day he had promised them that they should see the exposure of the stranger. Angelo himself occupied a secluded place and awaited the failure of the miracle with a beating heart, for he had declared himself very positively on the subject and had also used the money of his friends to further his plans.

As the prophet, clad in a long robe of purple velvet with sable trimmings, ascended the steps of the pulpit the crowd broke into a frantic cheer. His sermon was even more stirring than usual, and when at its close he stooped to whisper a word into his servant's ear, there was a breathless silence. The people

heard him call for all the cripples who believed in him and wished to be cured to step forward. At this several men, both young and old, some blind and some on crutches, came to the steps of the pulpit. Their appearance had a great effect on the spectators. The prophet looked around at the ragged group, then bowed his head in prayer for the divine power. This prayer was very eloquent and still held the people in its spell as Jacob descended the steps. Approaching the cripples, who played their parts well, he laid his hands on the eyes of a supposedly blind young man. The latter immediately opened his eyes and shouted for joy. The prophet's triumph was supreme, and he was glad that his enemies should witness his success. After curing one after another in the same manner, the spectators saw that something had gone wrong. Jacob's face wore a puzzled expression for he had found a real cripple among his own paid actors. Angelo had hired this man to come here and it was a signal for action. There was a pause and the fate of two men hung in the balance. The crowd was already muttering and the prophet knew he must do something quickly. Before he could act Angelo dashed from the crowd, past the astonished prophet and up the steps of the pulpit. He denounced the German, and told the people that they had been duped, and that the cripples were only paid actors. As if to prove his statement the group, throwing away crutches and all disguise, scattered in every direction. The prophet's fickle followers now began to hiss and to cry "Down with the impostor." In their anger they rushed forward to tear him to pieces but he could not be found. He and his servant had fled, taking all the valuables and most of the wealth of the little village with them.

The next morning mysterious notices were posted on the buildings and walls, in which were threats directed against the villagers. In these the prophet reminded the people of the cloud which again hung over them and prophesied the near approach of the storm. At first these threats were ignored by the Tavernolians, but on the third morning of their appearance the people became uneasy. A wave of anger passed over the town and a mob started in search of Jacob. They returned

late in the day in an even worse humor, for Jacob could not be found. This feeling found an outlet in the burning of the temple and the houses of the community. The day ended with a cloud of smoke hanging between the village and the sky.

Sunday was bright and beautiful but the 'Tavernolians awoke to find with horror the prophet's threats being fulfilled. The lake was gradually creeping over their pretty village. The people along the shore were already deserting their houses. There was a meeting held at the town hall and the peasants prayed to Jacob Baumen to come back and to spare their homes. Angelo Antonio tried to repress this rising feeling, but so great was the resentment against him and his followers that they were compelled to flee for safety. Still the water crept higher and the people dispersed to their homes to pack such goods as they could carry with them in their flight to the hills.

The next day the inhabitants had all fled, and the village lay deserted. The Tavernolians were huddled together in the hills, helplessly watching the destruction of their homes. By noon there was nothing left of the place but a few small points of land which showed above the water. At two o'clock even these had disappeared and the lake was becoming calmer. Now there was nothing left to mark Tavernola's grave but a small bay. Late in the afternoon, after watching all this with a horrible fascination, the peasants flocked to the water's edge, and, gazing out over the little bay, wondered if their town really had ever existed. While they stood there looking at the ruins their attention was attracted by a small, sturdy sail boat, which was slowly making its way through the debris towards them. In the bow stood the prophet. He was clad in flowing white robes and carried the two wonderful scrolls in his hand. The peasants stood in awe-struck silence at this spectacle. When the boat drew opposite them the prophet raised an accusing finger and pointed it at the wondering group. This awakened the people's senses, and dropping on their knees, they made supplicating gestures, entreating him to forgive them and to restore their village. In reply he folded his arms and coldly turn-

ing his back, directed the boat out across the lake. So he passed out of their lives forever. The island held no more attraction for him, as the villagers had lost all their wealth. He must now find a more fruitful field for his labors.

MARTHA M. McDOWELL.

DAILY THEMES.

A ROOM IN A SEA-SIDE COTTAGE.

On one side is a big old-fashioned fire-place, in which on cool summer evenings a roaring fire blazes. On the mantel above it ticks a little Dutch clock, and guarding it on each side are two tall candle-sticks. In one corner of the room a long window-seat looks very inviting and "comfy" as you enter, with all its sofa pillows and cushions, and the six windows looking out on the ocean dashing upon the rocks. A small "two by four" desk occupies another corner, and as the family is a large one, there is always a scramble for that piece of furniture. A large sofa takes sole possession of the space between two sliding doors, and with a lot of pillows piled comfortably on it, is always popular. In the middle of the room stands a table not very large, and not very small, but just exactly right, with the lamp in the middle, the book-stand with all the favorite books at one side, and the daily and weekly papers on the other. A number of big roomy chairs looking very sociable and inviting add to the general appearance of comfort and hominess of the room.

In the evenings and on rainy days if you should peep in the window you would see the mother sitting in a big rocking chair by the table mending a pile of stockings, in which I am afraid the holes are not very small! Every now and then she will glance up at the father who sits in his big chair across the table, and a smile of happiness will pass between them,

as they watch their two big boys teasing the daughter, who though quite a good deal younger than the brothers, is no mean match for them in a wrestling bout. After watching the three older children awhile the mother's glance turns to the baby girl about six, who is trying her best to make her naughty dolly learn her "A, B, C's."

If you come back to the window a few minutes later, you will see the baby saying "good-night," and going up-stairs with her nurse, while the other members of the family stop their work and play, and leave the favorite room, for a room which also has a distinct charm of its own—the dining-room.

MOLLY BEACH.

"THE LAND BEYOND THE HORIZON."

A vision rises before me
Of a little cannibal maid,
She is twining a golden ringlet
Into her inky braid.
In the distance a kettle is steaming,
And she laughs with fiendish glee
To think of the dinner approaching—
Here the vision fades from me.

ANNIS KENDALL.

A STORMY NIGHT ON THE COAST.

The night was black, suddenly a sharp flash of lightning tore the lowering clouds asunder in a long jagged line, revealing the huge threatening waves that raged and bristled white in the darkness, heaving their great bulk toward the skies, and dashing the spray high in air, until it seemed to strike the ragged line of light and cool its heat; then, seething and swirling, the mighty billows sank to the lowest depths of Tartarus,

while the crash of thunder mingled with the roar of the sea and rumbled away across the tossing, angry waters. Again the murky curtains closed, leaving the world in awful darkness, filled with the shriek of frightened sea gulls and the roar of the struggling elements. RUTH ALICE McCracken.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE GENIUS."

In these days when the destiny of a Nation hangs in the great balances of Fate, we eagerly seize all literature which tells of her people and her customs. Miss Potter, in her new book "The Genius," has given us vivid pictures of Russian life and of the people themselves. "The Genius" is said to be the story of a famous musician, but more probably represents a type.

Prince Michael Gregoriev had risen from the lower class to the highest office in the Department of Police, a position in Russia of great importance. With power and wealth he had only social recognition to gain. In this aim, however, he fails, for though his wife, of higher rank than he, is recognized, he is ignored. Accepting his failure the prince centers his interest and ambition on his only child and heir, Ivan. Up to his fifteenth year the boy has been left entirely to his mother's care, seeing his father very seldom. When the fatal birthday arrives, it is a quiet child, well versed in books and in music, but painfully shy, who is ushered into his father's presence. He is told that now his life is just beginning, the life that must be great to compensate the father for his failure. The boy is to enter the army, so win the social entrée and make the name Gregoriev famous. A career more distasteful to the child's musical temperament could not well have been conceived.

With his entrance to the Corps of Cadets, Ivan began the second period of his life, a period full of hardship. The taunts and abuses of his companions hurt him, but never once does he flinch. Through the four years he struggled, called home once to the death bed of his mother, but returning the day after the funeral, until he graduated and, true to the original plan, took a commission in the army. This new life, though at first irksome, brought him into the social whirl of gay St. Petersburg. Here, at one of the musical salons of the Princess Helena, he met Anton Rubinstein and his less famed brother Nicholas, who becomes a true friend to Ivan. It is at this time that he falls in love with his beautiful cousin Nathalie, whose parents, however, force her to marry Prince Féodoreff of noble blood. Broken hearted by this news Ivan grows desperate, applies for leave of absence and leaves the city with a woman whom he had formerly aided when in distress. But soon his better nature triumphs and he leaves her. However he has over stayed his time, and when called back for trial by court-martial, makes no defense and is dishonorably discharged. On hearing of his disgrace his father disinherits him, and Ivan is left to shift for himself.

It is here that the third and real chapter of his life begins. He at once disposes of all his possessions and takes up lodgings in an attic, where for one whole winter he escapes starvation by copying orchestra scores. Finally, one day he meets the two Rubinsteins, who offer him help and induce him to enter a class at the conservatory. Nicholas, especially, is most friendly, finds him employment at the Moscow Conservatory, and even shares his apartments with the struggling musician, who teaches in the morning, but spends his best strength on his first composition, the Youth Symphony, and the opera "The Boyar." The Opera is accepted by the Moscow Conservatory, notwithstanding the scathing criticism of Anton Rubinstein, who is fiercely jealous of Ivan's evident genius. The Boyar is first played on New Year's Eve, and is a tremendous success, raising Ivan at once into the front ranks of Russian composers, and assuring to him a life of ease and influence.

During his years of struggle his father had not lost sight of him, and now took great comfort and pride in Ivan's rising fame. On his death bed, he is reconciled to his son and leaves Ivan his large estate.

In the leisure his money brings him, the young composer devotes himself entirely to the work he likes best, and gives symphony after symphony to the music-loving people. But with all his success, he is not happy. Misfortune seems to follow him. His friend Nicholas Rubinstein dies, and the widowed Nathalie, whom he has always loved, again refuses marriage with him. He becomes sceptical, denies even the existence of God, and finally ends his life with an overdose of opium.

The story of the book is not pretty. It is too strong. It deals with men who endure struggles and hardships. Ivan, generous almost to a fault and most faithful to his friends, is a man who has endured much and accomplished more. His father, Prince Michael, might well find his counterpart in some of our own high officials whose greed for gold blunt their scruples. The two Rubinsteins, the jealous Anton and the faithful Nicholas, are both well drawn. Nathalie and the other women of the book play but small parts. The story is one of quick action, vivid scenes, and life-like characters.

BESSIE C. HAYES.

"LADY BALTIMORE."

"By Owen Wister, the author of 'The Virginian.'" The title page is almost sufficient in itself to give us an idea of this popular book. In it the writer draws for us a fascinating picture of a South Carolina City where there is still to be found that "repose of culture," which is one of the charms of the old South. Mr. Wister not only paints very vividly the manners and customs of that old Southern society, now almost extinct, but he also makes every reader, even though he should be a very bigoted Northerner, feel the force and charm of the Southern

spirit which is still very much alive in the descendants of the old families. It is the South since the war that he draws, differing in this respect from most writers of Southern stories, but it is not a "New South" in the sense that term is most frequently used, rather the same South, gentle, courteous and fiery, adapting itself gradually and reluctantly to greatly changed conditions. And so delightful a contrast in many ways is sleepy, courtly old Charleston to the greedy, bustling cities of our more progressive North and West, that we greatly enjoy unraveling with the author the mystery surrounding "Lady Baltimore."

The writer, for Mr. Wister tells the story in the first person, lives in the North, but is persuaded by a favorite aunt—herself a New Yorker—to go to Kings Port in South Carolina, where he is to find out if his ancestry can be traced back to the English royal family. The aunt is very highly descended herself, and she wishes her nephew to join the Selected Salic Scions, a society of which she is a proud member and to which only those of royal blood are admitted!

At the Woman's Exchange in Kings Port where the writer takes his noon meals, he becomes acquainted with Miss La Heu, who is in charge of the Exchange. Here he obtains all the gossip of the small town, and on a certain day overhears John Mayrant, who later becomes his friend, order Lady Baltimore for his wedding cake. By letters of introduction the writer next becomes acquainted with many people in this Southern town, among whom are aunts of John's—charming, cultured Southern ladies who tell him much about their nephew. In this way he learns of John's engagement to Hortense Rieppe, a gay young society woman, and learns, too, that the aunts dislike the girl and are strongly opposed to the engagement. Hortense, at times, seems to be very much in love with John, but she has many suitors, one of whom is a wealthy young man of Newport. Time and time again reports come to the writer that the wedding has been postponed, a fact that serves to make gossip for the whole town. So it happens that the day before the invitations are to come out, the news is spread abroad that

Hortense is really to marry Charley, her Newport friend. Not long afterwards, John marries Eliza La Heu, whom he has loved for a long time. No congratulations to the young couple are as hearty as those sent by the writer himself. His present to them is a beautiful cake-basket—a reminder of Lady Baltimore, through whose agency he had first become acquainted with them both.

It would be hard to find a more beautiful or a more sympathetic description than Mr. Wister's of the quiet sunny Southern city of Kings Port, with its beautiful streets, its silent houses and gardens, its pensive porticos, overlooking the rivers and the trees beyond. A town where everyone is interested in every other person's business, and where a piece of news reaches every ear almost as soon as it reaches the person most concerned. Mr. Wister's sketches of the delightful, quiet old ladies corresponds to our ideal of the charming Southern people. How plainly we see them with their reserved, dignified manner, speaking exactly as they think and feel whenever the occasion demands it! Their own very set ideas were not to be changed, and there were many discussions regarding the North and the South. A Northerner, although he was invariably treated with gentlest courtesy, was often made to feel that Kings Port was a Southern town and that, not so much on account of the former relations between the two parts of the country, as on account of his own inherent unfitness for such highbred society, he was an outsider, and more at home in the North!

ALMA SHEPARD.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

HOW FANNY KILLED A RATTLE-SNAKE.

One day a good many years ago, a party of boys and girls went blueberrying. The blueberries were very plentiful in some woods near the town, so here it was they assembled to pick them. In these woods and all around the adjoining country many rattlesnakes had been found. No very large ones had

been seen, though, big enough to give any one a good scare. The town had offered a dollar as a reward for every one killed, so, if a person saw a rattlesnake, you may be sure he tried pretty hard to kill it.

After picking a good many berries, one of the girls—Fanny by name—wandered off a little from the rest of the party. She was busily picking and her pail was almost full, when, happening to glance under a tree, she saw a large rattlesnake coiled beneath it. As Fanny was then only nine years old she was very much frightened to see the big snake coiled up, with his tongue darting in and out at her. But she at once ran and called one of her brothers, who came at once, and, after putting Fanny into a safe place, called another one of the boys, who, on learning what the trouble was, ran as fast as he could to the nearest farm house—a mile away—and got a revolver. By this time quite a crowd had gathered and everybody was very much excited, so that when the boy came back with the revolver all were waiting breathlessly.

Meanwhile the snake had crawled back into his hole again. Everybody seemed disappointed, and as all were talking at once and telling one another what to do, there was quite a noise. Finally, they decided to shoot down the hole, and after trying this two or three times, they were successful and the snake was killed. Then with difficulty they procured the rattles as a testimony. The next day Fanny, with one of her brothers, went to the town hall, showed the rattles to the Selectmen, and received one dollar as a reward for discovering the rattlesnake and having it killed. Then she thought her fright had been worth while.

FRANCES BILLINGS.

AN OBSTINATE OLD HEN.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named May; she lived on a farm, and she didn't have very many playthings, as do the little girls I know, but she had one hen that her father had given her when she was five years old. She was six now.

The hen's name was Biddy, and May was very proud of her, for she laid two beautiful large eggs every day, one in the morning and one in the evening.

One day there was to be a Fair in the small village near May's home, and among the different competitions, a prize was offered for the best hen's egg. May decided she would take the egg that Biddy laid the morning of the Fair and try for the prize.

The morning came, and May rushed out to find the egg, but though Biddy was stalking proudly about, no egg had she laid! May went into the house very much disappointed, but her mother said, "Never mind, dear, we are not going till eleven, and by that time, why perhaps, Biddy will have an egg ready for you."

Every five or ten minutes May rushed out to see if Biddy had laid an egg, but the proud hen sat calmly on her nest and seemed to say, "So you think you are going to exhibit my eggs? Well, I may have something to say about that!"

Eleven o'clock came, and May's mother said they must go, so May started, very unhappy that she had not an egg to exhibit, for Biddy's eggs were larger than any ordinary egg, and the pride of May's heart. Just as May reached the gate, Biddy cackled, and May flew down to the hen coop. Sure enough, there was an egg, even bigger than the others that May got every day. You may be sure it was the egg that took the prize.

MADGE HOCKMEYER.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

"Oh, I'm so tired of teas, dances, and stupid luncheons!" said Mary one day, as she sat on the window seat, "What a lucky thing the small Theo is not to have to go to such tiresome affairs; how I wish I could be a child again and never 'grow up!'"

"It's such a relief, Shiny, (addressing a small goldfish in a bowl on the window), "to have a rainy day once in a while,

for then Mother doesn't make me appear at some old social function, so here I go upstairs to look over my numerous possessions which Mommy says are getting moth-eaten. Good-by you interesting wonderland creature."

Up the stairs at a flying pace ran Mary, landing hot and breathless in her room. Without delay, she began to haul out books, boxes, and papers of all descriptions, even some old examination papers, much decorated with red ink. These had been sorted and packed away when Mary came upon a small gray cradle in the corner, looking like a battle-scarred veteran, one rocker gone, and most of the paint worn off. With joy she picked it up and carefully untied the small bundle lying within.

"Ah," she cried, "I've forgotten all about you, poor neglected doll, now I'm just going to be a little girl again. My, doesn't it seem good! I can remember the day Aunt Margo gave you to me, Rita. I thought I was the happiest little girl alive. I dressed and undressed you about twelve times that afternoon. Goodness, your clothes are sadly worn out, you poor little baby. I must make you some the next rainy day, as you may be loaned, for a very short time, I assure you, dear, to my little cousins."

"Mary, Mary, I say, Mary, where are you? Mother says it's time for dinner!"

"Dinner! Well, Hugh, I'll be down in a minute. Well, dolly dear, I must go, I suppose and be—oh, how I hate it,—a dignified young lady again!"

"Good-night, I'll come to see you soon, and now here you go again, into your cradle for a good rest."

In the dark room, after Mary had gone, the blue-eyed Rita lay quite still and stiff, no signs of feeling in her face, yet on her rosy cheeks shone two warm teardrops.

ALICE RUTH SPRAGUE.

A DREAM.

One pleasant June day a few years ago, as I was lying in a hammock reading fairy stories, I seemed to see one of the lilies near me bow and beckon. Gradually it changed and became a pretty little fairy, dressed all in white. She danced toward me still beckoning, so I followed her until we came to a beautiful lake. Here the maiden stood still, and, bending over an old dried leaf, she blew it gently. Soon the leaf began to stir, and suddenly in its place stood a brave little sprite. I was amazed, but the tiny creatures seemed to take it as a matter of course that people should appear suddenly from old leaves and flowers.

Presently, the little lady clapped her tiny hands, and down from the sky dropped a white fleecy cloud. We sat down in the middle of it, and I, who was now as small as my little friends, seemed perfectly lost.

After a short, smooth ride through the blue sky, we arrived at the most magnificent palace made of gold, surrounded by lovely gardens.

I followed my little friends into the palace and through splendid halls to the room where on a high throne sat the king and queen. I had noticed, as I passed through the halls, that all the fairies I met cast dark looks at me, which I supposed were caused by jealousy. As I entered the room, the king, who was a very stout old fairy, arose, and turning to the queen, cried shrilly, "I told you so! Now will you believe me? Take her away, take her away! Quick!" And, pointing to my arm, he sat down. I looked, and saw that all through my journey I had carried the fairy book clasped to my side.

During the king's angry speech, my friend, the lily sprite, had stood by the queen, and now said, "I have brought her. Is there more for me to do, Your Royal Lowness?"

"No!" replied the queen. "Nothing."

I could not understand what was wanted with me here, so I said, "What do Your Highnesses wish of me?"

"Silence!" roared the king. "You have stolen the history of our country and have read it. Oh! You have committed a terrible crime."

"Yes, yes!" cried everybody. "Kill her!"

"Yes, kill her at once!" commanded the king. So they took me and carried me to an awful precipice, and, after giving three counts, sent me over the rocks into the chasm below.

Crash! Crash! Mother comes running out and asks, "Did you hurt yourself?"

"No, Mother," I answered wonderingly. And, looking about, I saw the innocent lily bowing and waving its head in the wind.

JULIA BURKE.

THE DISCONTENTED HEDGEHOG.

Once upon a time there was a discontented hedgehog, and he lived in a wood and ate bugs. If he found a nice, fat squirming beetle, his shell was sure to be too hard to suit the hedgehog; if he saw a lovely red strawberry, it was always green underneath, and even when the sun shone he was certain it would rain tomorrow.

At last the Great Spirit who watches over all the animals grew so tired of all this grumbling that he decided to punish the naughty hedgehog. So he called him and said, "Why do you always grumble?"

The hedgehog answered, "Ugh."

Then the Great Spirit was righteously incensed, and he took that hedgehog and TURNED HIM INSIDE OUT. Then he dropped him into the sea and said, "Shad," and by that name has the inside-outside hedgehog been known to this day.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

FENWAY COURT.

I think we were all more willing to come back from our good times during the Spring vacation because we knew what a great treat was in store for us a day or two after our return. For Mrs. Underhill had secured tickets for Fenway Court, and we were all anxious to see this enchanted place, this Venetian palace transplanted so successfully into busy America. Those who went on Saturday were very fortunate, for it was a beautiful day and the sky as nearly an Italian blue as it is often seen in this country.

The outside was not especially prepossessing, a great, rather bare looking building, and the glass over the court shining in the sunlight as its most attractive feature. Our first surprise was at the entrance itself; instead of a wide, wide magnificent portal, such as one might naturally think suitable for a palace, there is a narrow doorway, admitting to a small ante-room (where all umbrellas are checked) opening into larger rooms on both sides. In the smaller of these are etchings given to Mrs. Gardner by her friends among modern artists. From the larger room, where we especially enjoyed two wonderful studies in color by Whistler and a lovely pre-Raphaelite Annunciation, we passed through the narrow main entrance with its old marble door and its older iron gateway into the sunny brilliance of the court. Such a beautiful old time court as it is, with its famous pavement from a Roman villa, its fountain and its luxuriant palms and flowers brilliant and glowing under the glass roof through which we could see the cloudless sky. In the midst of so much color and beauty, we felt ourselves indeed back in gorgeous Venice, and some of us lingered a long time in that sunny court of flowers.

Around two of its sides downstairs is a cloistered corridor, the columns of marble brought from old Italian palaces, and in little corners, as one goes along, are statues, or some old

shrine. From this corridor a beautiful stone stairway leads to the one above, and from the corridors around the court one enters the different rooms or goes from one room to another.

The rooms are all so fascinating and beautiful it is hard to choose a favorite. First comes the Chinese room, filled with interesting things, and from here one enters the Raphael room dominated by Raphael's richly colored portrait of Th. Fedro Inghirami. Then there is the Dutch room, where are several splendid works by the Dutch masters, an old Dutch fireplace, curious chairs, tables, silver and cabinets. All the rooms are lighted principally from the large queer-shaped windows from the court side, and out from the Dutch room there is a little Italian balcony and pretty curving steps leading down into the court below.

On the next floor is the Veronese room, taking its name from the beautiful old ceiling by Paul Veronese. Here, too, are rare porcelain and queer cabinets, tapestry and curious old desks and tables. Beyond this is the Titian room, where I remember especially the Rape of Europa, which, like all the great master's work, is wonderful for its vigor and harmony of composition, its combination of vitality and grace.

We were in the palace just two hours, and, although we were tired at the end, we felt it would take a much longer time to see everything satisfactorily. Some of the girls, unfortunately thinking they would hurry through and then go back to the rooms they liked best, found to their dismay that no one could enter the same room twice, and it was only by dint of much persuasion that the guards allowed them to go through again.

One of the pleasantest features of our visit was the seeing Mrs. Gardner herself. We had about given up hope of even getting a glimpse of her when she appeared, showing a friend through the rooms. A woman of about medium height, with bright, restless eyes, and with a great deal of "spring" and "go" to her, considering her age. She wore a purple dress with a short train, and a little black bonnet and face veil. She has certainly shown great energy as well as wonderful artistic ability

in the building and furnishing of Fenway Court, and she has made of it a true old world palace.

The moment we went through its narrow door we seemed to have left America very far behind and to have passed immediately into dreamy, beautiful Italy, where we so enjoyed our stay that when we returned again through the old gate and saw the tall buildings of modern Boston it gave us quite a shock of surprise, and we almost regretted our return to busy every-day America.

HELEN DOOLITTLE.

MOLLY BEACH'S TEA.

On Easter afternoon, Molly Beach and Ruth Heath gave a tea for Miss Annable, who had announced her engagement during our Easter vacation. To this tea everyone in the school was invited. But, on account of the number of guests and the size of the room, the invitations were issued for different hours, and the girls came in groups, a very pleasant arrangement, as it gave us all a chance to talk with Miss Annable.

We had the best things imaginable to eat. After the tea had been served, Molly passed around a plate of cakes, and on each cake a little chicken was perched, but on the guest-of-honor's cake two little chickens were placed, rather near together, (not on account of the smallness of the cake either) and they seemed decidedly happy so.

After we had had tea and most delicious cakes, a loving cup filled with milk was passed around, and then we of the first group said good-bye to our charming hostesses and vacated the room, so that the next detachment might come in.

On that Easter Sunday no one found the time even had they had the inclination to get homesick, as before the tea Miss Parsons gave us after-dinner coffee in the library, and after the tea we had a stand up supper on the veranda.

ELIZABETH A. JAMES.

THE PROPOSAL PARTY.

On Saturday morning, the twenty-first of April, a notice appeared on the schoolroom board from Hilda Talmage and Grace Heath inviting all the school to the gymnasium that evening. "Proposing" was written in one corner, and a certain number of girls were requested to come dressed as men.

Promptly at half past seven o'clock we all met in the old gym. The gentlemen's costumes varied, there was everything from a "jolly tar" to a dress-suit, but of course all alike were becoming.

After one dance the lights were turned low and the "proposing" began.

One could dimly discern couples walking arm-in-arm or sitting perilously near together. Frequently a young lady would be heard to remonstrate with her too ardent lover and command him "never to do that again."

The modes of love-making differed greatly; there were tempestuous suitors who took one in their arms while merely saying "good-evening;" there were timid lovers whom one had to encourage and who had "waited for years for this happy moment;" there were many gentlemen who were going to the uttermost parts of the earth the next day and who swore never to return unless the lady addressed gave them "one little token of hope."

If the young lady approved of her swain, she bestowed upon him a burning red heart, but if she scorned his offer, he was presented with a cold white mitten. These hearts saved many young men in the prime of life from committing suicide, but, strange as it may seem, the mittens did not appear to do very much harm.

After the men had put the question to all their adored ones, they voted for the girl whom they considered the best "loveress," who had kept them "striving" the longest, and the girls for the best love-maker.

With the girls, Experience won the first place and Innocence the second,—Madge Mariner was the bride and I was the maid-

of-honor. The brides-maids were Lois Fonda and Louise Cayzer.

The best proposers were Polly Pew for groom and Grace Heath for best-man; the ushers were Burnie Fisher and Stella Fler.

The wedding itself was most inspiring; the bride's veil and train were of beautiful old point lace—until then Marguerite Roesing's comforters,—the brides-maid's bouquets were the most exquisite sofa pillows, which Mr. Mariner had expressed from the South at great expense. These flowers are very rare and of many colors and shapes, one very seldom finding two alike,

At half-past nine we dispersed, and you may know what a splendid time everyone had when I say that we still talk enthusiastically about the "proposal party."

ELEANOR STOCKBRIDGE CUSHING.

EXETER DANCE.

"Oh, girls, do I look all right?"

"Won't you please fasten my blouse?"

"Oh, please wait for me! I'll be ready in one minute."

These were some of the exclamations that floated through the rooms and corridors of the Hall on a certain Saturday in April. How we had looked forward to that day, and how impatient we had been for the time to arrive when we should actually see the Exeter boys come walking up to the door.

"But everything comes to her who waits." The old saying was indeed proved true in this case, for, at the appointed hour, a whole carload of Exonians came bravely marching up the walk. They were shown to the House, "their House" for that afternoon and evening, anyway, while we girls waited outdoors to be introduced, and then to show our visitors about the grounds.

But a word must be said in regard to the preparations made by the House for its guests. I am sure every House girl would have gained a diploma in housekeeping had this occasion

been a test of her ability "to make home beautiful," for every room was spick and span, and looked most inviting.

The afternoon passed very quickly, and our enjoyment of it made us anticipate even more keenly than before the pleasures of the evening. Certainly no one was disappointed, either in the concert or in the dance that followed, for they constituted one of the most enjoyable of our school experiences. We all certainly feel very grateful to Mrs. Underhill for allowing the boys to come to Rogers Hall.

The concert was unusually good, and Exeter is to be congratulated on its very excellent musical clubs, for they showed true artistic ability, both in the music selected and in its rendition.

The programme of the Concert was:—

PART I.

1. Fantana Selections

MANDOLIN CLUB

2. Seamen Three

GLEE CLUB

3. Waltz de Concert

MANDOLIN SOLO BY A. W. CONKLIN

4. Quartette. The Elfman

MESSRS. DOBLE, HAWKE, URNER, BRADFORD

5. (a) Exonian March
(b) Sextet from Lucia

MANDOLIN CLUB

PART II.

1. Lustspiel Overture

MANDOLIN CLUB

2. Hungarian Rhapsody. Piano Solo

Mason

3. Come o'er the Sea

GLEE CLUB

4. Poppies

MANDOLIN CLUB

The next morning the boys left us early, immediately after breakfasting with the Presidents and the Vice Presidents of the Hall and House. Though it was Sunday morning, and it meant getting up earlier than usual, still, I think I am safe in stating that every girl was down stairs in time to bid the boys good-bye. And a very reluctant good-bye it was. I am sure we should all have liked the house party to extend through the week. But all things, especially pleasures, have their end, so we content ourselves with hoping for another such treat another time.

STELLA FLEER.

THE PI ETA PLAY.

There was great excitement all day long on Tuesday, May the twenty-fourth; for wasn't the Pi Eta Play, "The Girl and the Chauffeur" to be given that night, and weren't the great majority of the girls from Rogers going? Assuredly! and at half-past seven we all started for the Lowell Opera House, anticipating a very enjoyable evening. Our expectations were fulfilled to the utmost, for everyone who saw "The Girl and the Chauffeur," considered it a very amusing, entertaining play. successfully presented by the members of the Pi Eta.

The songs were especially catchy, and we girls were very much surprised to hear a verse made up about Rogers Hall in the song called, "Ting a Ling a Ling," so effectively given by "Sigaret" and "Franklin Edison, Marconi Bluebell."

"Piggie Pierpont," 2nd chauffeur, I think won almost all the girls' hearts when he sang his delightful little song, "My Old Pipe."

Altogether the Pi Etas are to be congratulated on their success, for they certainly gave us a splendid time that evening.

BEATRICE LYFORD.

TWO VISITS TO SMITH.

For some time those of us who are to enter Smith next fall have been wanting to visit the college to get a glimpse of the college life. So Louise Parker and I thought it very for-

fortunate that Rogers closed a few days before Smith at Easter time, making it possible for us to have our wish. The evening we arrived the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their annual concert and we were lucky enough to get tickets, and from that time on I decided that college was decidedly worth while. The next morning we went to chapel and afterwards walked all over the campus, saw everything there was to see, from the different houses down to the "gym."

In the afternoon we all went to Miss Parsons' tea, then we saw all the old Rogers Hall girls that are at Smith now. Lucy Walthers, Alice Faulkner and Florence Harrison of the class of 1902, Mildred Wilson, Rena and Ella Thomas of 1904, and Ellis Abbott and Dorothy Norton who graduated last year. It was great to see them all and lovely of Miss Parsons to give it. We were kept busy telling them all about it here now, answering their questions and talking over old times, and everyone certainly had a grand time.

From the tea we went over to the "gym" to watch the girls practice for the drill which they were to have the next day. A certain number of girls had been chosen from each class for this drill, which was Swedish floor work. And so it happened that every minute there was something for us to do; when the girls were having recitations, Louise and I set out to explore the town, so that we should not feel strange, awkward, and lost when we are really there and arrive at the full dignity of freshmen.

Of course Boyden's and the Kopper Kettle, or K. K., as it is most commonly called, had its due attractions for us. The Kopper Kettle is especially delightful, not a bit like the usual restaurant, for there are small tables and plenty of easy chairs scattered around the room; these, with the large fireplace where logs were blazing, gave a most cheerful air and made it a delightful place to have luncheon. Our visit was certainly a success in every way, and we were really sorry to leave.

HILDA TALMAGE.

THE MORRIS HOUSE PLAY AT SMITH.

Having been at Northampton just a few weeks before, and knowing what a great time we should have if we went again, we did not object to taking the seven o'clock train from Lowell. We arrived in Northampton at noon and were met at the station by one of the old Rogers Hall girls, who took us to luncheon at Boyden's, a famous place at Northampton. After a most delectable meal we went up to the Morris House and met many girls that we knew before, and numberless new ones. All of them were talking about the dramatics that were to be given that night by just the girls of the Morris House, and, as each new girl came into the room, all the others began to laugh and point her out to us with, "She's going to be Ermenegarde, and you'll shriek at her," or "Here comes the little Princess, and she is too sweet for anything," or "You won't know her when you see her tonight." One by one the actors left to be "made up" and we went over to the Gym to see an inter-class basket-ball game, which was interesting to us as three old girls from school played on the team. But we could not stay to the end, for we had to be on time to dinner, which we had at the "Inn" with three Morris House girls.

Promptly at seven we were in our seats in the Students' Building, given to the College by the Alumnae, where the "Little Princess" was to be presented. The setting for the attic scene was painted by one of the girls, and was truly a splendid piece of work, and the transformation scene was cleverly done. The parts were all taken splendidly, and each girl seemed to be fitted for her special role. Mildred Wilson was very amusing as Donald with her blue Buster Brown suit, white shoes and socks, and her "Dutch cut."

After the play refreshments were served at the Morris, and after that we went over to our rooms and were very glad to hear that we didn't have to get up Sunday morning until half past eight, for we were to cook our own breakfast in Mildred's room.

Next morning we walked over to Morris about nine, feeling just like Smith girls and soon began to prepare breakfast; hulling strawberries is almost everybody's forte, but no one can make eggs "scramble" like Hilda, and Helen cooks bacon to perfection.

It was raining hard when breakfast began, but by the time the dishes were all washed the sun was out, and we took a long walk around Burnham School and the residential part of Northampton.

The one o'clock train steamed into the station altogether too soon, and as we left we were so glad that, before long, we are to be Smith girls.

LOUISE PARKER.

THE TEA FOR LEILA WASHBURN.

We were greatly delighted when we received the invitations to the tea given by Hilda Talmage and Helen Foster for Leila Washburn, a Rogers Hall girl of 1904.

We all gathered on the veranda at half past seven, and, even though it was soon after supper we had no trouble in disposing of the good things we had to eat.

Later on the girls sang every imaginable song to the accompaniment of the mandolins played by some of the girls talented in that line. I am safe in saying that all the girls want to thank Hilda and Helen for the most enjoyable time we had.

MARION CHANDLER.

THE HOUSE SUPPER.

The last House supper of this year was given Sunday, May thirteenth. It was in honor of the two guests who were staying at the School—Mrs. Heath of Lacrosse, Wisconsin, and Leila Washburn, a 1904 Rogers Hall girl. The entertainment committee, who were the cooks for the occasion, were busily at work

over the chafing dishes for some time before half past six, when a delicious supper was served on the House porch. It was a beautiful spring evening, with the trees and flowers everywhere in bloom, and all agreed that this last supper out of doors was the crowning one of the year.

EUNICE BAGG.

THE SENIOR LUNCHEON AT THE VESPER COUNTRY CLUB.

The first of the festivities for the seniors occurred on Saturday, the nineteenth, when Louise Parker invited the class with Miss Lucas, Miss Coburn and Miss Annable to spend the day at the Vesper Country Club. As soon as the mathematics examination for the college girls was over, we all started, armed with tennis rackets and cameras, for the long ride which was to carry us to our destination. Upon arriving, the more active ones signed for tennis, while those not so energetic on account of the heat, spent the time in bowling or in taking walks through the woods. So the time went quickly by until noon, when a delicious luncheon was served at the Club House. We passed the afternoon in taking drives along the many beautiful roads around, in tennis, or in enjoying the coolness of the pine grove, or in taking pictures, and four o'clock, when we were to return, came all too soon. This excursion made us realize very fully what a fine thing it is to be a senior at Rogers Hall, and we all wish to thank Mrs. Parker and Louise for the delightful time they gave us.

DOROTHY WRIGHT.

THE TEA FOR MISS ANNABLE.

On the twenty-third of June, Mrs. Underhill gave a delightful tea and linen shower for Miss Annable. The girls crowded round Miss Annable underneath the old apple tree, and, as she stood in the midst of an admiring, envious circle, receiving

congratulations, Hazelle Sleeper overturned a large basket which had been hidden by the leaves and branches, and innumerable packages of all kinds and shapes poured down upon her, and a table of presents which the basket could not hold were added to the others. The Shower was as complete a surprise to Miss Annable as it was a pleasure to all the school to prepare it.

Then salad, ice-cream, strawberries and coffee were served, and we sat on the ground and ate or watched Miss Annable open the interesting packages. At the close of the charming afternoon, two of the girls seized Miss Annable's skirt and the rest of the guests, falling in behind, marched the bride-to-be, with Miss Lucas gallantly holding a new parasol over her, and Mademoiselle Cuendet supporting her wavering steps, around the grounds to the inspiring strains of "Lohengrin's Wedding March," sung by the long procession. At the close of the march there were cries of "Speak! Speak!" and Miss Annable made a short and sweet response, hoping that we should all have as happy a time when we were engaged as she has had.

FLORENCE WALDORF.

SENIOR DANCE.

On the morning of May the twenty-sixth, many disappointed faces could be seen around the dining-room, when Ethel Merriam, the chairman of the senior dance committee, announced that "A" and "B" would probably have to be decorated on account of the weather, which then looked very threatening. However, to our great delight, the sun came out about noon, and everything was made ready and the grounds decorated for the evening.

At half past seven, our guests began to arrive. Exeter had the largest representation, though Harvard, Tech, Lowell High, Andover and Rock Ridge Hall were in evidence. After greeting Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons in the front drawing-room, the men passed to meet the seniors, who were receiving in the back drawing-room. Soon everyone was busily occupied

in filling his or her dance order, and, when the rush had subsided a little, dancing began. After each dance, nearly everybody went out to walk around the grounds, which were lighted by Japanese lanterns, and where chairs were placed in most inviting positions.

The end of this delightful evening came only too soon, and this, our last dance, was pronounced by everyone the best of the year.

ELIZABETH ARNOLD JAMES.

ATHLETICS.

How many things there are to do these days, and how fine the weather is to do them in, everybody knows. It certainly is the loveliest time of the year, and especially here at school. Everybody realizes that also. With the apple blossoms and lilacs out, we feel that there's an end of blustery old Winter for another season, and that all the summer and fall is ahead of us before we see him again.

Athletics in all shapes and forms are here—the courts being rolled in fine condition for tennis, and baseball very popular indeed, almost everyone being “perfectly crazy” about it or “loving” it. Our gym work has been out of doors, and we have been practising putting-the-shot, high and broad jumping, the hop-skip-and-jump and other field sports.

The Outdoor Meet was held on the morning of May 8th, and proved, as it always does, a great success. The entries were very full, and the events very exciting, both for those who watched and for those who took part. In the afternoon we had the House vs. Hall baseball game, an account of which is given in a separate article. It certainly was a great game.

During this term we get so much interested in all the gymnasium work, and like it so much, that it makes us really regret the close of school, even though a good many of us do come back next year.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

THE OUTDOOR MEET.

As it was pouring on Monday, May seventh, Founders' Day, the Outdoor Meet, which was to have taken place on that day, was held on Tuesday instead. It had cleared Monday noon, so there was plenty of time for the ground to dry before the next day, and Tuesday everyone was glad to see bright and cool.

It was a perfect day for anything, and sports especially, very different from Field Day last year, which was almost suffocating, it was so hot.

At half past nine Dr. Greene came and talked to us for half an hour in an interesting way about Miss Rogers.

Then, as the "Lowell Courier-Citizen" said, "the day was given over entirely to field sports, the idea being to make the day so enjoyable that the memory of the founder may be most pleasantly cherished." From ten till half past twelve life was quite "strenuous," as there were fourteen events. It was all perfectly great, and I, for one, had the "best time I ever had."

It was very exciting in some places, and to hear the different groups of girls talking it over afterwards you couldn't doubt for very long that they all had just as good a time as I had.

At half past twelve we were all tired and hungry, and my! didn't the lobster salad, and ice cream with big red strawberries taste good! It makes my mouth water to think of it. There were a good many visitors who came out for the day, mostly friends and relatives. Margaret Burns (R. H. '05) came out in the morning to help Miss MacFarlane judge, and left after the ball game in the afternoon.

Just after luncheon we went into the schoolroom, and Mrs. Underhill presented twelve large green "R. H's" to those girls who had been on all three teams, hockey, basket-ball and baseball. Before giving them she talked to the girls and impressed it on them that they represented the school in athletics, and they should be proud to wear its emblems. It was quite

impressive, and the other girls clapped and beat their desks as the girls went up and received their letters.

The twelve lucky ones were: Hilda Talmage, Betty James, Polly Pew, Grace Smith, Ruth Heath, Dorothy Mercer, Marguerite Roesing, Gladys Lawrence, Grace Heath, Ruth McCracken, Opal Bracken, and Frances Dice.

FIELD DAY EVENTS.

Judges: Mrs. Underhill, Miss Underhill, Miss MacFarlane, Miss Margaret Burns.

- I. 50-yd. Dash—Won by:
1st Heat—1st, Fleer; 2d, Fish; 3d, Tibbetts.
2d Heat—1st, Morse; 2d, Wright; 3d, Waldorf.
Finals—1st, Wright; 2d, Morse; 3d, Fleer.
- II. Three-Legged Race—Won by:
1st, Fish and Meigs; 2d, G. Heath and Bracken; 3d, R. Heath and Morse.
- III. Throwing the Base Ball—Won by:
1st, Roesing, 139 ft; 2d, Lyford, 125 ft; 3d, Meigs, 109 ft.
- IV. Running High Jump—Won by:
1st, Morse, 5 ft.; 2d, Foster, 4 ft. 10 in., and Wright, 4ft. 10 in.
- V. Potato Race—Won by:
1st Heat—1st, Wright; 2d, Bagg; 3d, Lyford.
2d Heat—1st, Pew; 2d, Nesmith; 3d, Morse.
Finals—1st, Pew; 2d, Wright; 3d, Bagg.
- VI. Putting the Shot—Won by:
1st, McCracken, 18 ft. 10 in.; 2d, Roesing, 18 ft. 7 in.; 3d, Turner, 17 ft.
- VII. Hop, Step and Jump—Won by:
1st, Roesing, 26 ft. 1 in.; 2d Pew, 26 ft. 1 in.; 3d, Tibbetts.
- VIII. Junior 50-yd. Dash—Won by:
1st, Meigs; 2d, Fish; 3d, Brown.
- IX. 75-yd. Dash—Won by:
1st, Wright; 2d, Morse; 3d, Meigs.
- X. Sack Race—Won by:
1st Heat—1st, Nesmith; 2d, G. Heath; 3d, Beach.
2d Heat—1st, R. Heath; 2d, Pew; 3d, Fish.
Finals—1st, G. Heath; 2d, Pew; 3d, Fish.

- XI. Running Broad Jump—Won by:
1st, G. Heath, 10 ft. 11 in.; 2d, Wright, 10 ft. 9 in.; 3d, Pew,
10 ft. 8 in.
- XII. Throwing the Basket Ball—Won by:
1st, Roesing; 2d, R. Heath and Hayes.
- XIII. Obstacle Race—Won by:
1st, Wright; 2d, Nesmith; 3d, G. Heath.
- XIV. Relay Race—Won by:
1st, Wright; 2d, Morse. Day Team.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

THE BASEBALL GAME.

After the events during the morning of Field Day, and a stand-up lunch, all the girls went down to the hockey-field to watch the baseball game between the House and Hall, which would give little white numerals to the victorious team. At two o'clock the two teams came onto the diamond, and the "orange" took their places in the field. Grace Heath was first to bat for the House, but was struck out by Hilda's good balls. Hilda also struck out the next two House girls, and then the Hall went out to bat, Betty leading. Six runs were made in the first inning by the Hall. In the next inning the House girls ran their score up to five, and when the wearers of the "orange" went to bat, Grace Smith, the "red" team's captain and splendid pitcher, struck out the first three, which made the score 6-5.

The Hall girls made some splendid strikes in the next three innings, while the House girls did not play up to their usual game, though Frances Dice and Grace Smith played exceptionally well, the score at the end of the fifth and last inning being 42-9 in favor of the Hall.

Marguerite Roesing, the Hall's captain and first-base, was a sure catch, and caught every ball that was anywhere around; also Stella Fleer, the short-stop, was a splendid catcher and was sure to be found where she was wanted.

The House girls were by far the most enthusiastic, and sang some very catchy songs. The one to the tune of "Chyenne," written by Florence Waldorf, was especially good. It was so

lively that Polly Pew began to think she was a jumping-jack instead of a catcher in an important game, and acted accordingly. All the cheerers on the red side were so enthusiastic at the end of the second inning that they cheered everybody and everything, and the ones who were fortunate enough to have a red lining to their coats, wore them wrong side out.

Neither were the Hall girls backward in cheering, and, with the help of Polly Pew's small sisters, showed that they were true to the "orange." and would have nothing to do with the "red."

The lineup was:

House	Hall
G. Smith p. (Capt.)	H. Talmage p.
F. Dice c.	P. Pew c.
G. Heath 1st	M. Roesing 1st, (Capt.)
L. Cayzer 2d	M. Chandler 2d
O. Bracken 3d	G. Lawrence 3d
F. Waldorf, s. s.	S. Fleer s. s.
M. Turner l. f. (Sub.)	E. James l. f.
R. McCracken r. f.	H. Foster r. f. .
D. Mercer c. f.	R. Heath c. f.
	MOLLY B. BEACH.

FINAL HOUSE AND HALL BASKET-BALL GAME.

The day on which the third basket-ball game was played dawned clear and cloudless. As the morning wore on the excitement increased, but finally, at half past two, when the House and Hall teams assembled on the basket-ball field, all was quiet, the ball was thrown up, and the game began hot and fast. The first foul was made by the Hall, and was closely followed by a House foul, nothing being scored by either side. The Hall soon made another foul, and immediately afterward Hilda Talmage threw a basket, making the score 2-0 in the Hall's favor.

The playing on both sides was wonderfully good, with almost no fumbling and with good clean passing.

The House next scored one, but missed on the next foul, after which Time was called. During "Time" the House and Hall cheers were given again and again, and cheer after cheer for the different players.

The second half began, and the playing decidedly surpassed that of the first half, every one seemed playing with all the strength she had. The House centers did pretty work, but the Hall guards were everywhere. Both House and Hall homes did good work, and Dorothy Mercer made a basket on a foul, making the score 2-2. Within a minute of the end of the game the score still remained a tie. Then the House fouled and Hilda Talmage made a basket, bringing the score up to 3-2, in favor of the Hall.

Everyone acknowledged that it was the best basket-ball game ever played here.

Marjorie Fish and Marguerite Roesing guarded well, and Grace Heath was everywhere in the center. Grace Smith and Ruth Heath played their usual good game, indeed both teams outdid themselves. Stella Fleer was put on as a substitute for the Hall Captain, and every girl was proud of her playing.

The day was closed by the Hall's putting roses at each House girl's place at table, and so the last game of the year ended. Lineup:

Hall, 3

M. Roesing, guard
S. Fleer, guard, (sub)
R. Heath, center center
B. Fisher, center
G. Lawrence, center
B. James, home
H. Talmage, home

House, 2

G. Smith, guard
W. Fish, guard
R. McCracken, center center
G. Heath, center
F. Dice, center
O. Bracken, home, (capt.)
D. Mercer, home

MARY HUNTINGTON PEW.

The tennis tournament has been exceedingly interesting, and the players have had large and attentive audiences every afternoon. The preliminaries were played by M. Roesing and S. Fleer against F. Dice and D. Rice; Roesing and Fleer winning with a score of 6-4, 6-3; F. Waldorf and H. Watters played next against H. Forster and J. Morse; the latter won the first set, 6-4. Scores of the other sets: 6-2, 6-4 in favor of Waldorf and Walters. E. James and H. Talmage were defeated by O. Bracken and G. Smith; the winner's scores: 6-4, 6-3. B. Lyford and M. Fox won the first set, playing with E. Merriam and A. Bailey, but lost the last two sets. The scores: 6-4, 6-2, 6-4. In the semi-finals, F. Waldorf and H. Watters lost to H. Nesmith and Annis Kendall; their scores: 6-4, 6-3. The most exciting of all the games were played off between S. Fleer and M. Roesing, O. Bracken and G. Smith. Both couples play a snappy game and seem to play so easily. The rallying was perfectly splendid, the serves and returns were sure and well placed, while the volleying was excellent. Stella and Margaret won the first set, 6-4, Opal and Grace won the next two, their scores being 6-2, 6-4. E. Merriam and A. Bailey lost by default to A. Kendall and H. Nesmith.

In the finals, G. Smith and O. Bracken played against A. Kendall and H. Nesmith. It was a very good game, for all four are very quick and sharp players, ready for the ball every time. Annis and Helen won the first set: 6-4. The second was a deuce set; Opal and Grace were the final winners.

HELEN WATTERS.

The annual basket-ball game between the Hall and Day girls was scheduled for Friday, May 18. It promised to be a very exciting game, for the Day girls had never been defeated before and were eager to keep their record, and the Hall girls were equally anxious to win and so break that record.

It was a very hot day, so hot that we had only twelve-minute halves with short rests in between. Everyone played well, especially the Day girls, who had not practised at all

before the game, and three of whom had never played before. Dorothy Wright distinguished herself as usual, by her skillful and fast playing, and Louise Parker made a very good home.

On the Hall side, Hilda and Opal each put up a very good game, and the Heaths played exceptionally well. Louise Parker made one basket from the field, Hilda, one from the field and one on a foul, and Opal, one from the field, so that the score at the end of the game was 5-2, and for the first time since there has been a basket-ball cup between the Hall and Day scholars, the Day girls have been beaten. The Hall team and its cheerers were so excited by their victory, that "college ices" down at the drug store were quite popular in celebration of the game. The lineup was as follows:

Hall
H. Talmage, home
O. Bracken, home
G. Smith, guard
M. Roesing, guard
G. Heath, s. center
F. Dice, s. center
R. Heath, c. center

Day
M. Pillsbury, home
L. Parker, home
H. Nesmith, guard
A. Kendall, guard
E. Meigs, s. center
M. Hockmeyer, s. center
D. Wright, c. center

MARJORY FISH.

The honor of having won the base ball, basket-ball and hockey games, the three games of the school year between the House and the Hall, has fallen to the lot of the Hall.

For the first time in the history of the House and Hall, since the school was founded fifteen years ago, the House has been defeated in everything in athletics, but it took good, hard work on the part of the Hall to win their triumph.

JOSEPHINE MORSE.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

MY LETTER HOME.

I've a cold in my head,
 And I'm nearly dead,
 And I'd go to bed
 If I had time.

But exams are near,
 They're almost here,
 And I with fear
 Am shaking.

Oh, what a plight!
 For I've got to write
 Home tonight
 To mother.

I'll try to be glad,
 I'll not be sad
 When I write to dad
 And mother.

With not a word of sadness
 Or of madness,
 But alone of gladness,
 I write my letter.

"I'm having such a splendid time,
 Last night I danced till half-past nine!
 I skate, I coast, I bike
 And trolley-ride upon the pike,
 I go to teas
 And jamborees
 Of every description."

My mother says, "O, daughter dear,
 You are too gay we really fear,
 For with sport and dances gay
 All your time does pass away;
 Better far I think 'twould be
 If more of lessons you would see."

I'll try no more
When my heart is sore
To hide my trials
With forced smiles:

Whenever I'm blue,
As often 'tis true,
I'll tell them, too,
You bet.

MILDRED WILSON, R. H. 1904
Smith, 1908.

Published in the Smith College Monthly.

Rogers Hall will be well represented this June in the graduating classes of Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar. At Vassar, Louise Ramsdell and Dorothy Eckhart will be graduated; at Wellesley, Bernice and Ethel Everett and Alice Mather; and at Smith, Alice Faulkner, Florence Harrison and Lucy Walther. Closely connected with graduation at Wellesley and Smith are the Senior Dramatics; this year, in the Wellesley play, Alice Mather is to take part, and in the Smith play, Hamlet, Alice Faulkner is to take the part of Polonius.

The old girls, graduates and non-graduates, have shown their love for Rogers Hall this spring by coming back to visit it. Anthy Gorton (R. H. 1905) was here for the Exeter dance; Carol Quincy and Natalie Newhall came the following Sunday; Margaret Burns was with us Field Day; Leila Washburn soon after, and Edna Foster for Commencement. This coming back of the old girls is one of the pleasantest incidents of spring term.

Natalie Newhall has been visiting Carol Quincy and Anthy Gorton for several weeks.

Mrs. Boyden Pillsbury (Estelle Irish) is taking an eight-weeks trip through France and England.

Sara Niman spent April visiting in Boston.

Elizabeth Bennett (R. H., 1895, Wellesley, 1899) is going to Europe in September for two years.

Anthy Gorton (R. H., 1905) and Isabel Nesmith (R. H., 1905) expect to spend July in Buffalo with Alice Ramsdell.

Edna Foster is going to Europe in July for several months.

Most of her time will be spent in Ireland and England.

Katharine Porter was married on May sixteenth to Mr. Richard Rollins, Jr., of Boston.

Alice Mather (R. H., 1902, Wellesley, 1906) is on the Wellesley crew.

Caroline Wright (R. H., 1903, Radcliffe, 1907) is to have a part in Lyly's *Endimion* which is to be given at Radcliffe in June.

COMMENCEMENT.

All, all over, and some of us are weeping, and some of us are wishing to weep, and all of us are trying to realize that all the good times that we have had are an inheritance to be handed down to other girls, and that we are "alumnæ."

Commencement has seemed like a dream until now. This morning there were lots of strangers here, friends and parents of the girls, but it seemed impossible to think that this was really our last day. Luncheon seemed like a glorious family picnic and after that the excitement of dressing and opening our flowers kept us from thinking of what was coming until the time for the reception actually arrived.

The true seriousness of the occasion came to us all when we seated ourselves before the audience, and Dr. Wallace gave the opening prayer. We all felt that the time of our graduation had actually come. That Mr. Stearns was speaking to us, and that very soon we would be given our passes to a great world that so far was uninvestigated by us, and I think more than one would gladly have stepped back a year or two and commence all over again at "dear old Rogers Hall."

As we have all been presented with our diplomas, and feel that we now have full entrée to this new terra incognita, I am sure the class of '06 needs an introduction into such unexplored territory, so it will be my great privilege to present it to you, separately and collectively.

First, of course, comes our dear president, Helen Foster. Our appreciation of her charms and virtues we have tried to show by making her our chief officer. We all wish her health, wealth and happiness, and may she always have precedence.

Could anyone think of Helen without Hilda, or vice-versa? We tried to divide honors equally when we made her vice-president, knowing that they would be shared. We therefore take great pleasure in presenting these two. May the world treat and love them as they have treated and loved each other.

Next comes Grace Smith, secretary and treasurer. We were sure she would prove our "saving Grace" when we elected her, and oh! ye members of the senior class, consider the fobs, sought for and fought for, and make your best bow. If the reader could only be in our places at commencement time, they would realize the importance of this fact. May she some day be as well guarded as she has proved capable of guarding.

As to our orator, Louise Parker, I am "speechless." She covered herself with glory this afternoon in her presentation speech of the class gift, and made a very acceptable bow to you all, so she needs no further introduction. She will be a great acquisition, I assure you, so please continue to receive her as kindly as you did today.

The ushers are tiring, and we other six are becoming impatient, so I will present us collectively. There is Opal Bracken, a jewel that will be a great adornment to the person who can have the joy of cutting and polishing it. Dorothy Wright, the athlete, who has been our pride and at whose loss the Day girls weep and we House girls rejoice. Bessie Hayes, who we know will "try everything once," for is she not from Missouri? Friends, please be kind and gentle, for the "ox-eyed Juno" has deigned to return to us, and we present her in the guise of Molly Pillsbury. Just behind her, Annis Kendall, whom we wish to assure that "we can never have too much of a good thing." As to the last member, I can only say "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as others see us!"

POLLY P. B. SHELEY.

SPLINTERS.



OR several years we have made Gymnasium Suits for many public and private schools. We shall be glad to send you samples of materials and quote prices if desired.



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